

ANUARY <sup>OF 1918</sup> UNCLE SAM AND THE MEXICAN BUZZ-SA

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# CURRENT OPINION

25 CENTS

EDITED BY EDWARD J. WHEELER

## EFFORTS TO DRAG ITALY INTO THE WAR

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Europe's War

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War and the Woman's Rights Movement

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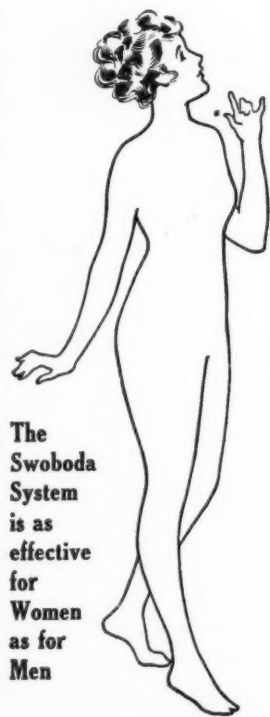
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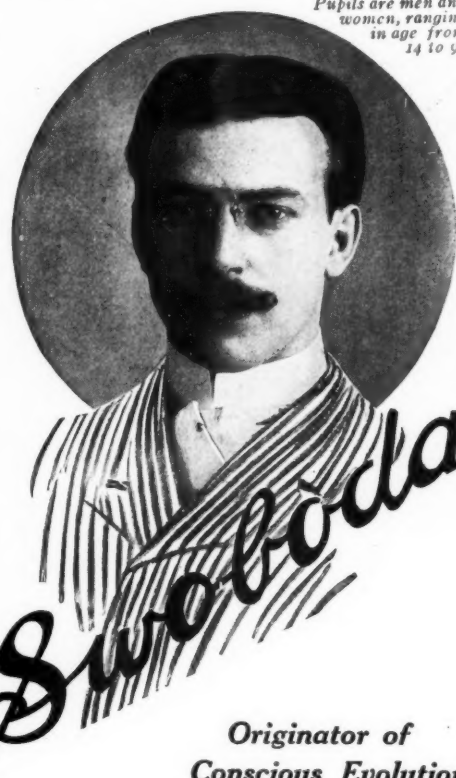
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# CURRENT OPINION

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## A·REVIEW·OF·THE·WORLD

### OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES IN THE LIGHT OF THE EUROPEAN WAR

**A**S IF the joyful Christmas season did not have enough drawbacks this year, a very considerable portion of the American press are engaged just now in assuring us that the war-clouds are hovering, or are about to hover, over this fair land and are likely to break upon us before we can get our umbrellas ready. We are, so the *Washington Post* discovers, "in imminent danger of becoming involved" in the world war. The *N. Y. Herald* sees the danger, but sees it a little farther off. When the war in Europe ends, then will be the time of our peril. "A false or misunderstood step even at this moment," it says, "might, when the victors emerge from the conflict, embroil us in war." The *N. Y. American* is more vivid in its warning. "The moment of triumph," it remarks, "for one or the other of the European belligerents will be a moment of menace for us—as for all other nations which may stand in the way of some ambition not fully sated by the victory won. Shall the rapt visionings of a doctrinaire, blind to the lessons of the past and the menace of the future, leave us in such event naked to the assaults of our enemies?" The "doctrinaire" referred to is President Wilson and the "rapt visionings" are to be found in his message to Congress last month. But *The Navy* is still more alarming, and to be more alarming than a Hearst paper in the midst of an agitation is "going some." The European war, says *The Navy*, is to be regarded not as the last great war but as the first. Weapons are to grow more and more deadly, and the horrors seen in Flanders or Poland in these days "will sink into comparative insignificance when future historians compile statistics of coming conflicts among the nations of the earth." It foresees, indeed, "a series of wars of such tremendous extent that the wars which have been fought previously will appear insignificant." From these and many other such-like sayings last month shrewd Americans knew,

without further information, that the time had arrived for another army and navy appropriation bill to be started on its way through Congress.

#### The Defects of Our Army and Navy.

**T**HE agitation this year, begun by Congressman Gardner, of Massachusetts, taken up by Senator Lodge, backed vigorously by the Army League and the Navy League and by a new organization called the National Security League, is directed to securing a special commission of inquiry to investigate the condition of our national defences. The first results have been an extended discussion in the press and public hearings—the first in years—by the House naval committee and the committee on military affairs, with a view, probably, to forestalling the necessity of a special commission. Out of the testimony of generals and admirals and the reports of the various bureaus, as well as the annual reports of Secretary Daniels and Secretary Garrison, a considerable amount of information has been elicited, much of which has served as additional fuel to the fire. It transpires, for instance, from the testimony of Rear-Admiral Fletcher, that we had last month but one submarine in actual first-class commission, twelve undergoing the annual overhauling, and the rest being in the hands of contractors for alterations. It developed also from the testimony of Secretary Daniels that we have not one battleship afloat that has inside armor protection against the attacks of torpedoes from submarines, altho we have five battleships now under construction that will have such protection. There are twenty Dreadnoughts in the German navy with double bottoms and five with triple bottoms designed for such protection. At present, according to General Scriven, our army has but eleven aeroplanes. It would, in an emergency, take "a year or more" to get 100 aeroplanes built. Austria-Hungary has 600; Bel-





"MILLIONS FOR GRAPE JUICE, BUT NOT A CENT FOR DEFENCE!"

—Cesare in N. Y. Sun

gium, 60; Great Britain, 900; France, 1,400; Germany, 1,400; Italy, 300; Russia, 1,000; Japan, 20. The chief of the Aeronautical Bureau, Captain Bristol, says that 200 air-craft are "urgently needed" for our national defence. Deducting the number of troops necessary to man the coast artillery and for garrisons in the Philippines, Panama Canal, Hawaii, Porto Rico and Alaska, we have, according to Secretary Garrison, only 24,602 men left in the mobile army—"not much more than twice the size of the police force of New York City." We have no reserve army, the existing legislation proving "utterly useless," having produced but 16 men in twenty-four months! According to General Wotherspoon, late the chief of staff of our army, the organized militia has "a reported strength" of 119,000 men, but of these only 42,599 qualified last year as second-class marksmen with the rifle, only 67,000 even fired a gun during range-practice, and there were 38,000 who did not drill a total of twenty-four hours.

#### Generals and Admirals on the Good Points of Our Armaments.

OTHER facts of a similar nature have developed, such as a shortage in field and siege artillery, in artillery ammunition, in torpedoes, in motor trucks, etc. Considering that the appropriations for the army and navy have been climbing up until last year they amounted to over \$250,000,000, the list of serious defects seems disquieting, to say the least. There are, however, some reassuring features. General E. M. Weaver declares that we have the best coast defence material in the world—if only we had men enough who are trained to handle it, and enough ammunition for it. General Scott, the new chief of staff, testifies that, as compared with the situation two, four or six years ago, the condition of our national defence is "constantly improving." General Crozier, chief of ordnance of the army,

asserts that our field guns are "as good as any in the world." Admiral Fletcher claims that our battleships are, ship for ship, as good as those in the German navy. Secretary Daniels categorically denies that fleet maneuvers and gun practice have been neglected in the last two years, and he tells of surprisingly successful tests with the Matanuska coal in Alaska, which seem to assure an adequate supply of fuel on the Pacific coast. Secretary of War Garrison insists that our army, what there is of it, is in as excellent condition as any similar organization in the world, tho he is in entire agreement with the demand for an increase in its size and for the establishment of a large reserve force, which he terms "absolutely imperative."

#### No Reason for Excitement, Says the President.

TO THESE assurances, couched in rather general terms, may be added that which comes from President Wilson. In his message to Congress last month he said: "Let there be no misconception. The country has been misinformed. We have not been negligent of national defence. We are not unmindful of the great responsibility resting upon us. We shall learn and profit by the lesson of every experience and every new circumstance; and what is needed will be adequately done." The contest that comes out of this agitation does not revolve around any definite proposal as to the size of our army or navy, or as to the size of the coming appropriations for them. It revolves, as we have said, around the proposition for a special commission of inquiry. Against this the administration has set its face, on the ground that it is simply the inauguration of a jingo campaign and that all the information desired is accessible in the reports of department officials and bureau heads, or else can be easily secured by the naval and military committees of Congress. The President devotes nearly a third of his message to the subject. From the first, he says, we have had a clear and settled policy on the subject of military establishments and this is no time to depart from it. We are at peace with all the world. We should be very jealous of our distinction as the champions of peace and concord, especially just now when our reputation in that respect may bring us soon the opportunity to perform a great service to the world.

#### "We Shall Not Alter Our Policy of Defence."

ESPECIALLY, President Wilson goes on to say, "when half the world is on fire we shall be careful to make our moral insurance against the spread of the conflagration very certain and definite and adequate indeed." Then he becomes more specific. We must depend, he says, in the future as in the past, not upon a large regular army, nor upon a reserve army, but upon "a citizenry trained and accustomed to arms." It is right to encourage such training and to develop the National Guard; but—

"More than this carries with it a reversal of the whole history and character of our policy. More than this, proposed at this time, permit me to say, would mean merely that we had lost our self-possession, that we had been thrown off our balance by a war with which we have nothing to do, whose causes cannot touch us, whose very existence affords us opportunities of friendship and disinterested service which should make us ashamed of any thought of hostility or fearful preparation for trouble. This



is assuredly the opportunity for which a people and a government like ours were raised up, the opportunity not only to speak but actually to embody and exemplify the counsels of peace and amity and the lasting concord which is based on justice and fair and generous dealing."

A "powerful navy" he also advocates as "our proper and natural means of defence"; but who, he asks, shall tell us now what sort of navy to build? The subject, he remarks, in conclusion, is not new and there is no new need to discuss it.

"We shall not alter our attitude toward it because some among us are nervous and excited. We shall easily and sensibly agree upon a policy of defence. The question has not changed its aspects because the times are not normal. Our policy will not be for an occasion. It will be conceived as a permanent and settled thing, which we will pursue at all seasons, without haste and after a fashion perfectly consistent with the peace of the world, the abiding friendship of states, and the unhampered freedom of all with whom we deal."

#### "Wilsonism At Its Worst."

THE cooling lotion thus applied has not been entirely successful in allaying the fever. The N. Y. *Tribune* terms the message "Wilsonism at its worst," Wilsonism being, it seems, "the habit of trying to make specious phrases do the work of statesmanship." "The idea," we are told, "that our seeking at this moment to repair our military deficiencies would disqualify the United States to act as a mediator in the European conflict is a sheer delusion." It cannot possibly detract from our championship of peace and concord if we examine our present modest means of national defence and satisfy ourselves that the money spent on them is being spent to the best advantage. The N. Y. *Sun* finds in the message, as it has for that matter found in nearly all of the President's utterances, an "irritating incapacity to face a fact, to deal with things as they are," and a "provoking effort to dismiss ugly realities with a pretty phrase." It finds him "oblivious to all that has happened between July and December, unable to perceive that the courage of Liège could not prevent the catastrophe of Louvain." Was there ever, it asks, a more patent fallacy than this—that the guns in New York harbor must not be supplied with ammunition because that might, in some unapparent fashion, make the United States an unacceptable mediator? Furthermore:

"If the nations of Europe desire peace, desire our assistance in settling their differences, it will be because they have fought as long as they will or can. It will be because they want peace, not because they are looking for a moral or spiritual example or lesson from this country. To assume superior virtue will not contribute to making us more acceptable as mediators, once our mediation is asked. We shall get nowhere, accomplish nothing, serve mankind in no useful way by pretending to be better than those nations who are now fighting for what they believe is the noblest thing in the world."

#### High Time to Know What Our Defences Are Like.

THE same point of view is taken by the N. Y. *Times*, which is usually found in support of the President's policies. Now and not later, it thinks, is the time to build up our defences, because it would create just now no "international impression" whatever. "On the other hand, if we wait until some cause for hurried action arises, whatever we may then do will be subject to



THROWING A SCARE INTO HIM

—Kirby in N. Y. *World*

scrutiny and inquiry." It is time that we all knew, says the Chicago *Tribune*, not only what sort of a navy we have and what sort of fortresses, but especially what sort of mobile army. Congress does not know, the press does not know, the public does not know. "It is time we all knew and the time to know is now, not after it is too late." It refers with some scorn to the following statement from Senator Kern: "This country will understand that with the close of the present war in Europe even the victor will not be in condition for some time to wage war against the United States. We will have the breathing spell at least to prepare." "The whole history of our unpreparedness," comments the *Tribune*, "from the war of 1812 down to the occupation of Vera Cruz is illustrated by that remark. Congress always has been sure of a 'breathing spell to prepare'—and Congress has spent it in breathing, not preparing. Congress is good at breathing." The Washington *Post* protests against making this a question of partisan politics. Republicans, it insists, have no right to criticize the Democratic party, which has been in power but two years, for unpreparedness. There is no excuse for delay, it thinks, on the ground that such a movement for adequate defence is partisan. It points with warning finger to the fate of Finland, Belgium, Egypt and Korea. It points also to the plight of Great Britain, "where to-day, through its disregard of the urging of Viscount Wolseley and of Lord Roberts for years, its government is forced to fill the trenches in northern France with brave but untrained recruits."

#### What Would Happen to Us in a Real War?

IN THE new National Security League, it is said, there are about as many Democrats as Republicans. Herman Ridder, treasurer of the national Democratic committee, is one who joins loudly in the demand for an immediate investigation. The moment, he thinks, is not only not inopportune but it is peculiarly opportune. "We know to-day what war is. To-morrow we

shall have forgotten. We should strike while the iron is hot in our minds." America, says the *Montgomery Advertiser*, a Democratic paper, has fought more wars in the last forty years than Germany has. We have been successful only because we have done our fighting with weak countries. "What would we do, if, through mistake or misfortune, we should become involved in war with a powerful country like Great Britain, France, or Russia? The *Brooklyn Eagle* (Dem.) thinks that Congressman Gardner has struck a responsive chord, and public opinion is growing stronger day by day in favor of a searching inquiry. The *N. Y. Times* uses for the text of an editorial the following quotation from Secretary Bryan: "The President knows that if this country needed a million men, and needed them in a day, the call would go out at sunrise and the sun would go down on a million men in arms." More foolish words, says the *Times*, were never spoken by mortal man in reply to a serious argument. An army of a million untrained men could not be enrolled, mobilized, armed and made fit for the country's defence in a year. It can not see why the administration should resist inquiry. The public will not be quieted or satisfied by sneers about militarism. Nobody, it goes on to say, wants a great standing army. In a "citizenry trained and accustomed to arms" would be found an army adequate for protection, and in recommending that the President, the *Times* thinks, has shown that he is really convinced of the justice of the public demand but "won't admit it."

#### Politicians on Another "Military Spree."

TO A drunken man, observes the *N. Y. World*, the most offensive man in the world is a sober man, which explains to it why the newspapers and politicians who are "on a military spree" are so incensed against the President. "It is not what the President said that irritates them. It is the way he said it. If we were to translate the so-called war section of his message into the vehement vernacular of Roosevelt, most of them would probably agree with all of it." It adds: "A Chief Magistrate who refuses to get excited is worth his weight in radium at a time like this. If there had been a few Woodrow Wilsons in the Governments of Europe, half the world would not have been plunged into the most devastating war of human history." The *World* was at first strongly inclined to endorse the Gardner demand for a commission of inquiry; but that demand, it now concludes, begins to look not like the prelude to a sober and scientific inquiry but like the prelude to a new political jingo demonstration, and is more of a campaign against the United States treasury than against any probable foe. "If the issue has been raised merely to cover partisan politics and pocket-book jingoism with a mask of patriotism, it is a manifestation of moral treason to the nation." The *Springfield Republican* thinks that while, of course, we want our armaments to be as efficient as possible, a popular agitation is the last way to attain that aim. At the moment, it remarks, the whole world is seeing red, but before this war is over it will be seeing blue. "Already militarism is on the defensive and feels it; if it cannot stir up an agitation while the war fever lasts, what chance will it have when a sick and sobered world, peace finally restored, begins to count the staggering cost of its debauch?"

#### A Vision of Roosevelt at the Head of a Militarist Revival.

A REGULAR crusade against the agitation has been conducted by the *N. Y. Evening Post*, which goes so far as to say that this is the time not to inquire about our preparedness for war but "to refuse to vote a single additional ship and to lead the world toward disarmament by beginning to disarm ourselves." It finds it hard to read the President's message on the subject without a moistening of the eyes. His is "the true American voice," and he it is who "defends us against those of our own citizens who forget the true grandeur of this nation." It quotes the *London Telegraph* to the effect that if a fleet action is fought between the British and German navies, it may easily result that the United States may find itself the strongest naval power in the world. Surely, says the *Post*, even our big-navy men might be content, under these circumstances, to wait a few months. It sees in the agitation increasing signs of the activity of Republican and Progressive leaders for partisan purposes, and it sees, in its mind's eye, Mr. Roosevelt shedding his robes of social justice and brandishing his sword at the head of a militarist revival. The real object of all this agitation, says the *San Francisco Chronicle*, is not to inform Congress but to fire the American heart. To comply with the demands of the militarist party, it asserts, we must resort to compulsory service and vast additions to our taxes such as our people never dreamed of. "Certainly," it says, "we shall have no reason to fear either Europe or Asia for a long time to come."

#### The Only Real Possibility of War for America.

IF, AS is thus charged, the agitation has a partisan object, it is of interest to note that neither the Republican candidate for President in 1912 nor the candidate for Vice-President is participating in it. Mr. Taft sees less reason just now for such an agitation than at any other time in decades past. He sees, indeed, evidence in some of the utterances of "a mild hysteria." There are, he says, no secrets to be investigated. The chiefs of bureaus have been for years reporting the deficiencies in our armaments. He believes the army should be increased by from 25 to 50 per cent., and there should be an increase also in our coast defences and in the personnel of our navy. He favors at least one and perhaps two more West Points. But there is no reason for any undue excitement or for changing the general policy of the nation. What we ought to do, however, is to remove the only real possibility of war—that is to say, "the wanton, reckless, wicked willingness of a narrow section of the country to gratify racial prejudice and class-hatred by flagrant breaches of treaty rights in the form of state law or by lawless violence." If Congress would at once assume authority and see to it that we are not dragged into international difficulties by such means, that would be quite as effective as increasing our military defences. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, looks with far less composure upon the agitation. He would regard it as not only deplorable but "disastrous" if the agitation were to succeed. "For the United States to be swept from her moorings now," he says, in an interview in the *N. Y. Evening Post*, "on the foolish supposition of an attack by Germany or Japan or England or anybody else, would be not only an act of folly but national suicide."

One of the reasons Mexico keeps on fighting is probably that if it ever settles down to peace it will have to begin paying war bills.—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer*.

Victoriano Huerta says he has no desire to return to Mexico. It is evident that the old boy isn't soused all the time.—*Los Angeles Times*.

## UNCLE SAM AND THE MEXICAN BUZZ-SAW

**D**URING the last few months of cataclysms and earthquakes the attention of the world has been directed but incidentally toward the situation in Mexico. Even in our recent elections that topic played but a small part. The evacuation of Vera Cruz on November 23d by the American troops has seemed to bring to a head the gathering discontent, and something like a storm of criticism has since broken upon the White House. It is far from being a cyclone, but it is no summer zephyr either. One had to hunt with some diligence in the journals of the country last month to find any champions of our Mexican policy in its entirety. The revolutionary aspects of the Mexican buzz-saw were never more in evidence than they have been in the last few months, while our soldiers have been occupying themselves with cleaning up Vera Cruz, at an expense estimated at about \$10,000,000. Huerta fled July 15th. He was succeeded by General Carbajal, who fled in his turn August 15th. He was in due time succeeded by General Carranza, who joined in the flight from Mexico City and established his executive offices in a lighthouse in Vera Cruz harbor. Generals Blanco, Zapata and Villa in succession assumed charge of Mexico City and then General Gutierrez appeared as President. At the latest accounts three revolutionary movements are contesting for mastery—one under Carranza, one under Salazar, and one in charge of Villa and Zapata, with Gutierrez as a figurehead. A fourth, under General Gonzales, has been reported, but the report has been denied. The total tally of Presidents, therefore, in the last three and one-half years, is six—Diaz (who left the capital May 25, 1911), Madero (who was killed February 20, 1913), Huerta (exit July 15, 1914), Carbajal, Carranza and Gutierrez. We, in the meantime, have incurred an expense of nearly ten million dollars in the occupation of Vera Cruz, and over \$800,000 in taking care of refugees who have fled over our southern border. And by the middle of last month the bullets were again whizzing over the boundary line at Naco, where rival Mexican armies under Maytorena and Hill were in contest. It is not our buzz-saw, but we can't seem to get away from it.

### Taft and Roosevelt Assail Wilson's Mexican Policy.

**I**NTO this situation Senator Lodge, ex-Secretary Knox, ex-President Taft and ex-President Roosevelt have from time to time hurled themselves with remarks about our state department and its policy of "watchful waiting" that are the reverse of complimentary. We have neither watched nor waited, says Mr. Taft, and the "present anarchy" is a logical sequence of our course. His criticism is not for the evacuation of Vera Cruz, but for the events preceding that:

"It is difficult to deny the fairness of the conclusion that in announcing to the world that we never would recognize Huerta either as provisional President or as permanent President, in lifting the embargo on the importation of arms to enable the forces of Carranza and Villa to arm

themselves, and in the seizure and occupation of his chief revenue producing port of Vera Cruz, we deliberately drove Huerta out of Mexico, and with equal deliberation brought in Carranza and Villa in the expectation that they would compose the troubles of unfortunate Mexico."

Mr. Roosevelt fires a broadside at the administration for its way of handling the Mexican situation. He finds "an unbroken course of more or less furtive meddling in the internal affairs of Mexico, carried to a pitch which imposes on this nation a grave responsibility for the wrongdoing of the victorious factions." The defense of our course, that the President has kept us out of war with Mexico, he scouts as futile. On the contrary, we are told, he plunged us into war when our troops were sent to Vera Cruz. It was "a peculiarly unwise, ignoble and inefficient war," but it was war none the less, in which we seized the leading seaport city of another country, sacrificing a score of American and a hundred or so of Mexican lives, retained the city for months, and then abandoned it without attaining the object for which it was seized. It was the clear duty of President Wilson, Mr. Roosevelt insists, to accept Huerta as the actual President of Mexico. Unless he was ready to establish a protectorate and insure peace, he had no business to pass judgment upon the method of Huerta's selection. Once having made up his mind not to recognize Huerta, he should have notified foreign powers of his intention in time to prevent contrary action by them.



I Don't Know Where I'm Going, But I Must Be Nearly There.  
—Sykes in *Philadelphia Ledger*



### Our Responsibility for Mexican Atrocities.

THE main part of Mr. Roosevelt's indictment, however, is along the line of our partial and guilty responsibility for "some of the worst acts ever committed even in the civil wars of Mexico." By permitting the transmission of arms over the border, the President "not only actively aided the insurrection but undoubtedly furnished it with the means essential to its triumph," at the same time preventing Huerta from organizing an effective resistance. By interfering in behalf of one faction, we "thereby made ourselves responsible for the deeds of that faction," and these deeds are recalled by the ex-President in some detail. He presents a translation of a manifesto issued by Carranza and Villa, which deals with the "conditions under which the Roman worship will have to be practiced." This decree forbids, among other things, "any sermons which will encourage fanaticism," any fasts or similar practices, the payment of any money for christenings or marriages, the celebration of masses for the dead, confession to priests, and the assumption by a priest of any garb that will indicate his profession. He also presents evidence given to him by priests, bishops and others of atrocious assaults upon nuns, of the profanation of sacred vessels and churches, the torturing of priests, destruction of educational institutions, and confiscation of church property. He writes:

"I have been given and shown letters from refugees in Galveston, in Corpus Christi, in San Antonio and Havana. These refugees include seven archbishops, six bishops, some hundreds of priests, and at least three hundred nuns. Most of these bishops and priests had been put in jail or in the penitentiary or otherwise confined and maltreated. Two-thirds of the institutions of higher learning in Mexico have been confiscated and more or less completely destroyed, and a large part of the ordinary educational institutions have been treated in similar fashion. Many of the affidavits before me recite tortures so dreadful that I am unwilling to put them in print."

### The Big, Dominating Fact in Our Mexican Policy.

IN REPLYING to these criticisms made by Mr. Roosevelt, the N. Y. *Times* holds that there is no evidence to produce even a reasonable belief that the recognition of Huerta would have prevented the atrocities or changed the results in Mexico. The assumption that he would have been able to restore order if we had recognized him is "without basis." It is probable that the struggle would have been just as bloody and revolting and even more prolonged. By taking Vera Cruz we did indeed shorten Huerta's career and thereby shortened the conflict. That affair, we are told, was "an expedition, not a war," but the *Times* does not elaborate the distinction. The big, dominating fact, as it looks at the matter, is that President Wilson did not get us into a war with Mexico. Everybody believes that he has made some mistakes, but men do not agree as to just what those mistakes have been. But the main result of his policy it believes the American people approve. John Lind, who was sent by the President as a special representative to Mexico City, has at last expressed his views, and in one point, at least, they support the contention of the *Times* as to Huerta. In an article in the *Bellman*, of Minneapolis, he admits that nearly all the Americans in southern Mexico thought that Huerta should have been recognized so

that he could borrow money enough to put down the insurrection; but when he asked whether any peace which Huerta could bring would be a lasting peace, "the answer was invariably, 'No!'" The N. Y. *Evening Post* feels that however the Mexican situation had been handled there would have been small satisfaction in the result; but it thinks that the President has "come as near as possible to making the best of a bad job." In his determination to let the Mexicans fight their own way out of their troubles, it asserts, he has the solid backing of public sentiment in this country. The Springfield *Republican* also feels that in such a world crisis as is now on hand, taxing all the resources of the administration to meet our own problems of neutrality, leaving Mexico to shift for herself may have the appearance of selfishness but it is in reality "a thoroughly statesmanlike policy."

### Our Mexican Policy as "An Unrelieved Failure."

FROM start to finish, asserts the N. Y. *Tribune*, the Mexican policy has been "a grotesque interlude in the history of our foreign relations." There were sound reasons for intervention in Mexico, but these the President refused to accept. We could have intervened to protect our own nationals or to prevent a general relapse into anarchy; instead, we intervened "with the professed aim of compelling the 15 per cent. of the ins to share their property with the 85 per cent. of the outs"—referring in this to a speech by President Wilson in Philadelphia on July 4. The only authority for the occupation of Vera Cruz was that given by Congress when it empowered the President to employ the army and navy to obtain reparation from Huerta for indignities to the flag. The one thing he was empowered to get he has never gotten, and in the Niagara Falls A-B-C conference he abandoned the demand for a salute of the flag and promised not to ask any indemnification from Mexico. The *Tribune* says further: "The country sadly realizes that the Wilson policy in Mexico has been an unrelieved failure. It could not be anything but a failure, because it was based on misconceptions and unrealities. The slinking away from Vera Cruz was a fit termination—one entirely in harmony with its flabbiness and futility. The end became it." More striking because less subject to discount for political reasons are the utterances of the N. Y. *World*. The *World* was one of the first papers to hail the President's policy in regard to Mexico and South American republics in general as one worthy of Abraham Lincoln and marking a new era in our history. Step by step it has supported his policy, not grudgingly but enthusiastically. But with the evacuation of Vera Cruz it has changed its note. That was not an evacuation, it says, but an abandonment. We did not deliver the town to anybody; we simply marched out and sailed away.

### Why Did We Go to Vera Cruz Anyhow?

ASSUMING that there ever was a sufficient reason for our occupation of the Mexican seaport, how, the *World* asks, can its relinquishment now be explained? It adds:

"The flag has not been saluted. There is no assurance of peace. Except for our naval forces we are in no position to fulfil our engagements with foreign powers. Set-



RECOGNITION

Mr. Wilson installs the new President of Mexico.  
—Weed in N. Y. Tribune

ting out to establish constitutional government in Mexico, we are leaving Mexico to its own resources at a time when its internal affairs are more chaotic than they were when we interfered with them.

"Have we served the Mexicans? Have we served ourselves? Have we served mankind?"

Another equally significant utterance from a Democratic paper that has heretofore given the President support comes from the *Charleston News and Courier*. A great many friends of the administration, it now says, were unable to feel anything but disgust for the flag incident at Tampico. Nevertheless it felt that the only thing to do in a matter of such importance was to follow the President, assuming that he had a definite policy in mind. "But," it remarks, "if our stay in Vera Cruz has accomplished anything of value, this is not easily apparent with the lights before us." The *Charleston* paper does not wish to see the United States assume charge of Mexican affairs. There is nothing better to be done that it can see than to let Mexico "stew in its own juice" until the right man comes along. The American people are grateful to the President for having kept us out of war, even at the sacrifice of his consistency; but we have a responsibility toward Mexico which is not to be disposed of simply by avoiding hostilities, and it is high time to recognize the fact that a republican form of government for Mexico is an idle dream. What she must have is a benevolent despot, or else it will be necessary for us to intervene and restore order. But that, the *News and Courier* thinks, means the blotting out of Mexico's nationality.

#### "A Predicament of Helplessness."

IF DEMOCRATIC papers are talking in this strain, one can easily guess in what strain the Republican papers are talking. The *San Francisco Chronicle*, for instance, finds that our "diplomacy"—it puts the word in quotation-marks—has been made the laughingstock of the world, and the President has been "a potent con-

tributor to the anarchy which prevails in Mexico." The *Boston Transcript* says the administration has put itself into "a predicament of helplessness for protecting either American or European interests south of the Rio Grande," and at the same time has not by any means "got out of Mexico." The *Philadelphia Evening Star* is still more scornful. "If ever there was a monumental failure," it declares, "it is that of the Wilson policies in Mexico." They are worse—they are "an absurd and gigantic disaster," and the worst of it is that we are not at an end of the trouble. As we do not permit other nations to protect their own people on this continent, we remain under obligations to protect them ourselves. "We are either mice or men, as nations as well as individuals, and if we are men we have something to do." The *Chicago Tribune* has always sympathized with the President's purposes in refusing to recognize Huerta. It disagrees with Mr. Roosevelt in that. But it agrees with him in his conclusions. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan, declaring they would not intervene, did intervene, not to protect Americans but to aid the Constitutionalists. Says the *Chicago* paper:

"Exasperated friends of the President ask: What would you have done? The answer is another question: What heretofore have American governments always done? They have seen that American rights were respected. They have seen, where they assumed even a slight degree of responsibility, and we do assume it with regard to Mexico, that cruelty and inhumanity, waste and destruction, were not unrebuked and uncorrected."

#### The Silver Lining in the Mexican Clouds.

NOTES of optimism are not, however, wholly lacking in the discussion of the Mexican situation. John Lind, for instance, speaking in Chicago a few days ago, declared that the Mexicans are not turbulent by reason of their race but by reason of their wrongs, economic and social as well as political, and until their elementary rights are restored they are not going to be content and should not be. "I feel," said Mr. Lind, "that they are a people of great promise. They have suffered vicissitudes which we have escaped. I believe that they are emerging into the light of a new and better day." It is noted with satisfaction by some of the journals that in spite of all the trouble in Mexico, her import and export trade has been maintained on a high level and the ordinary affairs of the people have not been so very seriously interfered with. The condition of Mexico City when Zapata took possession of it has been a great surprise to many an editor. "Can any one," asks the *Springfield Republican*, "point to a more stunning surprise than the 'good ruler' in Mexico City since the bandit Zapata entered the capital?" For four years no one had read or heard a single good thing about Zapata. Yet when the worst happened and the city fell at last into his hands, we find that robbery and violence were promptly punished, money borrowed from bankers and business men was restored, the property taken from the tram-car company by Carranza was returned by Zapata, the Spaniards were treated with consideration, and his conduct, in short, according to the *Republican*: "In view of these unexpected developments in the history of Mexican civilization, what can be done but be resigned and leave Mexico to its bandits?"



Germany seems to have lost all of her foreign possessions with the exception of Milwaukee, St. Louis and Cincinnati.—Houston Post.

All this war over whether we are to have our Kultur with a K!—N. Y. Evening Sun.

Catskins are to be made into furs for the soldiers in Poland and Galicia. It seems that even the cat can't preserve its neutrality in this war.—Grand Rapids Press.

Since all hands are denying responsibility for it, this war must be a self-starter.—Washington Herald.

## BRITISH ANXIETY OVER GERMAN INTRIGUE IN THE UNITED STATES

JOURNALISTS in touch with the foreign office in Berlin give space in German newspapers to hints that there has been too much eagerness respecting the United States. The neutrality of the Americans, however benevolent, must have a tendency to favor England, to follow the reasoning in the *Rheinisch-Westphälische Zeitung*, understood to be in close touch with German diplomacy always. After all, it says, Americans are in closer touch with the English than with any other European power. American literature, American laws, American institutions and American ideas reflect in their essentials whatever is English. England, adds the *Kölnische Zeitung*, is the mother country of the Americans. The Germans will not feel irritated if the people of the United States show plainly which way their sympathies lie, nor will Germans doubt the good faith of American professions of neutrality. At the same time, the German government and people will note facts as they are. These make too manifest the truth that, as between Germany and Great Britain, the American people incline to the side of the latter. The influential Cologne daily says furthermore:

"During this second quarter of the war, we shall concern ourselves rather less about the souls of neutrals. . . .

"Let us cease to bombard foreign lands with balls of paper. We have better things to do. Whoever is still ignorant as to where the right is to be sought and where the wrong lies does not wish to know. Many neutrals will not allow themselves to be convinced. They are as hypo-

critical as the notorious Dutch pamphlet which professes friendship and which at the same time breathes fire and hatred. Expostulation is love's labor lost. The main thing is that our conscience is clear. Not only our good conscience but the simplest and most logical considerations speak for us. . . .

"Let neutrals remain neutrals. Let those who live far beyond the range of shots and view with cool egoism our fierce struggle for existence believe what they like."

### New Attitude of the German Foreign Office.

DIPLOMATISTS connected with the Wilhelmstrasse give no encouragement to efforts by certain influential German-Americans to influence opinion in the United States. This assertion, altho made in more than one German daily, is scouted by the English press. There exists at this moment a concerted effort among Germans in the United States to poison American opinion against the English, say the *London Post*, the *London Times*, the *London Standard* and their contemporaries. These efforts are encouraged by the Berlin government, we are told further. The agent of the German "intrigue," as the British dailies deem it, is, of course, Doctor Bernhard Dernburg. He becomes a sinister as well as an absurd figure in the accounts of him in our British contemporaries. A serious discussion has arisen in London organs respecting the advisability of organizing a campaign in this country against the Germans. They are trying to entrap President Wilson into some preposterous peace plan. The *London Saturday Review* notes that the English case is endorsed by the better American element—the Doctor Eliots—but the masses of the people may fall victims to the German intrigue. The latest stratagem is described in the *London Times* as peace talk. It professes to feel at ease regarding this peace talk:

"The truth is that American views of right and wrong in international affairs, as in private life, are in the main the same as our own. They spring from the same principles, and are embodied in the same system of morals and of laws. It is not wonderful, therefore, that Americans distrust and abhor, as Professor Ladd writes, a theory and a form of government which are founded on the philosophy of Nietzsche and on the doctrine that might makes right. The two conceptions of life, the Anglo-Saxon and the Prussian militarist, are irreconcilable. The one must 'wholly and finally' destroy the other. If doubts still linger anywhere as to their antagonism, two letters which Professor Lasson, of Berlin, has addressed to a Dutch friend ought to dispel them. They are, perhaps, the crudest of the many crude expositions of *Kultur* which have 'staggered humanity.' The gist of them lies in a sentence. 'We are,' the Professor proclaims, 'morally and intellectually superior to all men. We are peerless. So, too, are our organizations and our institutions.' . . . The characteristics of the Germans are truthfulness, humanity, sweetness, conscience, and the Christian virtues, and they are the freest people on the earth because they know how to obey. And yet, the Professor mournfully confesses, they have no friends!"



SIMPLE SAMUEL  
He'll never get past "B is for Belgium."  
—Rogers in N. Y. Herald



### What President Wilson Knows About William II.

ENGLISHMEN need not worry themselves on the subject of President Wilson's capacity to form a judgment between Germany and Great Britain, according to the *London Post*. President Wilson, it says, is not an unsophisticated being and he has kept himself fully informed on every phase of German activity in the United States. This is precisely the impression of the *Paris Figaro*. President Wilson, it explains, will not address himself to the allies in a plea for peace because he knows how useless such a proceeding would be. He is not ignorant of the fact that Germany alone wanted the war and precipitated it. He knows that William II. caused the breaking off of all negotiations by his two ultimatums to Petrograd and to Paris just when these negotiations were succeeding and an accord

between Russia and Austria was in sight. The feelings of the *Figaro* find expression through the medium of these personal remarks:

"Alone, moreover, Germany, who feels that she is lost, seeks peace to-day.

"Her adversaries, bound by an indissoluble pact, wish to hear no proposition and still less to make one.

"There is no peace possible with a power that disregards the treaties it has signed and which treats them as scraps of paper except a peace that is imposed upon it.

"One does not treat with a criminal.

"One executes him!

"William II. is not a sovereign!

"He is a bandit chief!

"He will be executed!

"After that, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg may rest assured, peace will be permanent."

Anybody who can say "Pacifist in Przemysl" without getting the lockjaw can consider himself as having passed Professor Münsterberg's efficiency test.—*Boston Transcript*.

Mme. Rosika Schwimmer of the International Suffrage Alliance says Americans could stop the war in a week. That is the view the man took of the buzz-saw—at first.—*Chicago Herald*.

## EFFECT OF THE SEA BATTLE ON THE NAVAL BALANCE OF POWER

WHEN the German cruiser squadron commanded by Admiral Count von Spee was defeated off the Falkland Islands by a British squadron under Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Doveton Sturdee, a fundamental change ensued in the naval aspect of the war. Italian naval experts, who have followed the destinies of the war at sea with the closest scrutiny, and whose inferences and conclusions are not revised by the censor, foresaw what happened. As the *Rome Tribuna* reminds us, the war at sea is prosecuted under no such fire of contradictions as bewilders the student of the war on land. When, for instance, the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin) announces a great German victory in Poland, the *London Post* of that very day will herald a magnificent triumph for Russia on the same field. Each daily will explain the story of the other by calling it a wild invention. The outcome of a great battle at sea is known more certainly. Berlin official versions correspond, except in points of minor detail, with London official accounts. Naval experts can anticipate events more intelligently, and the Italians, to whom the factor of sea-power is so vital, have reached the conclusion that Germany must feel on land the consequences of what she has endured on the water.

### Restoration of British Prestige at Sea.

UPON the uninstructed lay mind, to follow the reasoning of the *Giornale d'Italia*, the main effect of the British triumph off the Falkland Islands will be moral. There is little doubt, it thinks, that recent events had dimmed the glories of the mistress of the seas. The laity, unable to grasp the significance of technical details, had been told that the submarine is too subtle a foe for the battleship. This delusion, as our contemporary calls it, seemed ineradicable when the Germans put a hole in each of three British cruisers at once. The perfect ease and simplicity with which German commerce was swept from the seas at a stroke, at the beginning of the war, owing to the superiority of the British fleet, prevented a realization of the unprecedented magnitude of such an achievement. Only a trained expert can comprehend the plight into which

Emperor William's land forces have been put by his loss of command of the sea, because to a layman the connection between command of the sea and success in a war on land is not obvious. Now that a dramatic encounter at sea has extinguished a German squadron, the public at large will revise its impression that the British navy is less efficient than it was. The moral effect in Germany will be offset by recent attacks upon the coast of England which London professes not to take seriously.

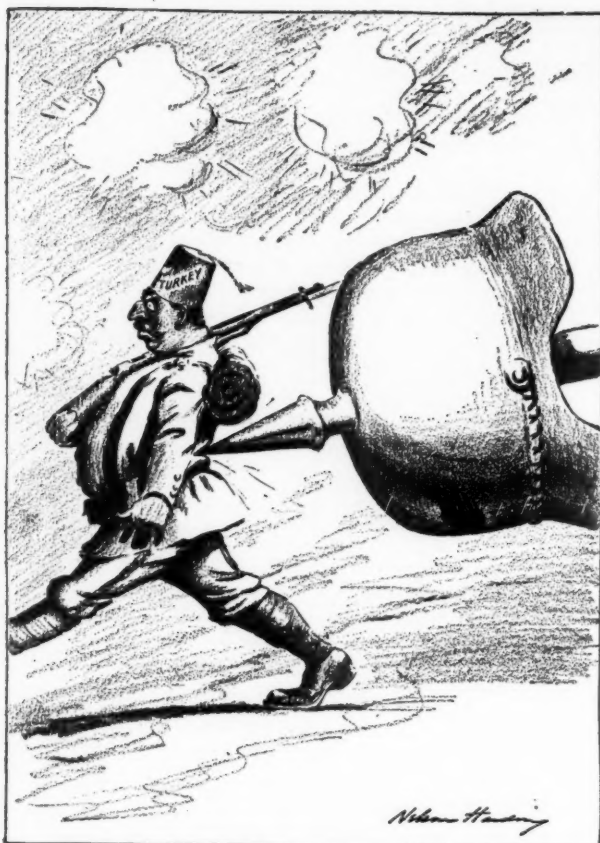
### Will This War Be Decided by Sea-Power?

COMMAND of the sea in every quarter of the world passes now to Great Britain, and the effect upon Germany is set forth unsparingly by the Italian experts.



THEIR PLACE IN THE SUN

—Coffman in the *Atlanta Georgian*



THE SPUR

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle



AS IT WAS TO HAVE BEEN

—From a Berlin Picture Post-Card

There can be no serious interference henceforth with the passage of troops from oversea dominions to the mother country. This fact alone renders abortive such enterprizes as the rising in South Africa and the effort to detach Egypt. It insures the permanent extinction of the German colonial empire. German victories on land become ineffective, seeing that there can be no renewal of the supplies of copper, oil and food except through lucky and occasional accident. Britain, too, enforces her view of such subjects as contraband and neutrality. Prize law is made in her courts. The precedents alone have validity. Thus, to our Italian contemporaries, are vindicated the propositions of the late Admiral Mahan, who really discovered the influence of sea-power upon history. How important is such power is seen in the outcome of the American Civil war, which was determined by the blockade of southern ports by the north. Again, as the Italians remind us, the United States would not have achieved its independence but for the sea-power contributed by the squadrons of King Louis. The French fleet kept the English fleet out of the Chesapeake and the surrender at Yorktown became inevitable. In Italian expert opinion, apparently, the destiny of this war has already been decided and the decision has taken place at sea. German raids on the English coast are not very important to these observers.

#### British Anxiety Over the German Battleships.

BRITISH naval experts have not permitted their satisfaction at the result of the naval battle in southern waters to banish from their minds the formidable German battleship squadron locked up out of Sir John Jellicoe's reach. That mighty fleet has not yet struck a blow to secure the free importation of supplies into Germany, we are reminded by the expert of the *Manchester Guardian*. It may do so, he adds, when the German army begins to feel severely the lack of such necessary materials as petroleum, rubber, nitrates and copper. That time has possibly come, altho our contemporary observes that the Berlin government has taken steps to restrict the use of rubber and oil by private individuals. "A few months hence the economic pressure will have become urgent." One consideration may expedite matters. The great general army staff in Berlin can not endure the deadlock in the western theater of the war. The efforts of the Germans to secure a result of some kind have not proved successful. What, however, if the deadlock persists until, say, next April or even May? The great army of Lord Kitchener—a million men—is to make its first appearance on a continental battlefield. The event—an event turning upon naval supremacy—may definitely turn the military scale against the fatherland. Berlin must certainly feel the absolute necessity of forestalling the arrival of a million fresh British soldiers in France and Belgium. The fleet of Dreadnoughts under command of that German naval hero, Admiral Ingenohl, now lurking behind the Kiel Canal, may dash forth, if only to take desperate chances. A comparison of this fleet with that of England was instituted by the *Berliner Tageblatt* with results unflattering to German hopes. Germany's high-sea fleet, it said, comprising thirteen Dreadnoughts, four fast battle cruisers, many older battleships, armored and protected cruisers, must break through the iron ring the British fleet has forged.



### A Great Battle at Sea Impending.

ENGLISHMEN have little doubt that the German fleet now in seclusion will sooner or later break forth into the North Sea and try conclusions with Sir John Jellicoe. Italian comment implies that the Kaiser may keep his fleet intact until the very end of the war. Germany would thus remain the world's second naval power and might secure more favorable terms in that capacity. This argument, altho plausible, as the *London Times* has admitted, loses force to English experts as the situation on land develops. As for the Berlin experts, they accept for their navy the position and, consequently, the function of "the inferior fleet." What, then, is the function of the inferior fleet? First, replies the expert of the *Manchester Guardian*, it should make use of the threat comprised in the very existence of the naval forces intact to prevent the enemy from transporting troops overseas within range at least of the smaller craft. "If anyone had said before the beginning of the war that, in spite of Germany's thirty submarines—we say nothing of her swarms of torpedo craft—England would be able to transport a large army across to France and support it by continual reinforcements, almost without loss, he would scarcely have been believed." The German fleet ought certainly to perform this part of its duty as the inferior fleet. Again, were there no German fleet, it would be possible to land a British army on German soil. A Russian army could be set ashore on the Baltic coast. Even if these things were not actually done, the Germans would be forced to detach valuable forces to prevent invasion. The hazard of a decisive battle, which may appeal to them as a naval proposition, might by some miracle result in the defeat of Sir John Jellicoe. Whatever be the nature of the debate in German naval circles, Admiral Ingenohl is assumed in England to want a fight.

### German Determination to Wear Down the English Fleet.

A PART from their spectacular effect upon the lay imagination, the exploits of German squadrons in "holing" British cruisers and invading British harbors have not altered the balance of naval power. The battle off the Falkland Islands has left the situation about where it was when the war began as regards naval power, notes the expert of the *Paris Gaulois*. This daily understands that the completion of British Dreadnoughts on the stocks has been so accelerated that two great units have been added to the fleet since the war began. This story lacks confirmation, like the tale of the resurrection of the battleship *Audacious*. Germany, according to the *Paris daily*, can not complete her three Dreadnoughts in the building yards owing to lack of copper and chemicals. These reports are pronounced fantastic in the Berlin press, but the experts are censored and details are withheld. Nor can much that is definite be gleaned in foreign dailies respecting the monstrous submarines to be used in the German invasion of England. The policy of "attrition" is maintained in Berlin. British battleships are to be picked off. Mines are to be laid. The English coast is to be raided.

### Germany Endures a Greater Naval Strain Than Ever.

FACING each other in the North Sea when the war broke out, to turn to the naval expert of the *Westminster Gazette*, the English had thirty battleships and



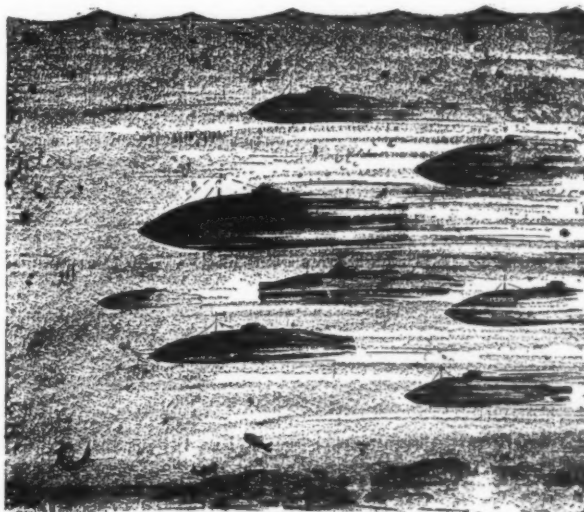
NOT A NEUTRAL IN THIS CASE

—Williams in *Boston Traveler*



IN BELGIUM

JEAN: Do you think St. Nicholas can find us now that we haven't a chimney?  
—Marcus in *N. Y. Times*



THE WAY TO TIPPERARY

—Minor in *N. Y. Evening World*



cruisers of the latest type opposed to twenty-one German ships of similar design and construction. Each side had supplementary ships of older date and somewhat less nominal fighting value. For months now Germany has not attempted to use her vast naval force for any strategical or tactical purpose whatever, unless we are to take seriously the effects of the recent coast raids. The effects were serious to individuals and to single units taken by themselves, but upon the balance of naval power they have had no effect at all. Germany has submitted without a struggle to the total loss of her position as a naval power in the world at large. She foregoes all oversea trade still. She suffers an incalculable loss of prestige. She incurs a serious risk in her efforts to meet the economic crisis at home. No doubt her fleet could not emerge from its lurking place without tremendous risk. Nevertheless it remains difficult for the expert we follow here to understand how so vast and powerful a fleet as that of Emperor

William can continue to exist without making some effort to justify the enormous sacrifices involved in the fact of its existence. Berlin dailies suggest by their somewhat guarded comment upon the naval outlook that German sea-power will be an important factor in that invasion of England which is soon to be attempted. The English will be taught, according to the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, that German might at sea is real. The war is five months old, says the London *Telegraph*, in reply, but not a single German battleship has put to sea. German cruisers, apparently, are more active. As regards the war at sea, England thinks she has won already.

Austria is still busy capturing everything in sight—officially.—*Kansas City Star*.

The Khedive is to lead the Turks into Egypt. They may not need anybody to lead them out again.—*Kansas City Star*.

The "dreadnought" is misnamed when the submarine is around.—*Knickerbocker Press*.

## RETURN OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT TO PARIS

MUCH pressure of a tactful kind was exerted upon President Poincaré, in the light of Vienna newspaper reports, before he consented to the return of the French government to Paris. President Poincaré, who exerts a more direct influence upon affairs than any of his predecessors in office, dreaded the effects upon the German mind of a defiant return to the ancient capital when an invading army is but seventy miles off. He argued that the Kaiser might order just such a movement upon Paris as was directed against Calais. Desperate as such a step might prove, the Germans would be tempted to sacrifice everything for the sake of the prestige of success. Even if they failed to seize Paris itself, their appearance in the environs in consequence of some tactical accident at the front would embarrass the cause of the allies. Then, too, a second flight from Paris as a measure of insurance must affect European opinion even if the city did not fall. The Kaiser would not a second time commit the blunder of ordering five army corps to Poland at a critical moment. It is possible, too, that the deadlock at the front is part of some subtle German plan to disarm the suspicions of the French, to give them a poor opinion of their foe.

### Paris Again a Seat of Government.

LONDON and Petrograd were sounded before the transfer of the French government from Bordeaux back to Paris became an accomplished fact. The deciding circumstance to the expert of the *Débats* (Paris) was the decreasing mobility of the vast German army owing to the breakdown of the strategic railroad system. Berlin has imposed so terrific a strain upon roadbeds and rolling stock in the swift despatch of regiments and divisions from one front to the other that repairs must be made all the time. The lines suffer, again, from lack of material indispensable in making repairs, and this material, which must in some cases be imported, is on the contraband list compiled by the British. Nor can the long runs of the locomotives continue, however urgent the strategical necessity of transferring corps from east to west. So complete is the cooperation of the allies that whenever pressure falls

upon the western front, the Russians begin a new drive in Poland. Even, therefore, if the Kaiser ordered a fresh rush upon Paris the Grand Duke Nicholas would make all operations very hot in the east. His mobilization is complete.

### Progress of the German Struggle Towards Paris.

GERMANY still hopes through repeated attacks upon the lines of the allies in the west to find a place weak enough for an effective piercing movement. This is realized perfectly at Paris, according to the *Figaro*, which insists that there is nothing tangible to base the German hope upon. General Joffre remains true to his tactical conception of an immense reserve. Wherever the line of the allies suffers from German activity, the reserve makes good the deficiency. Military Berlin finds in these tactics an insoluble problem, says the French daily. Paris, it adds, is perfectly safe. The Germans are sarcastically invited to test the truth of that statement by experiment. The news from the front in Belgium suggests to the London *Times*, too, that the German offensive is slackening and that the



DOGS OF WAR

These are Red Cross dogs of the German army, waiting the call into action. They are used for hunting out the wounded men and guiding the rescuers to them. They have proved very helpful and a recent dispatch tells of additions to the canine corps.



GONE TO HOLLAND

The Belgian refugees, before their flight from their native town, took this method of making known their future addresses to their relatives and friends, postal facilities being no longer available.

conflict is lapsing once more into a series of artillery duels. The lull, it admits, is only temporary and its chief interest is that it may be taken to mark the close of the latest and by far the greatest of the German efforts to achieve Emperor William's aims in France. Whatever aims his Majesty had, however, declares the *Petit Parisien*, have been abandoned as far as France is concerned. It says the march on Paris will never be resumed.

#### German Interpretation of the French Campaign.

IN ALL their comment upon the situation in France and Belgium, military experts in London and Paris neglect the fundamental German conception of the war, observes the expert of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. That conception is based upon the "unity" of the war. The general staff in Berlin is not conducting three separate and distinct wars against France, against Russia and against England. The war to Germany is one. An operation in the west is coordinated with an operation in the east. French dailies treat each episode by itself, omitting its relation to the German campaign as a whole. They have contrived in consequence to convey a false notion of what has been effected. They think the Germans are waiting for the ground to become harder in Flanders, making it difficult for the enemy to entrench. They infer that Germany lacks men to make an offensive movement in northern France effective. The fact is that "one single great plan of war is being carried out and there is no pursuit of partial successes, no premature attack." To this the expert of the *Gaulois* replies that the Emperor William entered the war with a single plan of campaign—the crushing of France and the checking of Russia. Unfortunately for the Germans, they were under the spell of their successes at Sedan and elsewhere when the third Napoleon was Emperor.

#### Desolation in the North of France.

NORTHERN France suffers under the German occupation a martyrdom which, in the opinion of the *Paris Temps*, is comparable in its agonies with that of Belgium herself. There is a "commandatur" in every locality. The mayors and the municipal councillors are

permanently at the disposal of the German military authorities for requisitions and measures of public order. The Germans live on the country. At least one-eighth of France is under Emperor William's rule to-day. The Germans have requisitioned the able-bodied to thresh the wheat. They have taken over all the big mills on the Aisne, setting aside for their own use in field bakeries what flour they want. The same fate has overtaken the sugar refineries. They exploit the mines in the conquered territory, forcing the inhabitants to labor without pay. Wool and raw materials generally have been seized and sent to Germany. Even the shirts of the men and the stockings of the women have been commandeered for the Germans in the trenches. These troops are said in our contemporary's columns to be living "amid perfect abundance and quietude, and smoking big cigars stolen in Brussels." They are told by their officers that the march upon Paris is delayed because cholera rages there. Functionaries have been sent from Germany to assist the military in administering northern France. Male inhabitants are forced to work as road-makers. These labors make military motor traffic swift and easy. In the conquered portion of France, moreover, the Germans have begun the publication of newspapers. There is at Hirson, for instance, a *Journal* which declares that the Germans love and respect the French. France, it adds, was misled by the mendacity of the English, who know very well that France and Germany are natural allies. The Germans did not wish to take Paris, for that would humiliate France. Whenever the Germans start a newspaper on conquered soil in the west, the comment is along these lines.

#### Political Outlook in France To-day.

GREAT precautions were taken by Premier Viviani before the assembly of the chamber of deputies in Paris to insure perfect harmony among the several groups. There will be no signs of division among Frenchmen, comments the *Temps*, in the course of the present parliamentary session. The ministry now in power reflects every faction in the chamber. This body had barely passed through the ordeal of its election when the war-cloud darkened the horizon of Europe. It gathered for the first time last June. The Socialists, under the hapless Jean Jaurès, controlled over a hundred votes. The groups of the radical left numbered 164 more. Against them are the more moderate republicans and the conservative "right." Thus the radical element controls the chamber of deputies altho the ministry of Viviani includes leaders of the extreme conservative party. The first subject to be taken up by the ministry must be finance, according to the *Temps*, but the more radical organs, and especially the paper edited by the great Clemenceau, seem inclined to make an issue of the censorship and of the activities of royalists. The latter, if we may trust the radical republican organs, are making capital out of the position won by King Albert of Belgium. There are vague hints that a certain republican general was disgraced by monarchical reactionaries in high command. Premier Viviani will do his best, notes the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, to prevent the explosion of any unpleasant scandal, but he will have difficulty in ruling a chamber so turbulent by temperament and so excited by the crisis the country is passing through

## OBSCURITIES OF THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN AGAINST GERMANY

**L**ODZ was evacuated by orders of the Grand Duke Nicholas at the time when the military experts of Europe, including here and there a Briton, were conjecturing that perhaps the allies have all along been too optimistic on the subject of Russia. The failure of the German advance upon Warsaw as far back as October last was taken too seriously in western Europe, perhaps, observes the *Rome Tribuna*. The Germans, with the assistance of the Austrians, tried to repeat in Poland, as the *London Times* reminds us, some of the characteristics of their first great rush upon Paris. Their advance was necessarily slower, owing to the nature of the country; but it was rapid enough to give the Russians many awkward problems for solution. The main purpose of the Germans was to establish themselves upon the line of the Vistula. To that end, they deemed it necessary to seize Warsaw, largely because their occupation of the Polish capital would "hearten the flagging spirits of their troops and have a correspondingly bad moral effect upon the Russians." The original movement upon Warsaw was bold and audacious. It succeeded so well that the Germans were once within half a day's march of Warsaw. In the end they retired swiftly. The campaign between Russia and Germany has since been one of many vicissitudes. The episode at Lodz now suggests a new riddle to the experts. Is the German project of occupying Russian Poland as a means of stemming the Russian tide within measurable distance of accomplishment?

### Difficulties of the Campaign for Russia.

**M**ORE difficult than ever, in view of the month's events in Poland, opines the well-informed military expert of the *Manchester Guardian*, becomes the Russian problem of the invasion of Germany. Eastern



DEAD IN THE RUSSIAN TRENCHES

—Handy in Duluth News-Tribune

Prussia, he tells us, is defended by its marshes and lakes, between which the passages are narrow. "Here the first Russian invasion under the unfortunate Sassonoff and Rennenkampf penetrated into the country as far as Königsberg, but the results of that invasion were so unfortunate that it is not likely to be taken as a model now." The people of East Prussia are said, nevertheless, to be once more taking refuge in Berlin. The German general staff is said to have given orders that the country be evacuated and laid waste. Apparently, therefore, they may decide, if the Russian pressure becomes severe, not to offer very serious opposition on this front. The Russians will claim "victories" as they advance. The truth may well be that the Germans want the enemy to advance a long way into their country in order to defeat them by a swift concentration. All news from the eastern theater of the war must be read between the lines, therefore, for the next month at least. The whole campaign has been inconclusive.

### Advantages of the Germans in Fighting the Russians.

**I**MPRESSIONS of a Russian army on the first stage of a march to Berlin can have no validity just now. These are the conclusions of a very competent military expert in England, writing for the *Manchester Liberal* organ. His judgment is endorsed by the comments of the *Figaro's* expert, who deprecates too blind an optimism. On their eastern frontier, notes the Briton, too, the Germans have an exceedingly strong line of forts and the fortified place is by no means discredited by events in Belgium. These German fortresses are connected by strategic railroads which enable the defence to concentrate superior numbers at a given point. "At the same time the fortresses make excellent bases for the sudden launching of attack against the heads of the invading columns as they emerge from shelter." It was by a series of such attacks that the misadventure of the Russians at Lodz was rendered inevitable, as this expert foresaw. They began these tactics last November when the Russians were in force between Lyck and the River Warta. They have since repeated the maneuver dozens of times. The configuration of the frontier and the splendid system of strategic railways give the Germans opportunities which embarrassed the Russians greatly.

### One Continuous Battle in Poland.

**F**ROM Warsaw to Kolo—the extreme western point attained by the Czar's army proper—the Russian advance has been a series of sanguinary struggles, says the military expert of the *London Westminster Gazette*. Each of these struggles a century ago, he tells us, would have been given a name and remembered as a "great" battle. This "battle of Poland" has a certain unity. It might be considered as a gigantic Borodino with the substitution of towns tens of miles apart for the villages and farms on the old-time battle fronts. As reported in the despatches from day to day, this "battle of Poland" seems a chain of apparently unconnected incidents. It has not been decisive except in the winning and losing of land. The two armies remain intact, even



after so sanguinary a conflict as that which preceded the Russian evacuation of Lodz. Russian experts quoted in the *Novoye Vremya* regard this as normally characteristic of the war in the eastern theater of operations. "Except in a local sense, there were no great surprises." The killed and wounded attain almost incredible totals and the Germans shrink from nothing still in their determination to seize and occupy Russian Poland.

Waiting for a Chance to  
March to Berlin.

ALTOGETHER, the Russian progress has been disappointing, as we find more than one military expert in England conceding. Official London may not have anticipated serious Russian pressure on Berlin by now; but the newspapers, including even the cautious *Manchester Guardian*, ventured to surmise that Berlin might be imperiled before Christmas. It is true that between Russian armies and German armies there have been great, even decisive, battles. The defeat of General Sassonoff in East Prussia, for instance, seems to the British paper a bigger event than the battle of Mukden. At Mukden the Russian losses were just over a hundred thousand. At the battle of Tannenberg there were lost that number in prisoners alone and it was followed by two other serious defeats at Insterburg and Lyck. "The most numerous army can not bear defeats of that magnitude without flinching, and the wonder is not that the Russians lost ground but that they were able to recover so rapidly." On the Russian left the prospects of the Russian aggressive are brighter:

"The greater part of Galicia is now in Russian possession, and the Austrian army is divided between Cracow and the passes over the Carpathians into Hungary. It should not be very difficult for the Russians to seize and hold the few Carpathian passes over which the Austrians could attack in the winter, and with their whole offensive strength to attack the German right and the Austrian left in the neighborhood of Cracow. The advantages of this plan is that it would give the Russians access to the rich industrial and agricultural province of Silesia and turn the fortress of Posen. It is also pretty certain that if this attack were resolutely pressed the Germans would not continue their attacks further north, and the great weakness of Russian strategy—the projecting bastion of Poland—would be relieved. But there are grave objections to this as to every other plan. The Austrians have two exceedingly strong fortresses in Galicia, Przemysl and Cracow, and their heavy artillery is exceedingly good. . . . With Cracow and Przemysl in their hands and the Carpathian passes held, the Russians might penetrate Silesia sure that their retreat was safe, or they might make an attempt to raise Bohemia, the population of which is Slav, if not exactly Russian in sympathies. Prague would be an excellent base for the invasion of Saxony in the spring."

What Russia Has Accom-  
plished for the Allies.

RUSSIA, in the prosecution of her war, has suffered from the sanguine expectations of the misinformed, according to the *Paris Matin*. Her great



A SCRAP OF PAPER

—Macauley in *N. Y. Tribune*

achievement was the diversion of the German forces from the western theater of the war to the eastern. This made possible the check that kept the enemy out of Paris. This is only an acknowledgment due to the ally, says the *Gaulois*. It, too, thinks the Russians have performed prodigies. It quotes a well-informed British expert to the effect that the march upon Berlin ought not in reason to be expected before the end of this new year, if then. Russia has been hampered by her lack of railroads of the strategic kind. In spite of that handicap she has forced Germany to concentrate three million men upon her eastern frontier. This has made possible the campaign which leaves the allies in such splendid shape in the west. In truth, affirms one of the greatest military experts in Russia, Colonel V. Shumsky, who has gone to the front, and whom our Paris contemporary quotes with approval, the German plan regarding the war has failed. What Germany set out to accomplish is still to be done—the crushing of France. Russia foiled that purpose by her swiftness on the eastern frontier. Germany had to divert five army corps at least to meet this menace. Russia has still to undertake her war on Germany in its second phase—an invasion of Emperor William's dominions. The task is not easy. The defence will be obstinate. It was never characteristic of Russia to act in too great a hurry. Let the allies, says this authority, be patient. They will meet in Berlin, if not this year then next.

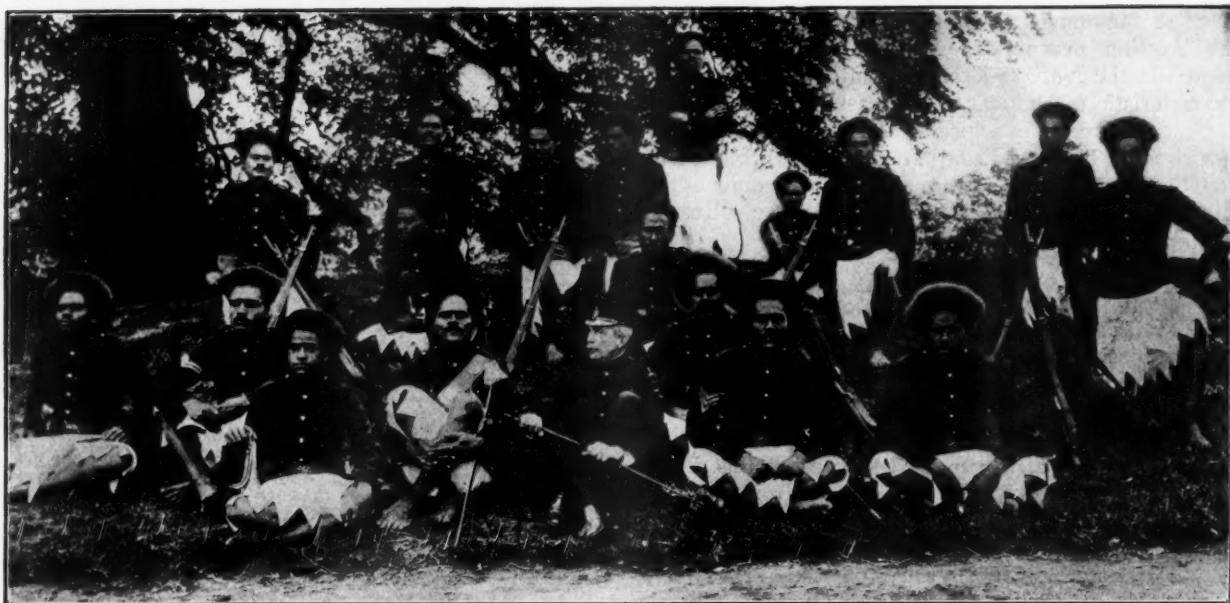
Russia's triumph over John Barleycorn is the biggest victory won since the war started.—*Toledo Blade*.

The big war is horrible. And yet the camera at the front catches most of the soldiers wearing a smile.—*Toledo Blade*.

One never knows when he goes to bed at night what flag he will find flying over Dixmude in the morning.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Russian prohibition is evidently intended to spur the Czar's armies across the state line.—*Wall Street Journal*.

Mr. Brander Matthews scolds the professors for preferring the rules of grammar to life. On their recent showing in Europe, the professors would do infinitely less harm by sticking to their grammars.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.



THE FIJI CONTINGENT ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT

Before this war in Europe is over nearly all the races of the earth seem likely to be included in the combatants. There are Turcos, Senegambians, Afghans, Turks, Sikhs, Boers, North American Indians, as well as Poles, Jews, Slavs, Magyars, Czechs, Servians, Bohemians, French, Germans, Belgians and Anglo-Saxons. The latest addition is a contingent of Fiji Islanders that is on the way from Australia. They long ago forgot their cannibalistic pleasantries and are now, most of them, Wesleyan Methodists.

## THE EFFORT TO INVOLVE ITALY IN THE EUROPEAN WAR

PRINCE VON BÜLOW had scarcely assumed his functions as ambassador from Emperor William to King Victor Emmanuel when a concerted effort was made by certain radical elements in Rome to make life at the Quirinal impossible for the former imperial chancellor. These intrigues are traced by the Berlin *Tageszeitung* to agents of the London foreign office. Prince von Bülow appears to the London *News* to have bent his energies less to the persuasion of the Italians to come out on the side of Germany than to a defeat of the plan to involve them with the allies. The Prince is widely known in Italian society, where his wife has many influential relatives. He knows Italy well. His love for her is deep-rooted and sincere. Unfortunately for his plans, the new Italian foreign minister, Baron Sydney Sonnino, is half English through his mother. The Baron is said to cherish for England the same degree of sympathy the Prince cherishes for Italy. The result is a diplomatic duel on which for the moment the most critical issues in world politics depend, or so the European dailies affect to think. Organs of official opinion in Berlin have for some weeks praised Italy for her strict neutrality and advised her to persist in it. Premier Salandra has just been fortunate enough to win a vote of confidence from the deputies in Rome, and, since he professes the strictest neutrality, the *Norddeutsche Zeitung* predicts that British efforts to involve Italy must fail.

### Immediate Future of Italy as a Neutral.

SALANDRA, the Italian premier, remains an instrument in the hands of the inscrutable Signor Giolitti, who, all foreign dailies agree, will decide the attitude of his country to the war. "Germany never had any illusions," we find the Berlin *Tag* saying. "She knew that the whole triple entente would be against her in the event of war, while she could count on the aid

of Austria only. Italy's fulfillment of her pledges to the Triple consisted in her remaining loyally neutral. Nothing more could be expected from her." Two new factors have arisen to delay the entry of Italy into the war, according to the London *Post*. One of these is the arrival of cold weather. The other is the appearance of cholera in Austria-Hungary. The Italian military authorities do not object to heat—witness the fighting in Cyrenaica with a tropical sun blazing. They shrink from cold and snow. Especially do they dread the prospect of cholera. Meanwhile Premier Salandra, in view of recent indiscretions, has sent a circular to the prefects calling the attention of editors to the law relative to promulgation of military secrets. News of the movements of Italian troops is rigidly censored.

### Italy Under the Salandra Ministry.

FOREIGN policy, the army and finance must occupy the reconstructed Salandra ministry in Rome to the exclusion of other issues, says the *Giornale d'Italia*, in close touch with Baron Sonnino. Diplomacy affords Italy just now its most complex problem since the Risorgimento, it adds. As for the army, Italy desires a perfectly efficient fighting force in the shortest possible time. The normal methods of finance are not adapted to the present extraordinary situation. The anticlerical *Messaggero*, while objecting to a conservative element in the reconstructed ministry, admits that "this is not the time to raise domestic questions." The *Popolo Romano* approves of the appointment of Baron Sonnino as foreign minister because of his firmness. The clerical *Corriere d'Italia* expresses confidence in the cabinet, especially in Salandra, whose policy of neutrality will, it thinks, be continued. The *Corriere della Sera* affirms that Italy still counts in Europe if only because she is considered as a sword whose weight may be felt in the balance where the destinies of nations are weighed.

### Is Italy Inclined to Enter the War?

ASSUMING the tone of the Italian press to be representative of national opinion, it seems clear that the adventurous and radical elements incline to intervention, altho the conservative and influential deem neutrality safest, at least from the standpoint of things as they are. Thus the nationalist journal, the *Idea Nazionale*, deplors the appointment of Baron Sonnino as foreign minister on the ground of his lack of poetry and of lyrical enthusiasm and because of his temperament generally, which disqualifies him from comprehending the Italian world. However, this paper promises support even of Sonnino if he will give Italy the national war which is so necessary. It is thought significant that the Sonnino organ, the *Giornale d'Italia*, is pointing to the rapid diffusion of German influences in Italy in the shape of German advertizements, German "shop-walkers," books, newspapers, governesses (of whom Padua alone has a hundred), waiters and hotel keepers. The Lakes of Garda and Capri are almost German colonies. These are said, too, in the anti-German papers, to be the advance-guard of Prince von Bülow, who has all sorts of schemes to render Italy powerless. The result is an outbreak of activity among radicals in Rome, led by the clever Marchese de Viti. They hold meetings often to keep up the agitation in favor of intervention in the European conflict. The anti-clericals are charging the Pope with a pronounced pro-Germanism, altho this is denied by the organ of the Vatican. A significant fact is the appointment of a general recently as minister of war in succession to a civilian.

### German Views Contested in Italy.

ROMAN opinion has not been on the whole impressed by Berlin assertions that Germany is not responsible for the outbreak of war in Europe. Thus the *Tribuna*, in close touch with diplomatic circles, denies the allegations on this subject of the German professors and intellectuals. "Our denial," it adds, "is strictly connected with Italy's honor because, had Germany been attacked, instead of being the aggressor, Italy would have been bound by treaty to support her at any cost. She did not do so because a case under the treaty of alliance had not arisen." The Italian organ next comments upon the weakness it detects in the argument advanced by the German professors and concludes: "German policy had imposed for years upon Europe the dilemma of recognizing a German hegemony or of having war." This was said at the height of the agitation for war upon Austria in behalf of the union with Italy of the provinces still "unredeemed" from the Hapsburgs. What will finally decide Italy, according to the *Messaggero*, inspired by the influential Signor Bissolati, deputy for the Quirinal division of Rome, may be defined as her need of closer union with the states of the Balkans. The Balkan peoples, in order to give stability to their league, require the help of a

greater power unsuspected of interested and ambitious designs to the detriment of their development. Italy is geographically designed for such a mission.

### Italy's Part in the Balkan Theater.

ITALY made a profound diplomatic blunder in abandoning the Balkan cause at the outbreak of the first Balkan war, according to the *Messaggero*. She made a mistake again in opposing a Servian port on the Adriatic. Neither should Italy have opposed Greek claims to Epirus and the Aegean Islands. The recognition of those aspirations is a necessary condition without which the Balkan league can not be reformed because otherwise Greece and Servia can not be induced to compensate Bulgaria and thus gain her adhesion. Moreover, if Italy proposes to reconstruct the Balkan league, she must act with Servia in conquering Bosnia and Herzegovina and in securing an outlet on the Adriatic from Austria. Italy must also appear as the sincere and disinterested champion of the principle of nationality. This she can not do as long as she lays claim to the Dalmatian coast, which is overwhelmingly Slav, and as long as she maintains her doubtful conduct regarding the isles of the Aegean. She could not put herself at the head of the Balkan league recomposed on a national basis if she violated the principle of Slav and Greek nationality. The whole article is deemed in Europe a serious indication of Italian intervention and of the policy behind it.

### Prince von Bülow at the Crisis of His Career.

ALL Europe watches with interest at this moment the duel of a diplomatic kind which is waged by Prince von Bülow in behalf of Germany and of Baron Sonnino in behalf of Italy. What the intentions of Sonnino may be passes conjecture in the foreign press. The government in Rome dreads most of all, affirms the *Paris Figaro*, a peace from which it would be excluded—that is, a treaty ending the war without recognition of Italian claims in southern Europe. If Italy remains a neutral to the end, she will not be recognized as an important factor in the settlement by the allies. Notice to that effect has been served upon the Salandra ministry by such organs as the *London Post*. German organs like the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, inspired officially, assure Italy that she will participate in the "settlement" whether she comes in as a belligerent or not. French papers tend to the idea that Italy is at last convinced that the allies must win. She was not so sure of that at first. The desperation of the pass to which Germany has been reduced, according to the *Matin*, is revealed by the despatch of Prince von Bülow to Rome. He comes, it says, too late. Nevertheless, concedes the *London News*, there are factors of the utmost importance on the side of Germany still. The outcome of the situation in Rome is the most critical factor in the struggle against Germany on its diplomatic side.

If the Flanders floods become any worse, Flanders will be a great place for a naval battle.—*N. Y. American*.

Probably every soldier engaged in the European war has a desire to live long enough to find out what he is fighting for.—*Toledo Blade*.

"Unless China is Christianized," declares Miss Hle Ding Lin, "she will lead the rest of the world to paganism." Some parts of the rest of the world can dispense with a guide.—*Springfield Republican*.

The unspeakable Turk should begin at once to learn how to say "enough" in several languages.—*Toledo Blade*.

Some notion of the harmony with which Gens. Joffre and French work together may be gained from the following discovery:

J	O	F	F	R	E
F	R	E	N	C	H

That is, they work together, either offensively or defensively.—*St. Louis Post Dispatch*.



# PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

## MR. HERRICK AND HIS DISINHERITED PRESIDENTIAL BOOM

THREE Americans have been brought out prominently before the whole world by the situation in Europe—three Americans and two of these Ohioans. They are Myron T. Herrick, Brand Whitlock and Herbert Clarke Hoover. The first monument the Belgians build after the war is over, says Will Irwin, will be one to Brand Whitlock, our minister to Belgium, formerly mayor of Toledo. He has had a very difficult task to perform and he has performed it with splendid efficiency and devotion, even to the extent at times of living on black bread. Mr. Hoover, the chairman of the American commission in London that has had charge of the relief work, first for the fleeing American refugees and then for the starving Belgians, has shown himself a first-class organizer and administrator. With Hoover handling the London end of the Belgian relief work and Whitlock handling the Belgian end, they have achieved wonders, and, in consequence, when the American flag is seen nowadays in the streets of Brussels or Antwerp or any other Belgian city, the people spontaneously take off their hats.

Myron T. Herrick, ex-Ambassador to France, ex-Governor of Ohio, has won equally enthusiastic praise by the way he has handled a difficult situation in France. "He won the hearts of the people of Paris," says ex-Minister Pichon, in the *Petit Journal*. There are other ambassadors and ministers in Europe who have earned the praise of their countrymen—Gerard in Berlin, Van Dyke in Holland, Walter H. Page in London, Thomas Nelson Page in Rome, Morgenthau in Constantinople, Penfield in Vienna. Only one of these men had had experience in diplomatic situations, but they all seem to have acquitted themselves creditably under exceptionally trying circumstances. None of them, however, seems to have made such a conspicuous success as has been achieved by Herrick and Whitlock. If the latter does not look out he will be canonized before he gets out of Belgium, and as for Herrick, before he left Paris last month some of the French newspapers were trying to nominate him for President of the United States. If he had stayed a month longer they might have gone ahead and elected him without waiting

for America to have anything to say about it.

As a matter of fact, much more wonderful things have happened than the nomination of Herrick for the Presidency. His "boom" may have started in Paris but it has not ended there. Cleveland, where his home is, took it up several weeks ago and began to arrange for a reception to help it on as soon as it was known when he was to return. The *Washington Post* takes the movement very seriously. It remarks: "Distinguished as he is as a man of remarkable ability in business affairs, Mr. Herrick would command at once, if nominated, the confidence and support of the business interests of the United States in the largest measure. He, possibly, of all the men named, is the best-equipped by experience, practice, and knowledge of affairs in a more varied sense and in a broader sphere of action." "Republican lightning," observes that great organ of Democracy, the *N. Y. World*, "might flash further and strike worse."

Nor is this the first time that Myron T. Herrick has been rather conspicuously mentioned for the highest position in our government. After his election as governor of Ohio, in 1903, by the largest majority given to any man since the days of the Civil War—114,000—he was looked upon as a possible or even probable successor to McKinley in the White House. Unfortunately he ran for governor a second time, at a period when the liquor question came to the front and when the revolt against George B. Cox had reached its climax. Herrick was too closely identified with Cox for his own political health, and as a result he was defeated by a plurality of 43,000. That and the meteoric career of Roosevelt ended all further talk of Herrick at that time for President. He vanished from the political arena, tho President Roosevelt tried to induce him to accept the ambassadorship to Italy and President Taft tried later to entice him into his cabinet as secretary of the treasury. Herrick good-naturedly refused all such offers and resumed his highly successful financial career. Two years ago, however, he accepted the post of ambassador to France because he had by that time developed a new ambition. He had become greatly interested in the subject of farm finance

and rural credits. He wanted to study the methods of the Credit Foncier in France and the Landschaften associations in Germany and the reasons why the farmers are producing 28 bushels of wheat to the acre in Germany and 20 bushels in France, while we in this country, with soil that ought to be more productive, are producing but 15 bushels; why we can get only 80 bushels of potatoes, on an average, to the acre, and France can get 190, Germany 226, and Belgium 286. In an interview in the *N. Y. Times* in the spring of 1912, he said:

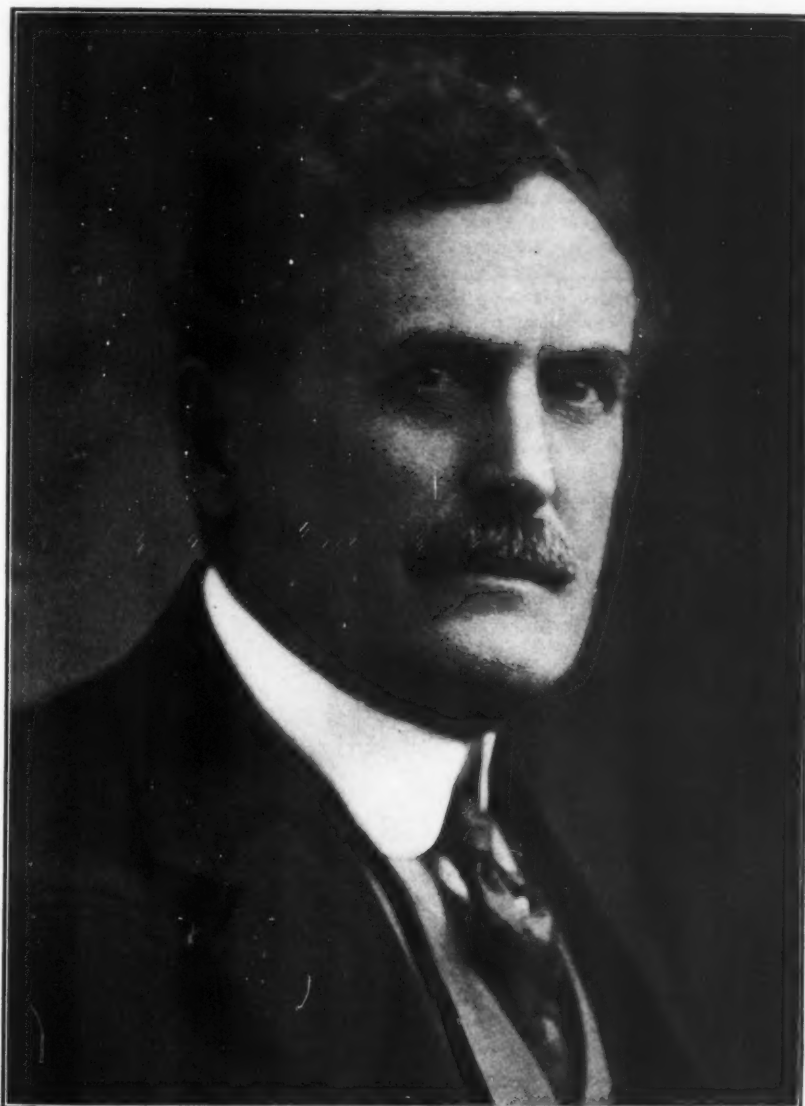
"Since the Civil War we have bent our energies with wonderful success to the building up of our 'infant industries.' It is now time to turn some of the milk that has stimulated the 'infant industries' to the nourishment of senile agriculture. We have neglected the farm; we have emulated England in our race for commercial supremacy. We have not taken heed of the example of France, Germany, and other European countries that have recognized the importance of the equal development of manufacturing and agriculture."

Experience in both France and Germany, he went on to say, proved that the development of scientific farming has been largely due to the facility with which farmers can obtain funds for the purpose of financing improvements. Our railway securities, our industrial securities, our municipal securities, and now our commercial paper have been given a negotiable value that enables them to circulate freely and to be readily accepted as security for loans. Mortgages, and especially farm-mortgages, are the only form of security that retains its primitive immobility. All this Mr. Herrick saw very clearly several years ago. The subject has been up very prominently in Congress since then and President Wilson has had a commission traveling in Europe to obtain data for the establishment of a new system of farm-banks. It has come to be recognized, in other words, as Herrick recognized years ago, that the greatest defects in our agriculture are due to our financial institutions rather than to the farmers themselves. Herrick has been a banker and financier nearly all his life, and he saw how the farmer was being handicapped all along the line. It was the sense of this among the farmers of the

West that produced the Greenback movement, the Farmers' Alliance movement, the Populist movement and even the Free-Silver movement. They were all efforts more or less blind to secure a square deal for the farmers of the country. This fact has been partly recognized in the new federal reserve system. It will not be completely recognized until a system of rural banking has been installed that gives the American farmer an equal chance with the French and German peasants. "We cannot hope," says Mr. Herrick, "for an increase in the production of food-stuffs in this country to approximate the increase in consumption unless the deserving tiller of the soil can be supplied with the funds he needs at low rates and for long periods. It is as necessary for the farmer to have cheap money as it is for the railroad builder or the manufacturer." He is so immersed in the subject that he has written a book on it. It is entitled "Rural Credits" and has just been published by the Appleton Company.

Now anyone can see with half an eye that in an issue of this sort there are tremendous political as well as economic possibilities. It is of vital interest not only to the farmers as a class but to everybody to whom the high cost of living is a matter of consequence. There is no reason that we know of for supposing that Herrick has taken it up with a view to the political side, or, indeed, that he has any political ambitions left. His first utterance on returning to this country last month was to disown the presidential "boom" already started by that time and to stigmatize it as "nonsense." He added, a little impatiently, that whatever credit he might have earned by his services in France he does not propose to capitalize. His present prominence before the country is obviously a result of accident rather than of scheming on his part. In the ordinary course of events, his going to France would have removed him from the stream of political affairs instead of plunging him into the spotlight as it has.

Myron T. Herrick's interest in farms and farmers is not, moreover, an accident. He was raised on a farm in Lorain county, Ohio, where he was born sixty years ago. He went to college at Oberlin and later at the Ohio Wesleyan, but had to earn money as he was going through college, and he did it by tramping around from one farm to another selling dinner-bells and, for a time, lightning-rods. He taught school and studied law and was admitted to the bar, but fate intended him for a financier. A lucky land speculation in Cleveland gave him a start, and his skill in taking hold of two or three moribund financial institutions and putting them on their feet



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#### NOW A GRAND CORDON OF THE LEGION OF HONOR

When Myron T. Herrick reached New York on his return last month he found awaiting him a presidential "boom," a large delegation of fellow-townsmen from Cleveland, O., and a decoration from the French government, which had awarded him the Grand Cordon d'Honneur, which is the highest class of the Legion of Honor and the highest distinction that government awards.

gave him a reputation that in the course of a few years made him sought after by large banking concerns. He became secretary and treasurer of the Society for Savings, he organized the Euclid Avenue National Bank, he linked up various streaks of rust into the Wheeling and Lake Erie Railway, he organized the "oatmeal trust," and in the course of time he succeeded Samuel Mather as president of the Society for Savings and was elected president of the American Bankers' Association. At all times he was near enough to politics to see the wheels go around. He was an adviser of William McKinley when the latter was still a young aspirant for political honors. He was on fairly intimate terms with Mark Hanna long before the latter became a President-maker. He was a delegate to a number of Republican national conventions, and in 1900 he

became a member of the National Republican Committee. The only offices he would accept during this time were one as member of the City Council, in which he served for two years, and the post of colonel on Governor McKinley's staff. He had refused, it is said, before accepting the ambassadorship to France, five diplomatic appointments and three appointments to Presidential cabinets.

Herrick at sixty looks as if he were in the very prime of life, tho his strenuous exertions in trying to take care of four embassies at once in Paris has told upon him somewhat. He makes a fine appearance. He is at least six feet tall, erect, well proportioned, with a splendid head, wavy hair which used to be brown but is now iron gray. He has a voice deeply musical, an engaging smile, strong but not coarse features, and altogether, in

his evening attire, it may be said that the Apollo Belvedere "has nothing on him." He is reasonably fond of society, loves good music, good paintings, good books. He has a fair amount of sentiment and poetry in his temperament. He is fond of golf and fonder still of running his own motor cars. He believes in the Salvation Army and has gone out of his way to indicate this belief in other ways than by the giving of money. He can talk to a political assemblage or to an after-dinner audience and do it agreeably and well. But he is not an orator and does not attempt to be one. He does not take himself quite seriously enough for that. Life has evidently been a serious thing with him—no man can accomplish what he has accomplished and be an idler or a trifler or a dilettante—but it has not been tragic. There are no deep dramas written in his face. It is the face of a man who has found it comparatively easy to achieve success, to make and keep friends, to stay on good terms with his conscience, and to keep his body in a fine condition. There are lines of power and mastery,

but few or none of suffering and severe struggle. He has eyes that look straight into yours, but they do not bore into your soul and they do not challenge you to combat. They are, so to say, regardful eyes, kindly discerning eyes, not repellent or suspicious or even indifferent.

That he made a hit in France is evident from the tone of comment in all the Paris papers. That tone is far from perfunctory or merely polite. It borders closely on enthusiasm. One scrutinizes the character of Monsieur Herrick vainly for traces of that culture which develops the mere cosmopolite, notes a writer in the *Paris Figaro*. He is not in the class of Americans who, however delightful personally, have lost the fine flavor of their western atmosphere by breathing too fondly and too intimately the air of the European. Monsieur Herrick is typically American in the twentieth-century style of the type. He is the citizen of a republic rivaling Rome of old in its greatness and Athens in its culture and he is conscious but not too conscious of that.

His pride in his native land is never provocative. His efficiency is American, too, and he has the adaptability of his nation. He made his name so honored in France that henceforth it must be associated with that of the great Jefferson and the greater Franklin. The *Gaulois* is impelled to dwell upon the generosity of Mr. Herrick's instincts, the exquisite timeliness of his services not to his own country only but to France herself. He understands France and he lets that be known in all his words and in every emergency.

What honors must await so able a man in the land of his birth, suggests the *Débats*. They are rich in men over there in free, peaceful America, it intimates, but there can not be another Herrick. He has the sincerity of large natures, the strength of gentle ones, the force that goes with greatness. He is the true child of America; but France will never forget that she discovered him, hailed him, loved him first.

Mr. Herrick disowns and disinherits his own presidential "boom."

## KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM: THE GREATEST HERO OF THE GREATEST WAR IN HISTORY

WAR did not reveal King Albert to the Belgians altho, as the *Rome Tribuna* says, it did reveal him to the world. Long before the crisis came in Belgium, her people had seen their king in the mines with a pick and shovel, on the railroads, where he drove an engine, and in the factories, in which he exploited a mechanical gift for which he was remarkable from boyhood. The part he plays to-day is made natural to him by temperament. Bitterly, adds our contemporary, do his people recall the solemn warning he addressed three years ago to the Senate in Brussels on the subject of the unprepared state of the kingdom for the conflict that has come. His prophetic voice went unheard. That, too, was inevitable, since King Albert is somewhat too stern, somewhat too serious, for the comprehension of his people in ordinary times. He affords the anomalous spectacle of a severely intellectual sovereign ruling a thoughtless people, a grave monarch in a normally gay realm. The soul of Belgium is artistic and the soul of her King is Roman. His stern devotion to sociology, his dreams of a paradise on earth for the workers in mine and mart, have brought upon him ridicule and criticisms of the sarcastic sort. Even his genius, mathematical and mechanical, seemed alien to his environment, for Brussels was before her tragedy the giddiest capital in all the world, and

the sovereign in the splendid palace was a riddle to his people. They were more accustomed to the Leopold of the Congo.

One must go back as far as the Homeric age, as the *Paris Figaro* remarks, for an ideal illustration of all that Albert, in the capacity of King, signifies to his Belgians. He is a king with the kingliness of Agamemnon, the comrade as well as the sovereign of his soldiers, and his heart is leonine as was the heart of Achilles. Albert, as king of the Belgians, reveals the large simplicity of that Diomed who was the bravest and mightiest of the Achaeans before Troy. The Homeric virtue of the King of the Belgians—the courage, endurance, strength—equip him for the Homeric life he leads, charging the foe in the forefront of the battle or lying by night in a circle of his braves, listening to their tales of war. Albert is a king right out of the *Iliad*, for, while he remains the commander-in-chief of his people, their judge and their representative before the world, he is no more a despot than was Menelaus or Ulysses. Like the true Homeric prince, he helps in the building of trenches and acts as his own charioteer, or, as we moderns say, chauffeur. His sway is so absolute because it is founded upon the example of heroism that he sets and his people love him because he lives their life.

Glimpses of King Albert, afforded frequently in accounts from the trenches, reveal him in a soiled uniform, eat-

ing the warmed-up soup of the regular ration, sharing his match with a soldier from whom he has received a cigaret, or affording first aid to the injured. There are lines about the Coburg mouth that was always the characteristic feature of the countenance of King Albert, says a writer in the French daily. The cheek-bones tend to prominence and the voice is rough and heavy. The tall figure has lost flesh and the complexion is no longer ruddy. There is a slight limp in the walk, for the wound in the foot received at Antwerp is slow to heal completely. His presence with his men is now so much a matter of course that he receives no more attention after the swift salute from the soldier to whom he speaks. The etiquet of peace is gone completely. Belgians no longer stand in the King's presence, for that would be inviting death. His Majesty's rank is quite forgotten as he holds a torch while the engineers repair the break in a gun carriage or lathers his face to shave himself without the aid of a mirror. He was knocked down by a wounded horse during the retreat from Antwerp, and as his car had been commandeered for ambulance purposes he walked into France surrounded by thousands of troops as ragged and hungry as himself. He is so familiar a figure on the fighting line that no sentry ever demands evidence of his identity—an embarrassment to which General Joffre was subjected on at least one recent occasion.





ONE OF THE BELGIAN FAMILIES SCATTERED BY THE INVASION

It is that of Albert, the King, whom we see here in the company of the Bavarian princess who became his consort when he and she fell in love. The little boy is one of three children who, like Belgian boys and girls generally, see very little of their parents nowadays. The photograph was made a short time before the outbreak of war.

King Albert exemplifies to a writer in the *Paris Matin* that seriousness which seems to go with the mathematical and engineering mind. His gifts enable him to bring harmony, symmetry and order out of what seemed chaos. He is the born scientist who gets results instead of merely theorizing. His youth gave that promise and his manhood does not belie it. Before the war he ran a locomotive occasionally from Brussels to the frontier and he improvised a machine-shop near the royal palace for purposes of experiment. His aptitude for order and for method reveals itself at every stage of the campaign to-day, and to him must credit be given if the little army of Belgium remains a united and coherent fighting force. He reasons in the clear, straight fashion of a Leibnitz, and might, were he not a king, be enlarging the boundaries of human knowledge in some specialized pursuit like chemistry or engineering.

That "Brussels manner" which so many admirers of it in England try so vainly to describe, is developed at its finest in King Albert. He can be exasperatingly polite to the enemies of his country, explains the *Manchester Guardian*, while making no concealment of his profound contempt for all that is German. He manifests the typical Brussels coolness, deference even, in the presence of those who are most enraged by his obvious sense of superiority to them. This "Brussels manner" has infuriated the German bureaucrats in control of the city. It tells them how they are disliked and despised

without the slightest departure from the code of a most polished civility. The Brussels manner expresses sarcasm, amusement at an inferior, a peculiar sense of humor unlike any of the kind before or since and an enviable self-control when confronted by superior force. King Albert sets an example of the manner in his cool, smiling attitude of deprecation in the face of the German tide. King Leopold had the manner. Burgomaster Max, now a prisoner in the Fatherland, exhibited the manner too. King Albert is fairly histrionic in the power with which he conveys the effect of it with a shrug of the shoulders, a faint smile, a word.

A will-power well-nigh indomitable goes well with the great stature characterizing the King of the Belgians. He is so magnificently built, notes the *London Standard*, that he defies not only the fatigues of the trenches but the fact that he is nearing his fortieth year. He can use his strong, even large hands, as deftly as if they were tools—which, in truth, they have become. He repairs his own motor car whenever it collapses from the hard usage of the war. He has built many an aeroplane and alone among living sovereigns, with the exception of the German Emperor, he has descended to the depths in a submarine. He has kept his figure trim with athletics, for his boxing has made him famous and his fencing is the finest in Europe. The muscles stand out on his forehead and the bones of the skeleton are quite large and prominent everywhere. Like

his father, the late Count Philip of Flanders, he has a constitution of iron, but he gets his oval face and his seriousness from his mother, who was a princess with Hohenzollern blood in her veins. To her he is indebted for his humanitarian spirit and a tendency to Utopianism that makes him popular with some of his country's Socialists. His mechanical turn of mind is derived from his father, who long experimented with elevators, power looms and self-cocking rifles.

The present King of the Belgians resembles his predecessor, Leopold, of Congo memory, in one respect—a passion for going about in a strictly private capacity. The late Leopold was often seen while he lived walking up the Strand in London with no evidence of his rank about him. King Albert before the war ran over to London frequently. He and his consort would put up at a plain little hotel of an exclusive kind and visit the theater as ordinary members of the audience. Unlike the King of Spain, whose features were too familiar to escape recognition, King Albert was fortunate enough always to pass through the throngs unnoticed, except for his height. It is related of a dealer in motor cars in London that he dealt personally with King Albert for some years, selling him two automobiles and even going with him to lunch occasionally, without once suspecting that his customer was a European sovereign. Making a purchase in one of London's great establishments, the royal purchaser, in reply to the usual question, stated that his name was Albert. "Albert what?" queried the salesperson. "King," said his Majesty. In due time the purchase arrived, addressed to "Albert King, Esquire."

There is in King Albert a touch of the grimness of the late King Leopold. There is the same largeness of conception, the same indomitable will, much of the very manner and all the magnetism. But the qualities are in the present sovereign put to good uses. The courage of Leopold defied the public opinion of all Europe in Congo affairs, whereas the courage of Albert enables him to lead a forlorn hope to a high and splendid consummation. Albert, too, plays the grand monarch, observes the *Paris Temps*, but his grandeur has a moral quality. The tragedy in which Leopold played the conspicuous part was that of the Congo; but the tragedy of which Albert is the central figure glorifies him in the eyes of all mankind. His personality is a lesson since it teaches that men become great not through great qualities but through the use to which they put those qualities. In the words, again, of Maurice Maeterlinck, as put into English for the *London Chronicle* by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos:

"Of all the heroes of this stupendous war, heroes who will live in the memory of man, one assuredly of the most unsullied, one of those whom we can never love enough, is the great young King of my little country.

"He was indeed at the critical hour the appointed man, the man for whom every heart was waiting. With sudden beauty

he embodied the mighty voice of his people. He stood, upon the moment, for Belgium, revealed unto herself and unto others. He had the wonderful good fortune to realize and bestow a conscience in one of those dread hours of tragedy and perplexity when the best of consciences waver. . . .

"But what he has suffered, what he

suffers day by day only those can understand who have had the privilege of access to this hero: the most sensitive and the gentlest of men, silent and reserved; a man of controlled emotions, modest with a timidity that is at once baffling and delightful; loving his people less as a father loves his children, than as a son loves his adoring mother."

## SIR EDWARD GREY: THE ENGLISH STATESMAN WHOM ALL GERMANY EXECRATES

THAT hatred of England to which Germany now gives expression through song and scornful phrase is vented with most fury upon the personality of Sir Edward Grey. The foreign minister evolved by the radical coalition which has governed under Asquith for over eight years incarnates to all Berlin dailies those qualities of greed, of duplicity, of lust for world dominion, which make Albion so perfidious in German eyes. To the *Kreuz-Zeitung* Sir Edward Grey seems subtle and sly. He plotted for years the desolation of the world and this is the hour of his triumph, according to the *Vossische*. He is a far more sinister figure in diplomacy than was Macchiavelli, if we may believe the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. His genius is for duplicity. He lives aloof from the world, a cold and calculating instrument of that British policy which makes the destruction of Germany a cult. His personal traits—low cunning, tenacity of purpose in poisoning the mind of mankind against the object of his remorseless purpose, and a malignity unexampled—make him the typical English statesman to these organs of German opinion. His career is a flat negation of the English claim to stand for democracy, seeing that Sir Edward Grey is aristocratic to the marrow, out of touch with the masses of Englishmen. His instincts make the people as such loathsome to him. Then, too, he is inscrutable, plotting behind the scenes that isolation of Germany of which he boasts. His phrase-making is fresh evidence of the lack of good faith so apparent—to the Germans—in the diplomatic correspondence preceding the general war which he brought on deliberately.

Few makers of history have been more sinister, affirms the agrarian organ of the fatherland, which we find applying to him the remark of Napoleon relative to Talleyrand: "He is a silk stocking filled with filth." One studies his character vainly, it is charged, for any evidence of principle. He is a liar. He professes a liberalism that secures his hold upon public office while cherishing ideals that would take Europe back to the despotism of the Tudors. Small wonder that he dwells

in the isolation of a hermit from the masses of men. He realizes that did they behold him as he is, even his countrymen would shrink in horror from the Satanic darkness of his deeds. England has need of Sir Edward Grey because her work in the world necessitates the employment of a man without scruple. He lacks the strength of purpose to make a bully. Hence we always catch him in low tricks, like those of the pickpocket, a vocation for which his aptitudes would fit him admirably. Thus runs the German indictment as its items are scattered through the comment appearing regularly in the Berlin dailies of nearly every party.

Sir Edward Grey finds his eulogists, however, and they are not confined to newspapers printed in London. As a "guardian angel of peace," we find the *Milan Corriere della Sera*, for instance, lauding him excessively. If the late Edward VII. made himself "the peacemaker," he could thank Sir Edward Grey for it. He is the world's most self-effacing diplomatist. To many a statesman, even great statesmen, the most bewitching music is made by their own eloquence. The British foreign minister has no such weakness. Few indeed are the members of the House of Commons who rise to speak to it so seldom. Political foes suspect him of a purpose to withdraw all control of foreign relations from the representatives of the nation in Parliament. In the radical camp hostile voices are raised against his peculiarly personal mode of conducting diplomatic affairs. It is affirmed that he is by temperament too aristocratic to make a cabinet minister in any democratic sense. The allegation is just, says the Italian daily, and fortunate is England for that very reason. Sir Edward Grey is far, very far, from being the ideal type of cabinet official dreamed of by the doctrinaires of radicalism. He is no irresponsible sentimentalist. He was never a dangerous visionary. Hence radicals generally contemplate his supremacy at the foreign office with dismay.

Criticism of Sir Edward Grey at home is referred to by the Italian daily scornfully. The radicals in London, it says, object to him because he is not preposterously romantic, because he never dramatizes a mood or sheds tears

for the Balkans. He will not spend his time in retailing to members of the Commons—especially young and inexperienced ones—the contents of ciphered despatches as they come in. He declines to transform Parliament into a Jacobin club for the betrayal of the secrets of great nations. As journalists get more and more into the Commons they grow horrified at the discretion of Sir Edward Grey, who will not provide daily sensations for newspapers. Neither will he assume control of the affairs of the whole world at the bidding of pacifists. Hence he has his enemies at home as well as abroad. Not that he cares!

Refusing to listen to extreme radicals, Sir Edward Grey finds them forever yelling at his heels. He smiles, observes the Italian daily, and ignores them. In truth, it is only by a sort of political accident that so great a man finds himself in such insignificant company. He is the most conservative of the combination of dreamers and social revolutionists who make up the ministry in London. Certainly he is the least democratic. He comes from the magnificent stock of the Whig nobility, which to-day is almost barren. He is one of the survivors of that splendid class of which he embodies the essential characteristics—the urbanity of manner, the clearness of vision, the poise, the moderation of tone and temper. It was a stroke of good fortune for the Liberal party as soon as it returned to power to be able to entrust the direction of foreign policy to this young member—he was then only forty-two—who, during the South African war had separated himself from the party and avowed himself an imperialist. His liberalism is enlightened—tempered by a knowledge of life as it is lived and respect for the spirit of the British.

Quietly, without imparting shocks, Sir Edward Grey took up the work of his famed predecessor, Lord Lansdowne, when the advent of the Liberals to power had caused a dread of rupture of the continuity of British foreign policy. From the outset of his career Sir Edward naturally and with intuitive facility sought the right path. He reassured by his personal qualities all those within the diplomatic world who



THE MAN WHO PLAYS THE HEAVY VILLAIN'S PART IN THE GERMAN DRAMATIZATION OF "DIPLOMACY"

Sir Edward Grey, according to Berlin organs, blended the viles of Macchiavelli with the subtleties of Talleyrand and the duplicities of Themistocles—all of whom he resembles in character—only to declare war in the end upon the amazed government of Germany.

feared the effects upon international relations of the arrival in Downing street of the radical ragtag and bobtail. How tactfully he manages the loud and boisterous crew of laborites, suffragists and social dreamers! His suave and smiling tenacity forces a reluctant approval of his polite diplomacy from men who loathe good manners as a sign of weakness, who suspect quietness as a mask for the spirit of intrigue. Now and again the dull discontent, the heavy ill humor of the radicals will find expression in some impatient request for explanations on the floor of the House. How deftly Sir Edward Grey exploits his better breeding and longer experience!

Naturally, explains the Italian daily further, Sir Edward Grey treats with severity those indiscreet and impossible persons who attempt to climb the bastions of his reserve, who vainly storm the citadel of his perfect discretion. He repels his radical assailants with tremendous loss to themselves, always smiling himself in the hour of diplomatic triumph. Negotiations are walled in from prying eyes by him. He distrusts the public. He will allow it no share in the details of his work until that work is completed. That is one reason why he speaks so rarely, why he refuses the invitations of the radicals to unbosom himself to them.

But when his tall, pale, refined figure is seen to rise in the Commons, and with clean-shaven, impassive countenance and calm voice devoid of impetuosity as of excitement, he begins a speech, the session is transformed. The House is crowded. Attention is riveted. One feels that one is truly assisting at a session of the mother of Parliaments, that the destinies of the empire upon which the sun never sets tremble in the balance, yet are safe. Sir Edward Grey is foreign minister!

Of all the orators in the House of Commons, Sir Edward Grey, therefore, speaks with the most authority, the most effect. He is without the fire of Lloyd George. He lacks the exquisite polish of Balfour. He never even attempts to charm, like Birrell. Neither is he furious and forcible, after the fashion of the laborites. Of the persuasiveness of Asquith he shows no trace, and to the rough and tumble humor of Winston Churchill he never stoops. When he speaks, Sir Edward Grey is no longer a minister defending aptly a political position. He becomes the solemn voice of Britain herself, addressing the word of warning without bluster. His words are as simple as they are few. His impassivity is electrifying, like the gesticulation of a seer, altho he dispenses with all waving of arms and pointing of fingers.

Straightforwardness is the factor which more than any other explains the hold of Sir Edward Grey upon the confidence and respect of his countrymen.

His private life, somber as a result of the tragic taking off of his wife some years ago, is as simple as his political career. His one diversion seems to be fishing. He has all the angler's passion for solitude. Fishing is to him both a sport and an art. His mastery of rod and line is the result of long devotion to the streams in which lurk trout and fish more timid still. The Foreign Minister spends hours in solitary musing by the bank of some remote stream.

Simple as he seems to people in London, however, he incarnates to the Berlin press, as we have said, and especially to the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, those qualities of duplicity and chicane which inspire in Germany her hatred of all that goes by the name of England. This, it says, is Sir Edward Grey's war. Dailies in London fly to his defense, even if they belong to the opposite political camp. We quote the *London Telegraph*, as among the most conspicuous:

"The career of Sir Edward Grey, since he took the Foreign Office on his party's emergence from the wilderness in 1908, has not been entirely free from diplomatic miscalculation; but, regarded as a whole, it must be called a very memorable and honorable record. He has steered Great Britain through some very perilous waters before this; and throughout his tenure of office he has been trusted by his countrymen with a degree of confidence very rarely accorded to a Foreign Minister by any nation. Elsewhere he has long established his claim to respect; but it is only in the last few months, perhaps, that he has risen in foreign eyes to the height of reputation to which the writer in the *Corriere* bears witness. He has been something of an enigma to statesmen bred in national traditions other than our own, and less able than we are to recognize by instinct what lies behind the very English reserve and rigidity of a type of man more rare in our political life than it used to be. But rare as it may be in that field, it is still known in this country as soon as it appears.

"Such men are understood by all who come near them to be answerable to an inward standard of honor and of public duty that nothing would persuade them to talk about, still less make speeches about. Their habit of silence is felt to be a real characteristic of strength, not a dramatic affectation, or a mere result of mental incapacity. They carefully eschew every art by which the favor of men is commonly sought; and men admire and respect them for it. Whatever they are seen to do is done with the maximum of capability and the minimum of flourish. They are known to be unswervingly true to ideals of their own, and not to trouble themselves about other people's. They implant the conviction that there is no littleness in them, and no crookedness possible to them. They embody, in short, our people's conception of a sane, balanced, powerful, and self-respecting character."





## "DADDY LONG-LEGS": A PLAY IN WHICH THE ORPHAN ASYLUM IS MADE A TEMPLE OF LOVE

MISS JEAN WEBSTER'S play of "Daddy Long-Legs," dealing with the life of a girl taken from an orphan asylum and placed in college by an unknown benefactor, delights the critics in New York with its dialog, its situation and its atmosphere. The piece is, for one thing, very wholesome, very proper, as the New York *Herald* observes. It is true to type—that is, it might very well have had its source in the lives of some of the seventeen hundred children who have been placed in free homes by the State Charities Aid Association in New York alone. "The play shows all too truly," declares Mr. Homer Folks, former Commissioner of Charities, "what orphan asylums at their worst may be like. There are just such orphan asylums in existence to-day, right here in this city, as the John Grier Home portrayed in 'Daddy Long-Legs.'" He believes the play will accelerate the movement to improve conditions in these institutions, conditions which, in the home made familiar by the first act of the present play, suggest comparisons with Dotheboys Hall under Wackford Squeers.

Our first peep is into the dining-room of this John Grier Home on Trustees' Day, a bare, dreary room with plastered walls. Two, and subsequently more, orphans reveal themselves in the activities with plates and cups for which orphans are so famed. They explain themselves to the audience very characteristically.

MRS. LIPPETT. Oh, for the land's sake! (*Picking up sugar-bowl, looks in; is about to set it down when she catches sight of the mark of grimy fingers.*) Gladiola Murphy! Aren't you ashamed? That's a pretty-looking sugar-bowl to send up to the trustees. You take it into the pantry and wash it. (*She gives bowl to Gladiola, faces her toward the pantry, and starts her with a shove. Examines a flamboyant watch that is pinned to her waist.*) Half past four! It's time to make the tea. (*Goes up and turns on lamp.*) Where is that Abbott girl? She's enough to try the patience of a saint. (*Turns up lamp. Her back is turned as Judy enters. Judy is a vividly alive young girl of eighteen, dressed in the same blue gingham that the others wear, but made in a more becoming manner. There is a suggestion of challenge in her manner—an air of all-conquering youth. Neither Mrs. Lippett's harshness nor the sordid air of the asylum*

*has succeeded in cowing her. She stands, looking speculatively at Mrs. Lippett's back.*)

JUDY. (*Sweetly.*) Do you want me to help, Mrs. Lippett?

MRS. LIPPETT. (*Turning quickly.*) Well, Miss Jerusha Abbott! It's about time you turned up! You are the only lady of leisure in this institution to-day.



THIS ORPHAN'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE

But Daddy Long-Legs will take care of her.

JUDY. I'm sorry. The nurse has to look after the sick babies and we couldn't leave the others alone.

MRS. LIPPETT. You always have plenty of excuses.

JUDY. That new little red-headed child has licked all the green paint off.

MRS. LIPPETT. And what did you think

I was doing? Cutting the cake with one hand and receiving the guests with the other?

JUDY. That red-headed child has swallowed some green paint.

MRS. LIPPETT. I don't care what that red-headed child has swallowed. I'm more interested in what the trustees are going to swallow.

JUDY. (*Speaking very hurriedly.*) That red-headed child has licked the green paint off the roof of the Noah's Ark and I think you'd better send for the doctor.

MRS. LIPPETT. Will you stop talking and get to work?

JUDY. It was green and I'm afraid it will disagree with him.

MRS. LIPPETT. You get those tea things ready.

JUDY. Green paint's made of arsenic. It's poison. I learned that in chemistry.

MRS. LIPPETT. You've learned altogether too much! You were a great deal more useful before you got that education! (*Goes back to children.*)

JUDY. (*At pantry with a gleam of mischief.*) Mrs. Lippett—

MRS. LIPPETT. (*Over her shoulder.*) Well?

JUDY. Did you put those two guinea-pigs into the babies' bath-tub?

MRS. LIPPETT. (*Whirling about.*) Guinea-pigs!

JUDY. I think they're guinea-pigs. Little brown and white animals—

MRS. LIPPETT. Oh, good heavens! Those horrible boys! What did you do with the beasts?

JUDY. I didn't touch them. I thought—

MRS. LIPPETT. Quick! Get them away before the trustees find them.

JUDY. I thought maybe that generous new trustee you were telling us about brought them as a present for the babies.

MRS. LIPPETT. And you thought I was planning to keep them in the nursery bath-tub?

JUDY. It's so seldom used!

MRS. LIPPETT. (*Turns back muttering angrily.*) Guinea-pigs! (*Gladiola comes into the pantry with sugar-bowl she has cleaned and puts it on tray.*) If I had my way the whole race of boys would be swept off the face of the earth. (*Sadie Kate and Loretta titter, then hastily repress themselves.*) Yes—and girls too! That's enough. Clean up this mess. They're likely to come in here. (*Gladiola lingers near Mrs. Lippett, who slaps and drives her away. Loretta rises and takes pan and wash-material across and up into pantry.*) I suppose they'll be snooping all over the place. (*Sadie Kate brings spoons and places them on tea-tray in front of Mrs. Lippett, who slaps her. Loretta comes down from pantry and joins them.*) These visiting days are enough to make a person sick. (*The orphans stand wait-*

ing for further orders. A buzz of conversation and laughter is heard. Mrs. Lippett hastily unpins her skirt.) Here they are now! Gladiola, pull up your stockings. (Gladiola pulls up her stockings.) Loretta, wipe your nose. (Loretta stoops to use her petticoat.) No, no. Not on your skirt. (Sadie Kate gives Loretta handkerchief.) Sadie Kate, brush back your hair. (To all.) If any of the trustees or lady visitors speak to you, you say, "Yes, ma'am"—"No, ma'am"—and smile.

ORPHANS. Yes, ma'am. No, ma'am. (Miss Pritchard and Mr. Cyrus Wykoff enter. Miss Pritchard is a charming, old-fashioned gentlewoman between fifty and sixty, with an air of kindly sympathy for everyone. Mr. Wykoff, a short, chubby, bald-headed man, is pompous and dignified, with an exaggerated idea of his own importance. He wears a brown suit, which fits him quite snugly, a pair of tortoise-rimmed spectacles, and a gold watch-chain.)

MISS PRITCHARD. Well, Mrs. Lippett! We're here again!

MRS. LIPPETT. Miss Pritchard! (They shake hands and Miss Pritchard turns to children. Each child in turn shakes its head and says: "Yes, ma'am," "No, ma'am," as ordered by Mrs. Lippett.) Mr. Wykoff!

WYKOFF. Howdedo, ma'am. Thought we'd look about a little before refreshments.

MRS. LIPPETT. It's a pleasure to welcome you. I always look forward to the first Wednesday of every month.

MISS PRITCHARD. (Turns to second child.) We have Mr. Jervis Pendleton with us to-day.

MRS. LIPPETT. I believe we are indebted to you, Miss Pritchard, for inducing him to serve.

MISS PRITCHARD. Yes, he is an old family friend. (Turns to third child.)

WYKOFF. Good thing to get some fancy philanthropists on the board of an institution like this. Their ideas aren't always practical, but their checks are.

MISS PRITCHARD. (To Wykoff.) Poor little dears! They're not like children. So little spirit.

WYKOFF. They are not a very classy lot.

MRS. LIPPETT. It is awful depressing to live with them.

MISS PRITCHARD. And how is my dear Judy Abbott?

MRS. LIPPETT. A great trial.

WYKOFF. She's the one we're educating.

MISS PRITCHARD. (Nodding.) Her teachers said that she is very brilliant.

MRS. LIPPETT. Oh, she's smart enough. I'm not denying that. But impertinent!

MISS PRITCHARD. She's a spirited girl and needs tact.

MRS. LIPPETT. (Momentarily forgetting herself.) Tact! She needs a good thoro whipping. And I'm sorry she's grown too big to get it.

WYKOFF. That's the proper spirit, ma'am. Keep 'em in their places. (Jervis and Freddie are heard out in hall playing ball. Miss Pritchard goes around to join Jervis. Jervis laughs and chats as the ball passes between him and Freddie. At sound of Jervis' voice Wykoff turns, sees him and turns back to Mrs. Lippett.) Mr. Pendleton! (Freddie catches sight of



HOW THE VISITING TRUSTEE LOOKS TO THE ORPHANS  
Even Mrs. Lippett, the severe superintendent, cannot extinguish their sense of humor.

Mrs. Lippett and rushes off as Jervis comes in. Wykoff passes up and between the tables inspecting everything. Miss Pritchard joins Jervis as he comes in and they saunter down stage. Jervis Pendleton is a man of affairs, quiet and self-contained, but evidently used to having his own way. He has a somewhat grim sense of humor and an air of nonchalance which in reality covers a keen penetration. His manners are courteously deferential, but with a suggestion of indifference underneath, which he just politely manages to suppress.)

JERVIS. Ah, dear lady! So this is the dining-room! Charming apartment!

MRS. LIPPETT. I believe I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Pendleton.

MISS PRITCHARD. Our matron, Mrs. Lippett.

JERVIS. (Shaking hands.) Very happy to meet you, madam.

MRS. LIPPETT. The asylum has a great deal to thank you for. Your two dear boys are doing so well.

(The orphans begin to fuss and fidget. Loretta scratches her head, Gladiola stands on one foot, then on other, and Sadie Kate tries to keep both quiet.)

JERVIS. (Vaguely.) My two dear boys?

MRS. LIPPETT. That you are sending to technical school!

JERVIS. Oh yes, yes! The young engineers! Doing well, are they? That's good.

MRS. LIPPETT. I trust their reports are sent every month, as you requested.

JERVIS. Yes, I believe so. My secretary looks after them. (Sits on bench, studies children intently. To the nearest one.) Come here, little girl, and shake hands with me. (They back off.) Oh, don't be afraid! I won't bite.

MRS. LIPPETT. (Behind Jervis and over his shoulder cautioning children. Softly.) Oh, children, children, dear, this is the

kind gentleman who sent the candy and peanuts and tickets to the circus. Shake hands with him, darling. (Gladiola advances, watching Mrs. Lippett and offers Jervis a limp hand.)

JERVIS. And are you a good little girl?

GLADIOLA. (Wilting with embarrassment.) Y-yes, ma'am. No, ma'am.

JERVIS. (Rising, his arm about Gladiola, over to Miss Pritchard.) Happy, bubbling, laughing childhood! (Mrs. Lippett shoves children into pantry and turns on lamp.) Nothing so beautiful in the world!

MRS. LIPPETT. It's great pleasure to live with them. I always say that it keeps me young and happy, and innocent myself.

JERVIS. (Striking cup with his knuckle, to Miss Pritchard.) Durable!

WYKOFF. Can't indulge any artistic ideas in a place like this.

JERVIS. (Turns around and sees text on wall—"The Lord Will Provide.") Of course! Of course! Ah! (Indicating text.) Very touching!

MRS. LIPPETT. You wouldn't want us to bring them up without religion?

JERVIS. (Deprecating the idea.) No, no. But why not teach them the truth? The Lord will provide for the rich. The poor must provide for themselves. (Turns to Miss Pritchard and sets cup on table.)

WYKOFF. Well, I'm a practical man, Mr. Pendleton. I don't know as I follow you in all your new-fangled philosophy, but—I— (Jervis turns and faces him.)

JERVIS. Yes.

WYKOFF. (Nonplussed.) Er, I'm convinced—

JERVIS. Yes, yes.

WYKOFF. Er—er—I'm convinced! (Turns to Mrs. Lippett.) Here, here, Mrs. Lippett, this floor ought to be scrubbed. (They go up and out, Wykoff complaining about conditions and Mrs. Lippett excusing them. Mrs. Lippett turns on lamp in hall as she exits. At cue, "This floor ought to be scrubbed," the

children come down from pantry in single file, and march off. Jervis watching them and stirred to pity by their dejected and whipped manner.)

JERVIS. Poor little kiddies. (Turning to Miss Pritchard.) There's nothing in it.

MISS PRITCHARD. What do you mean, Jervis?

JERVIS. Why, you can't bring them up like chickens in batches of a hundred, like chickens in an incubator. It isn't natural. It won't work.

MISS PRITCHARD. Jervis! (He turns.) I hate to be always begging. But there's one of these children for whom I should so love to manage a future.

JERVIS. (Good-naturedly.) Another promising engineer?

MISS PRITCHARD. No, this time it's a girl.

JERVIS. (In consternation.) A girl! My dear lady!

MISS PRITCHARD. And such a pretty one!

JERVIS. (Amazed.) Oh no! You can't catch me with that bait!

MISS PRITCHARD. She's more than pretty.

JERVIS. (Wearily.) I know—she has a good record and deserves—

MISS PRITCHARD. She has the worst record of any child in this Home.

JERVIS. (Interested.) Well!

MISS PRITCHARD. She doesn't lie out of her misdemeanors as the others do. She is disobedient and impertinent, but—

JERVIS. And just what is it you want me to do for this pretty, disobedient, impertinent young person?

MISS PRITCHARD. I want you to send her to college.

JERVIS. What? To college? From an orphan asylum? Impossible!

MISS PRITCHARD. She's eighteen. (Jervis faces front.) And ready to graduate from the High School.

JERVIS. (Facing Miss Pritchard.) So? I thought they never kept them after fourteen?

MISS PRITCHARD. Judy Abbott was so unusually bright that the Board of Education let her stay on and attend the village school.

JERVIS. Very generous.

MISS PRITCHARD. Of course it saved hiring someone to take care of the younger children.

JERVIS. Thrifty and generous.

MISS PRITCHARD. And she has done remarkable work in English. Her teachers say that she would make an author if she had the training.

JERVIS. An author? Good Lord! There are too many authors in the world already. I don't wish to make any more.

MISS PRITCHARD. Suppose she should be a genius? Have you any right to keep her down?

JERVIS. If she were a genius I couldn't keep her down. Do you think she would placidly stand all this? (With a comprehensive gesture about the room.) She would rise and mutiny if she had any spirit.

MISS PRITCHARD. But she's only eighteen, and if you only knew—

JERVIS. (Facing Miss Pritchard stubbornly, shaking his head.) We all have the right to a few prejudices. You know yourself that you won't eat bananas. No reason in the world except that you don't

like bananas. Now I have an antipathy, too. I don't like girls. Never did like 'em. Never will like 'em.

MISS PRITCHARD. You are a crabbed, ill-natured, hard-shelled old bachelor, and you don't know what you are talking about! You've never known any girls.

JERVIS. Never known any? That precious sister-in-law of mine has a daughter coming on exactly like her.

MISS PRITCHARD. Baby Julia?

JERVIS. Baby Julia enters college next September.

MISS PRITCHARD. Think of that!

JERVIS. I might arrange for your impertinent orphan to room with my aristocratic niece. (Chuckles at the idea.) That would be rather a neat joke on the Pendleton family?

MISS PRITCHARD. (With asperity.) My little Judy deserves a chance for her own sake.

JERVIS. You damned her chance when you said she was pretty.

MISS PRITCHARD. Why?

JERVIS. Why? Why, I'd no sooner get her educated that some young whipper-snapper would come along and want to marry her. Education thrown away. I'd rather put my money into a permanent investment.

MISS PRITCHARD. Do you really mean it, or is it just one of your stupid jokes?

JERVIS. (Seriously.) I really mean it. How could one of these orphans compete with the class of girls she would meet in college?

MISS PRITCHARD. But you haven't seen my Judy.

JERVIS. No. But I have seen this institution and I know that no child that was ever born could live eighteen years in the John Grier Home and have spirit enough left to fight the world.

MISS PRITCHARD. But my Judy's different. Give her a chance.

JERVIS. My dear Miss Pritchard! In college your little Judy wouldn't have a chance. Do you think they'd take her in, an outsider, from an orphan asylum?

MISS PRITCHARD. It's not fair. It's not fair.

JERVIS. (Bitterly.) Nothing's fair. But it's a fact. Don't you see that it would be no kindness to the girl? We should just be showing her a glimpse of a bigger, beautiful life, such as she has never even dreamed of, and then forbidding her to enter. No, no. Society has thrown away your little Judy, and it's too late now to pick up the pieces.

MISS PRITCHARD. (Crushed.) Yes, you're right—but it's cruel. It's cruel.

Miss Pritchard prevails in the end. Next we are in a prettily furnished college study. The great transformation has taken place in the life of the orphan Judy and she is receiving an education. Not a clue to the identity of her mysterious benefactor has she been afforded from any quarter. She imagines him old, very bald, shaky with his enfeeblement, and she calls him to herself "Daddy Long-Legs." The benefactor, Jervis Pendleton, drops in without revealing his identity and talks to Judy. She is developing into a genius. She can write. She suffers some humiliation because she can tell

nothing about her ancestry, a deplorable fact in a fashionable young ladies' seminary.

When in due time Judy has been graduated and finds herself at Lock Willow Farm, she has blossomed out into a distinguished writer. There is a certain youth making love to her. At any rate, that is the idea derived by her benefactor, Jervis, who now plumply asks her to marry him. Judy, not knowing that it is he who has educated her, declines his proposal. She knows that this middle-aged man belongs to an exclusive family into which she should not enter. Is she not a founding whom nobody owns? Jervis goes off, convinced that Judy really loves that fellow Jim. But how differently all things seem in the climax! We are in the library of Jervis, the Mr. Pendleton whom Judy knows only as her rejected suitor! Mr. Pendleton is sick. He is even thinking of making his will.

JULIA. (Behind Jervis, kissing him on cheek over his shoulder.) Hello, Uncle Jervis! Feeling better?

JERVIS. (Surprised.) How did you get in?

JULIA. Through the basement along with the butcher. You are going to have chicken for dinner.

JERVIS. Umph! Thanks!

JULIA. That brute of a Walters will never let me in.

JERVIS. He has orders.

JULIA. That is the third time I've called. And your own relative.

JERVIS. Julia, I'm not well enough to talk. The doctor says I have to keep quiet.

JULIA. You can't fool me. You see lots of people. You are just cross.

JERVIS. (Rising.) Yes, that's it, I'm cross. I am not fit company for anyone. Now you run along.

JULIA. Ah, unkey, don't be cross. I won't bother you. But I want your advice about something important. I want you to talk to mother.

JERVIS. No, no. I'm not strong enough to talk to your mother.

JULIA. Oh! Please Uncle Jervis, it's very important.

JERVIS. Well, well, what is it?

JULIA. (Resting on table.) She's picked out some one she wants me to marry.

JERVIS. Well, marry him.

JULIA. But I don't like him.

JERVIS. Why don't you like him?

JULIA. Well, he's got a long moustache that looks like a chicken wing, and no chin. And I've picked out exactly the man I want to marry.

JERVIS. Very well, then marry him.

JULIA. Mother doesn't think he's good enough to marry me.

JERVIS. Nonsense! Anybody's good enough to marry you.

JULIA. (Rising.) Uncle Jervis!

JERVIS. No, no, I don't mean that.

JULIA. I tell you now, if she doesn't let me, I'll elope.

JERVIS. Yes, please elope.

JULIA. Yes, but I don't want to elope. (Sits on armchair.)

JERVIS. Why don't you want to elope?



JULIA. I want some wedding-presents.

JERVIS. If you'll only elope and leave me alone, I'll give you a wedding-present. I'll give you twenty presents.

JULIA. Yes, but won't you talk to mother?

JERVIS. What's her objection?

JULIA. (*Rising.*) Well, his father owns a factory.

JERVIS. A factory?

JULIA. Yes—makes overalls.

JERVIS. Overalls?

JULIA. Yes. You know! Mother doesn't think they're nice.

JERVIS. What's his name?

JULIA. Jimmie McBride.

JERVIS. (*Rising.*) Did he ask you?

JULIA. (*Laughing.*) Yes, of course he did.

JERVIS. I don't understand.

JULIA. O, I see. You thought he was heart-broken over Judy Abbott. He liked her. She's a nice girl. But he's in love with me.

JERVIS. (*Shakes hands vigorously.*) Well. I'm delighted to hear it! Now you run on and elope.

JULIA. Yes, but the wedding-presents?

JERVIS. (*Swings her around to him.*) I'll give you all the wedding-presents you want if you'll only elope.

JULIA. Thanks, awfully. I'll take a country house—

JERVIS. Yes.

JULIA. A pearl necklace—

JERVIS. Yes, yes. Anything you want; but for God's sake elope!

At this moment Miss Pritchard enters. She has come in behalf of Judy. Jervis is delighted to hear of her. Miss Pritchard points out how Jervis has neglected Judy. The unhappy bachelor, who has thought always that he has treated Judy with every consideration, is shocked.

JERVIS. I've thought of nothing else for four years.

MISS PRITCHARD. Yes, to you it meant nothing but that you were simply amused in watching the child's development.

JERVIS. My dear lady!

MISS PRITCHARD. But it was very unfair to Judy. She is an abnormally inexperienced child. She has been shut away from the world all her life, and then to be thrown with a man like you.

JERVIS. Like me?

MISS PRITCHARD. With your knowledge of the world, your experience. It's a type that is very fascinating to a young girl.

JERVIS. I? Fascinating? Good Lord! Why, I'm old and world-weary and done for. Little Judy is standing on the edge of life—young—adventurous—eager. What chance would I have of interesting her?

MISS PRITCHARD. Of course I know it's impossible. A girl of her antecedents—

JERVIS. That's nothing to me, and you know it. I don't care where she comes from. Judy is herself, that's all I care. But this is beside the point. The girl is not interested in me, except as she is interested in every human being.

MISS PRITCHARD. I am not sure.

JERVIS. I am! You have let your imagination run away with you.

MISS PRITCHARD. On one thing I am going to insist. She must know the truth about Daddy Long-Legs.

JERVIS. Why shatter her illusions? She



THIS LITTLE LADY SCORES A HIT  
Ruth Chatterton in "Daddy Long-Legs" carried New York by storm.

looks upon me as a nice, fatherly old man. I am neither so nice nor quite as fatherly as she thinks.

MISS PRITCHARD. This mystery has gone too far.

JERVIS. I have played my part. I will drop out of her life, silently, as I entered it.

MISS PRITCHARD. That would be very cruel.

JERVIS. Cruel!

MISS PRITCHARD. You can't hold the chief place in a girl's thoughts for four years, and then drop out, and leave no wound.

JERVIS. Don't you see the position you place me in? She already knows me as a friend. I can't appear now as a benefactor, demanding gratitude and a reward.

MISS PRITCHARD. She has wasted this affection too long.

JERVIS. Affection?

MISS PRITCHARD. On a mere shadow.

JERVIS. Oh!

MISS PRITCHARD. Jervis, last week she sent her guardian a letter.

JERVIS. Why, she hasn't sent a word in two months.

MISS PRITCHARD. Begging him to advise her about something important.

JERVIS. Are you sure?

MISS PRITCHARD. Yes.

JERVIS. I've never received it. They've been keeping my letter back. (*Rises, and starts to ring for Griggs. Miss Pritchard places restraining hand on his arm.*)

MISS PRITCHARD. It doesn't matter, Jervis. She can tell you what it was herself.

JERVIS. What do you mean?

MISS PRITCHARD. After talking with Sallie McBride, I determined to take matters into my own hands. And yesterday I sent a telegram to Judy, asking her to meet me here to-day. And now you must tell her the truth.

JERVIS. No, not to-day.

MISS PRITCHARD. Yes, to-day. She should be here now, at any moment.

JERVIS. (*Alarmed, sits on table.*) I'm a sick man.

MISS PRITCHARD. Jervis Pendleton! (*Griggs enters to get notebook.*) You're a coward!

JERVIS. (*Sees Griggs and turns.*) Oh, Griggs, did a letter come last week for John Smith?

GRIGGS. Why, yes, sir.

JERVIS. Why wasn't it given to me at once?

GRIGGS. (*Taking letter from drawer of desk.*) I'm sorry, sir. Doctor's orders, and I forgot to call your attention to it this morning. (*Jervis snatches letter from him and hastily opens it.*)

MISS PRITCHARD. Now, we shall see (*Jervis stops, and Miss Pritchard not wishing to presume*) unless—

JERVIS. Oh, no, no! Please sit down. (*Motions her to be seated. Turns and notes Grigg's presence and dismisses him.*) That's all, Griggs! That's all. (*Opens letter and reads aloud to Miss Pritchard.*)

"Dearest Daddy Long-Legs: For four years you have stood in the background brooding over my life, and I have loved you very much. But I want to see you. I want to touch your hand. I want to know that you are real. Something has happened and I need your advice. Maybe you know where I came from? Maybe you know who I am? You must tell me the truth, even if it's dreadful. I'd rather know than imagine. It's very important that I should know; for perhaps it will change my whole life. May I tell you a secret, Daddy dear? I love another man besides you. (*A look between Jervis and Miss Pritchard. Jervis hastily continues.*) But he comes from a family all full of ancestors, and I've never had the courage to tell him about the John Grier Home. (*Miss Pritchard begins occasionally to dab her eyes with kerchief.*) I let him go away, believing that I didn't care. And now I miss him, and miss him, and miss him. The whole world seems empty and aching. I hate the moonlight because it's beautiful and he is not here to see it with me. (*Miss Pritchard is affected by the reading, and Jervis tries to conceal his emotion.*) Yesterday I heard that he has had an accident (*Looks at his hand, then to Miss Pritchard*) and has been very ill. (*Looks at Miss Pritchard and hastily continues.*) I know he is unhappy, and I have been thinking, maybe, I ought not to let anything in the world stand between us. But of course I may be wrong because I had a funny bringing-up. May I come and talk with you just once? I will never, never bother you again?

Yours always,  
JUDY."

(*Jervis rises slowly and Miss Pritchard also. Jervis looks at Miss Pritchard, who is weeping and, feeling he must do something in his joy, he hugs Miss Pritchard. Jervis laughing, Miss Pritchard crying, and, after a pause, Jervis's eye falls upon the postscript.*) Hello, what's this? "Postscript.—Have you a butler? I am afraid of butlers. (*Walter enters with tray.*) And I don't know who to ask for at the door."

(*Jervis squares his shoulders as if*

*throwing off a weight. He is happy, excited and full of energy.*)

WALTERS. Your medicine, sir.

JERVIS. (*Turning to him.*) What do I want with medicine? (*Walters looking at him in blank amazement.*) I'm tired of this invalid business. (*To Miss Pritchard.*) Will you excuse me while I get in some clothes suitable for a young chap like me? Take it yourself. (*He runs out and upstairs, while Walters stares after him in horrified bewilderment.*)

WALTERS. Do you think it's dangerous?

MISS PRITCHARD. Don't worry, Walters, he'll recover. (*Exits.*)

GRIGGS. (*Entering.*) Oh, Walters! Where's Mr. Pendleton?

WALTERS. He's gone out—

GRIGGS. Gone out?

WALTERS. Of his mind, sir. (*Swings armchair around to face the fire.*)

GRIGGS. Oh, Walters, please call Mr. Pendleton's attention to this on his return. (*Placing typed letter to Judy on the desk.*)

WALTERS. Certainly, sir. (*Goes to mantle as Griggs exits. A pause, and the maid returns followed by Judy.*)

MAID. (*Motioning Judy into the room.*) I'll let Miss Pritchard know you're here.

JUDY. Thank you. (*Maid exits, and Judy comes down into room, looking around wonderingly. Walters is at mantle, back turned to Judy and concealed by the armchair. Judy comes to right of table and looks around to left as Walters turns towards her. His head and shoulders are visible to Judy and she is startled, thinking it to be "Daddy Long-Legs." You, you are—*

WALTERS. (*Stepping below chair.*) The butler, Miss. (*Judy frightened.*) Who is it you wish to see, please?

JUDY. Oh, I wish to see Mr.—Mr.—er—How is the old gentleman?

WALTERS. (*Startled.*) The old—old—Oh yes, Miss! He's far from well.

JUDY. Oh, I'm so sorry. I haven't heard. I hope it isn't serious?

WALTERS. He's been pretty bad, Miss. He can't seem to pick up.

JUDY. Oh, and of course at his age he must be very feeble.

WALTERS. Feeble, Miss? (*Turning and looking upstairs, then turning back to Judy.*) Well, not exactly feeble, Miss—er—between ourselves, he's a little bit out of his head.

JUDY. (*Troubled.*) Oh! I'm so sorry! (*Miss Pritchard enters.*)

MISS PRITCHARD. (*Embracing Judy.*) Judy, dear! (*Takes Judy's furs and puts them on desk and turns to her.*) You're late! Did you have any trouble finding the house? (*Sits at desk.*)

JUDY. Oh, no, the taxicab brought me straight to the door, but when I got here I was afraid to ring the bell. I walked twice around the block to get up my courage. But I needn't have been afraid. The butler is such a nice fatherly old man.

MISS PRITCHARD. Did my telegram surprise you?

JUDY. If I lived to be ninety-nine, I shall never forget how surprised I was when I read that message. Yesterday, before it came, I was feeling so discouraged and unhappy and down, as tho all the light had gone out of the world for me—and then—when I learned that I was

to see Daddy Long-Legs! He has made things right for me before—maybe he can do it again! Oh, I was so excited, amazed and happy, that I couldn't sleep last night, not a single wink. Mrs. Semple called me this morning at four o'clock. I ate breakfast in the kitchen by candle-light, and drove five miles to the station through the most glorious October dawn. The sun came up and all of the trees were crimson, and the cornfields and stone walls covered with frost. The air was so clear and keen and promising. I just felt something was going to happen! And all the way in the train the rails kept singing: "You're going to see Daddy Long-Legs! You're going to see Daddy Long-Legs! You're going to see Daddy Long-Legs!" And all the time I had the feeling that maybe before the journey ended, I should see someone else, someone dearer, dearer than Daddy. (*She turns to hide her tears from Miss Pritchard.*)

MISS PRITCHARD. My dear! (*Judy turns and observes portrait over the mantle. Observes a resemblance. Slowly turns around to Miss Pritchard.*)

JUDY. Why, whose portrait is that?

MISS PRITCHARD. That is his brother. (*Judy turns back to picture.*) His eldest brother, who is dead.

JUDY. (*To Miss Pritchard.*) Daddy Long-Legs's brother? (*Jervis starts to descend stairs.*)

MISS PRITCHARD. Yes.

JUDY. (*Turning to picture again.*) Strange—it looks so like—so very, so very—(*Turns to Miss Pritchard.*) like—(*Sees Jervis.*)—Jervis! (*Drops her head.*)

JUDY. Why are you here?

JERVIS. (*Playfully.*) Why are you here?

JUDY. I came to see Daddy Long-Legs.

JERVIS. And have you seen him?

JUDY. No. (*Raising her head and looking at him, and noticing his pallor and taking a step.*) Oh, you've been ill?

JERVIS. Yes, and quite a little sad.

JUDY. (*Again with head drooping.*) I'm sorry.

JERVIS. Oh, Judy! Judy, why did you send me away from you?

JUDY. (*Turning to him.*) Please, please don't ask me why!

JERVIS. May Daddy Long-Legs know?

JUDY. Yes, he knows.

JERVIS. Oh, my dear, my dear, and did you think my love for you so mean that a matter of your birth could make me pause? You are you, that's all I ask, my great, my only need.

JUDY. My birth—then—you know?

JERVIS. I have known it always, since I first heard a child's voice crying out for freedom. From the day a careless hand threw in her path a grain of hope, a grain which lodged in the richness of her soul and grew before his watchful eyes into a wondrous flower.

JUDY. (*Turning to him.*) Then you are—

JERVIS. Oh, Judy, couldn't you have guessed that I was Daddy Long-Legs? (*Judy slowly raises her eyes to his and reads the great meaning as Jervis puts his arms around her and gathers her in his embrace.*)

Curtain.

## HAS THE CONTEMPORARY THEATER GOT TOO FAR AWAY FROM HACKNEYED THEMES?

AS THEY convey their impressions upon one new play after another, the dramatic critics of New York City tend to express regret every now and then for the disappearance of the hackneyed theme. Plays put on nowadays tempt the audience with "effects" that are original but which lack verity. Playwrights long above everything to be striking, to depart from the beaten track; they manage for the most part to be unconvincing. This is a remark made recently by the New York *Evening Post*, and the same complaint is echoed in the New York *Times*. Half the time the audience in a New York theater gazes in bewilderment at the remoteness, the unintelligibility, of what is being enacted before its eyes. Would it not be well to revive the simple love, the sweet simplicity, of the mid-Victorians? Those who write the plays and those who produce them evidently think not. What is wanted is an "idea." Let it be new and big. Unfortunately life is largely a repetition of loves, sorrows, joys and triumphs not differing markedly from those of our ancestors. Mr. Clayton Hamilton has gone farthest along the modern road with "The Big Idea," turned out in collaboration with Mr. Thomas. The critics hailed it enthusiastically. It tells the story of a play that is developed in the playwright's mind by events that are actually happening to the writer at the time. It was a "big idea," so all the critics agreed delightedly. Yet the play has been taken off, for the time being, at least, despite the fact that it made a hit with the critics, who hailed it as something new.

It is not an uncommon occurrence, writes Hector Turnbull in the New York *Tribune*, for a playwright to become so obsessed with the desire to strike the public full in the face with the force of his message that he neglects to observe the inexorable demands of the theater. The result is a sort of tract or a something utterly incomprehensible or quite dull. Mr. Turnbull takes for an illustration of this "What It Means to a Woman," the play running at the Longacre Theater in New York, the result of the collaboration of E. H. Gould and F. Whitehouse. They have barely missed writing a good play because they strained too much after effect:

"In their obvious neglect, however, of the fact that the play is the thing after all, their work loses force as drama whenever the message is stressed, and the net result is, not an animated lecture, to be sure, but an intensely interesting theme made into a striking but unconvincing play. No one

will deny, of course, the truth of their contention, which is that drink has a particularly pernicious effect upon a young, high-spirited woman, whose life is without serious purpose or pursuits. This is certainly true. They have, however, chosen such an isolated case for their chief character, surrounded her with such a rare set of circumstances and managed the whole with such disregard for dramatic values that their very earnestness defeats them in attaining the desired effect. Without Rita Jolivet's superb portrayal of the gradual degradation of the heroine the play would have somewhat the same effect as the picture of a drunkard's liver dangled before a schoolroom of startled children. With her in the rôle of the loveless wife the play becomes as convincing a bit of realism as its artificial foundation will permit."

Even the one-act plays run to thrills of a quite incredible kind, altho the Princess Theater, home of this kind of dramatic art in New York, has not sinned excessively in the past on this score. Yet consider the plot of "The Fog," in one act, from the brain of Frederick Truesdell. Could such a thing happen, asks the *Evening World*, outside of the "Arabian Nights"?

"The scene of 'The Fog' is laid in a room behind a London shop. The owner of the shop, a marine engineer, is away on a voyage and his wife runs the place. During her husband's absence she has accepted the advances of another man and he comes to take her to a ball. He has forgotten the tickets and goes home to get them. The husband returns unexpectedly and discovers his wife's faithlessness. A London fog has come up and a man in evening clothes, seeking refuge from it, comes into the shop. The husband invites him to the back and finally accuses him of being the wife's lover. The man, of course, denies it, but the wife, to save the real lover, says he is the man. The husband kills him just before the

lover returns. Realizing his mistake, the husband locks the wife and lover in the room with the dead man, saying that he is going for the police and they may decide which one of them killed the man."

The difficulty with the playwrights, according to the N. Y. *Telegraph*, is that they are creating no heroes and no heroines, and they lead up to few situations worthy of the stage in the true dramatic sense. Everything centers around the novelty of the plot, however preposterous the consequences. There are exceptions to the rule, naturally, but the rule is lamentably obvious at times. However, there are signs of a reaction. We have an instance in "Yosemite," by Charles A. Taylor, lately produced at Daly's in New York. But the play turns out to have been written many years ago. It is quite old-fashioned, accordingly, and that very circumstance seems to the *Evening Post* to give it a newness, a freshness, both stimulating and welcome. New York never saw it before. It illustrates to the paper just named the fact that a revival of the hackneyed theme is what the stage needs.

Then there is the revival of "Di-



**HORRIBLE, MOST HORRIBLE!**

The home-coming husband murders his wife's lover, but unfortunately he slays the wrong man.



plomacy" to prove how again refreshing is the hackneyed theme. New York has welcomed "Diplomacy" with enthusiasm, according to the critics, altho, as the N. Y. *Sun* says, it seems monstrously out of date. And what are we to make of "Pilate's Daughter," a miracle play of a most antiquated type, by Francis L. Kenzel, delighting so many at the Century Opera House. There is a trace of novelty in the fact that the cast is made up of women exclusively, not a man figuring in the piece. On the other hand, we find the critics of the N. Y. *Times* observing that in most respects it is medieval in its character:

"An interesting story is being told as to the origin of this miracle play. According

to the account which preceded the play itself to New York. 'Pilate's Daughter' was written ten or twelve years ago by a priest in Roxbury, Mass., to be given as a Lenten pageant by the women of his parish. It has been repeated there on several occasions, attaining something of the institutional character of the play done by the folk at Oberammergau. In due time came the suggestion that it be put into the hands of professional players and given like any other play within the walls of a commercial theater.

"Such interest as is aroused by the play is derived entirely from the religious values of its subject matter, for at none of its contact with the art of the theater does it call for serious consideration. It is a play that in its substance harks back to the period when the developing English drama was not so very far beyond its liturgical beginnings and something fine

and deeply interesting could be done by a playwright who would turn his skill to such reversion. 'Pilate's Daughter' is medieval enough in its conception, but the verse of its text is as innocent of poetry as the elaborate and painstaking staging of the play is innocent of theatrical competence."

There is in the very familiarity of the theme and of its mode of treatment, suggests the N. Y. *Press*, something that brings the play home to us. We are all so satiated with novelties that we drop back delightedly to the things with which we are familiar and which we can understand. What other explanation can there be for the success of "Twelfth Night," apart from the art of Miss Neilson-Terry, at the Liberty Theater?

## A PRACTICAL PROFESSOR'S WAY OF DISCOVERING WHO HAS THE DRAMATIC INSTINCT

**D**RAMATIC instinct the playwright must have. How is one to know who has it? Professor George Pierce Baker, who conducts the famous Harvard course in playwriting, has a method of his own for finding out, concerning which Lafayette McLaws makes interesting revelations in the *North American Review*. Professor Baker does seem desirous of defining the dramatic instinct. It is readily recognized when manifested, but who shall say just what it is? Without it a playwright is not worthy of the name. Professor Baker's method is simplicity itself:

"At the first meeting of each new class he dwells at considerable length on the impossibility of becoming a dramatist unless one be endowed with dramatic instinct. Dramatic instinct he explains as the faculty which makes a person see life about him in an endless series of dramatic pictures, each telling its own story of comedy or tragedy. Dramatic instinct is to the playwright what an ear for music is to the composer, what an eye for color and form is to the painter. Without the faculty of dramatic instinct all knowledge of the technique of the drama, so far as writing plays is concerned, is of no avail. He makes it unmistakably plain to all new students that he has admitted them to the course because the plays they submitted had convinced him that they possessed the desirable faculty."

As a test, the members of the class are directed by Professor Baker to select and bring to the next session three short stories each. There is no limit to the type or author. The result of this order is a pile of thirty-six short stories. He asks them to select such short stories as they think they can dramatize. In one particular class the same story was selected by four dif-

ferent students; but as a rule the stories are varied. Some are clipped from newspapers, some from magazines, others from bound volumes. Once in a long while a story is taken from the Bible.

"At the third meeting of a class thirty-six short stories are returned. All have been read and one of each trio selected is marked for dramatization. More examples of scenarios are read, and further instructions given as to what should be included in and what left out of a good scenario. It is just here that a new class begins to feel less satisfied. By this time its members realize not only that the man at the head of the great red table is strictly business, but that he intends that they shall either come up to the mark or—The alternative is not pleasant food for thought for mature students, for 47 is a graduate course, and men or women in their early twenties are not numerous. The present Radcliffe class ranges in age from twenty-two to nearly fifty. More than half are professional writers in various fields, one is a professional actress, several have had short plays produced, and at least two are known as authors and producers of pageants."

At the fourth session of the class Professor Baker begins to read the scenarios from the chosen short stories. After each is read he asks for criticism. A new class acts very like an untried pack with an experienced leader. Some shoulder for place nearest the leader and try to discover which trail of criticism he will take before expressing their opinion. Others, made bold by the knowledge that they have not only heard two excellent lectures on scenarios but have read all that three leading dramatic writers have to say on the subject, come eagerly forward. After these eager ones have torn this first scena-

rio-writing to shreds and tatters, for they almost never have a word of commendation, the unwilling ones are called by name.

"When the last of the dozen has been heard from, Professor Baker comes out of his shell of silence. Very quietly he goes over the work under discussion. If there is a grain of gold in it (and he usually finds at least one), he picks it out and explains its value. From this he turns to faults in the writing. If the student has retained the story method in developing the plot instead of the dramatic, he calls attention to it and explains the difference, with the reason why such a method, tho best for the published story, is not suited for the stage. If the characterization is not distinct, he speaks of it; or if the incidents are arranged so as to produce an anti-climax, he dwells on the fact and asks the writer to think out an order which will gain a better effect. It is seldom, very seldom, that a first scenario does not have to be rewritten, some of them many times.

"As soon as a scenario is up to the standard a student is told to go ahead and write the play. These first plays, dramatizations of short stories, are usually handed in just before the Christmas recess begins. Like the scenarios, most of them have to be rewritten several times before they are brought up to the standard. Next after this comes the call for scenarios for original one-act plays. To this the class usually responds promptly, for the majority of its members are eager to get to work on their own material. When these scenarios and the plays developed from them are read in class an observer notices the first definite division in the work. Usually there is one gleam, sometimes several, of what appears to be unusual dramatic talent—possibly from students whose work in dramatizing the selected short story was hardly up to the standard. Another whose dramatization has been well above the average, occasionally brilliant, may fall behind when it comes to building a plot of his own."

## RESULTS OF THE MODERN EFFORT TO CONVERT LANDSCAPE INTO MUSIC

FOR tonal landscape painting in its finest state, according to that most brilliant of our musical critics, Lawrence Gilman, we must look to the music of the last fifty years. At its best, it is peculiarly a modern art. The marvelous increase in expressional efficiency, which is the most salient result of the last half century of musical progress, has had no more fortunate issue than the disclosure of means whereby the composer of imagination has been enabled to realize his conceptions with a measure of eloquence undreamed of by his predecessors. The harmonic effects which are to-day at the disposal of any graduate from a conservatory class in composition simply did not exist for Schumann—not to speak of Beethoven or Mozart—for in musical art the innovation of yesterday is the platitude of to-day.

Mr. Gilman develops this theme in his new volume "Nature in Music" (John Lane Co.). He writes:

"The supreme achievements of musical landscape painting are of to-day. We shall find them in the music of four composers of our own time, who, by reason of the power and eloquence of their delineation of the natural world, are without peers in their field. They are the Frenchmen, Claude Debussy and Vincent d'Indy, and the Americans, Charles Martin Loeffler and Edward MacDowell. We shall see these men not only producing Nature-music of incomparable excellence but approaching their subject matter from new and unprecedented standpoints."

In their music, we are told, Nature is made sympathetic and psychical, suffused with subjective emotion. "In short, we are witnessing the outcome of that relationship between the susceptible imagination and an infinitely adaptive and compliant Nature which, in literature, resulted in such various poetry as that of Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Whitman, Poe, Baudelaire, Verlaine."

Whereas the modern music-maker can speak of winds and waters through the forms of utterance that served Beethoven and Schubert and Schumann, he can also—and herein lies the incalculable superiority of his medium—speak of them in terms that are, in essence, absolutely new. He must still, of course, work within the limits of a few dozen tones of varying pitch; but these correspond not to the words of language but to its alphabet. From this tonal alphabet new words—harmonic and melodic forms—are being evolved with a rapidity and profusion for which in no other kind of esthetic language is there any comparison. The most uninspired music-wright of

to-day can, by the employment of certain harmonic expedients, produce effects which Beethoven would have bartered his soul to achieve. The harmonic effects with which Debussy is enabled to paint the visionary landscape of his "A Fawn's Afternoon," the wonderful picture of nightfall in upland solitudes which is limned by Vincent d'Indy in his tone poem "Summer Day in the Mountain," the malign and dread landscape which forms the background of Charles Martin Loeffler's setting of Verlaine's poem "The Sound," the startlingly vivid chords which enable MacDowell to suggest the glittering



HE PAINTS MUSIC IN WORDS

Lawrence Gilman, one of the most gifted interpreters of modern music through medium of the written word.

splendor of his "Wandering Iceberg"—these are concrete examples, chosen quite at random, of a utilization of certain means of musical expression which not only were undreamed of by the composers of a century ago but which simply did not exist for their utilization. They are woven out of a totally new tonal stuff, peculiar to our time and use.

It will thus be evident why it has been possible for musical landscape painting to achieve an unexampled pitch of expressiveness within the last fifty years and why it is peculiarly a modern art, an art of our own time. Debussy affords Mr. Gilman his first example.

With Debussy's countryman, Vincent d'Indy, who is also a musical recusant,

we come upon a tonal landscapist of different caliber. He, too, is a mystic; but, whereas for Debussy the beauty and wonder of the visible earth are merely so many stimuli to his inflammable and transmuting imagination, for d'Indy they are august revelations of the divine. He is deeply devout. Like Vaughan and Wordsworth he is a religious mystic of the purest type. For him the green earth and the majestic canopy of heaven are only, in Wordsworth's phrase, the garment of God, an expression of unseen spiritual realities. The spectacle of external nature in winsome, forbidding or awful guise, calls forth in him reverent and exalted emotions. One can conceive him giving Blake's answer to the questioner who asked: "What! when the sun rises do you not see a round disc of fire, something like a guinea?" "No. I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty.'"

Charles Maryin Loeffler, an American of Alsatian birth, Franco-German training and French affiliations, is, like Debussy and d'Indy, a landscapist of mystical temper, tho he lacks the blitheness of the one and the austerity of the other. He is primarily a tragedian, with much of Thomas Hardy's feeling for the ominous and the terrible in nature. Indeed, he might not unreasonably be regarded as a living commentary upon that passage of Hardy's concerning Egdon Heath wherein the novelist speaks of those human souls who may come to find themselves in closer and closer harmony with external things wearing a sombreness distasteful to our race when it was young. Loeffler betrays this instinctive sympathy with the tragical in nature. His spiritual brethren are Poe, Baudelaire, Maeterlinck, Verlaine in their darker and disconsolate hours. In the mood which is most frequent with him he is native to a world oppressed by nameless and immemorial griefs, dolorous with the shadow of death, where the winds are heavy with vague menace. Images of the King of Terrors haunt his imagination—a vast and bitter melancholy encompasses him.

We encounter a temperament of a different order in the American, Edward MacDowell. MacDowell was a landscapist who would have compelled the delighted attention of Matthew Arnold had that sensitive gauger of poetic values been as responsive to musical as to literary influences. MacDowell was, strangely enough, the only Celt who has ever written music of first-rate quality.

# SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

## MUST THE SCIENCE OF HEREDITY GET RID OF DARWINISM?

**D**URING the last fifty or sixty years the theme of the "natural selection" of favored races has been developed and expounded in writings innumerable. We now go to Darwin, according to Doctor William Bateson, the world's highest authority on heredity, for his incomparable collection of facts only. We would fain emulate his scholarship, his width and his power of exposition; but to us he speaks no more with philosophical authority. We read his scheme of evolution as we would read the schemes of Linnaeus or Lamarck, delighting in their simplicity and in their courage—but that is all. The practical and experimental study of variation and of heredity has not merely opened a new field. It has given a new point of view and new standards of criticism. Naturalists may still be found expounding systems which would have delighted Doctor Pangloss himself, but at the present time few are misled. The student of genetics knows that the time for the development of theory is not yet. He would prefer to stick to the seed pan and to the incubator. In short, considering what we know of the distribution of variability in nature, the scope claimed for natural selection in determining the fixity of species must be greatly reduced. Doctor Bateson, whose paper we extract from *London Nature*, adds:

"The doctrine of the survival of the fittest is undeniable so long as it is applied to the organism as a whole; but to attempt by this principle to find value in all definiteness of parts and functions, and in the name of science to see fitness everywhere, is mere eighteenth-century optimism. Yet it was in application to the parts, to the details of specific difference, to the spots on the peacock's tail, to the coloring of an orchid flower, and hosts of such examples, that the potency of natural selection was urged with the strongest emphasis. Shorn of these pretensions the doctrine of the survival of favored races is a truism, helping scarcely at all to account for the diversity of species. Tolerance plays almost as considerable a part. By these admissions almost the last shred of that teleological fustian with which Victorian philosophy loved to clothe the theory of evolution is destroyed. Those who would proclaim that whatever is is right will be wise hence-

forth to base this faith frankly on the impregnable rock of superstition and to abstain from direct appeals to natural fact. . . .

"In physics the age is one of rapid progress and profound skepticism. In at least as high a degree this is true of biology, and as a chief characteristic of modern evolutionary thought we must confess also to a deep but irksome humility in presence of great vital problems. Every theory of evolution must be such as to accord with the facts of physics and chemistry, a primary necessity to which our predecessors paid small heed. For them the unknown was a rich mine of possibilities on which they could freely draw. For us it is rather an impenetrable mountain out of which the truth can be chipped in rare and isolated fragments. Of the physics and chemistry of life we know next to nothing. Somehow the characters of living things are bound up in properties of colloids, and are largely determined by the chemical powers of enzymes, but the study of these classes of matter has only just begun. Living things are found by a simple experiment to have powers undreamt of, and who knows what may be behind?"

It is no time to discuss the origin of mollusca or of dicotyledons when we are not even sure how it comes to pass that a certain plant has in twenty-five years produced abundant new forms almost under our eyes. Knowledge of heredity has so reacted on our conceptions of variation in the old sense that very competent men are even denying that variation is an occurrence at all. Variation is postulated as the basis of all evolutionary change. Do we then, as a matter of fact, find in the world about us variations occurring of such a kind as to warrant faith in a contemporary progressive evolution?

Until lately, says Doctor Bateson, many of us would have answered "yes" without misgiving. We should have pointed, as Darwin did, to the immense range of diversity seen in many wild species, so common that the difficulty is to define the types themselves. Still more conclusive seemed the profusion of forms in the various domesticated animals and plants, most of them incapable of existing even for a generation in a wild state and therefore fixed unquestionably by human selection. These at least, for certain, are new forms, often distinct enough to

pass for new species which have arisen by variation:

"But when analysis is applied to this mass of variation the matter wears a different aspect. Closely examined, what is the 'variability' of wild species? What is the natural fact which is denoted by the statement that a given species exhibits much variation? Generally one of two things: either that the individuals collected in one locality differ among themselves; or perhaps more often that samples from separate localities differ from each other. As direct evidence of variation it is clearly to the first of these phenomena that we must have recourse—the heterogeneity of a population breeding together in one area. This heterogeneity may be in any degree, ranging from slight differences that systematists would disregard, to a complex variability such as we find in some moths, where there is an abundance of varieties so distinct that many would be classified as specific forms but for the fact that all are freely breeding together.

"Naturalists formerly supposed that any of these varieties might be bred from any of the others. Just as the reader of novels is prepared to find that any kind of parents might have any kind of children in the course of the story, so was the evolutionist ready to believe that any pair of moths might produce any of the varieties included in the species. Genetic analysis has disposed of all these mistakes. We have no longer the smallest doubt that in all these examples the varieties stand in a regular descending order, and that they are simply terms in a series of combinations of factors separately transmitted, of which each may be present or absent.

"The appearance of contemporary variability proves to be an illusion. Variation from step to step in the series must occur either by the addition or by the loss of a factor. Now, of the origin of new forms by loss there seems to me to be fairly clear evidence, but of the contemporary acquisition of any new factor I see no satisfactory proof, tho I admit there are rare examples which may be so interpreted. We are left with a picture of variation utterly different from that which we saw at first. Variation now stands out as a definite physiological event. We have done with the notion that Darwin came latterly to favor, that large differences can arise by accumulation of small differences. Such small differences are often mere ephemeral effects of conditions of life, and as such are not transmissible; but even small differences, when truly genetic, are factorial like the



larger ones, and there is not the slightest reason for supposing that they are capable of summation. As to the origin or source of these positive separable factors, we are without any indication or surmise. By their effects we know them to be definite; as definite, say, as the organisms which produce diseases; but how they arise and how they come to take part in the composition of the living creature so that when present they are treated in cell-division as constituents of the germs, we cannot conjecture."

As the evidence stands at present, all that can be safely said in amplification of the evolutionary creed may be summed up in the statement that variation occurs as a definite event often producing a sensibly discontinuous result. All that can be said is that the succession of varieties comes to pass by the elevation and establishment of sporadic groups of individuals owing their origin to such isolated events. The change which we see as a nascent variation is often, perhaps always, due to loss. Modern research lends not the smallest encouragement or sanction to

the view that gradual evolution occurs by the transformation of masses of individuals, altho that fancy has fixed itself in the popular imagination. The isolated events to which variation is due are evidently changes in the germinal tissues, probably in the manner in which they divide. It is likely that the occurrence of these variations is wholly irregular and as to their causation we are without surmise or even plausible speculation. Distinct types once arisen, no doubt a profusion of the forms called species have been derived from them by crossing and subsequent recombination.

"New species may be now in course of creation by this means, but the limits of the process are obviously narrow. On the other hand, we see no changes in progress around us in the contemporary world which we can imagine likely to culminate in the evolution of forms distinct in the larger sense. By intercrossing dogs, jackals and wolves new forms of these types can be made, some of which may be species, but I see no reason to

think that from such material a fox could be bred in indefinite time, or that dogs could be bred from foxes.

"Whether science will hereafter discover that certain groups can by peculiarities in their genetic physiology be declared to have a prerogative quality justifying their recognition as species in the old sense, and that the differences of others are of such a subordinate degree that they may in contrast be termed varieties, further genetic research alone can show. I myself anticipate that such a discovery will be made, but I cannot defend the opinion with positive conviction. . . .

"We are just about where Boyle was in the seventeenth century. We can dispose of alchemy, but we cannot make more than a quasi-chemistry. We are awaiting our Priestley and our Mendeleeff. In truth it is not these wider aspects of genetics that are at present our chief concern. They will come in their time. The great advances of science are made like those of evolution, not by imperceptible mass-improvement, but by the sporadic birth of penetrative genius. The journeymen follow after him, widening and clearing up, as we are doing along the track that Mendel found."

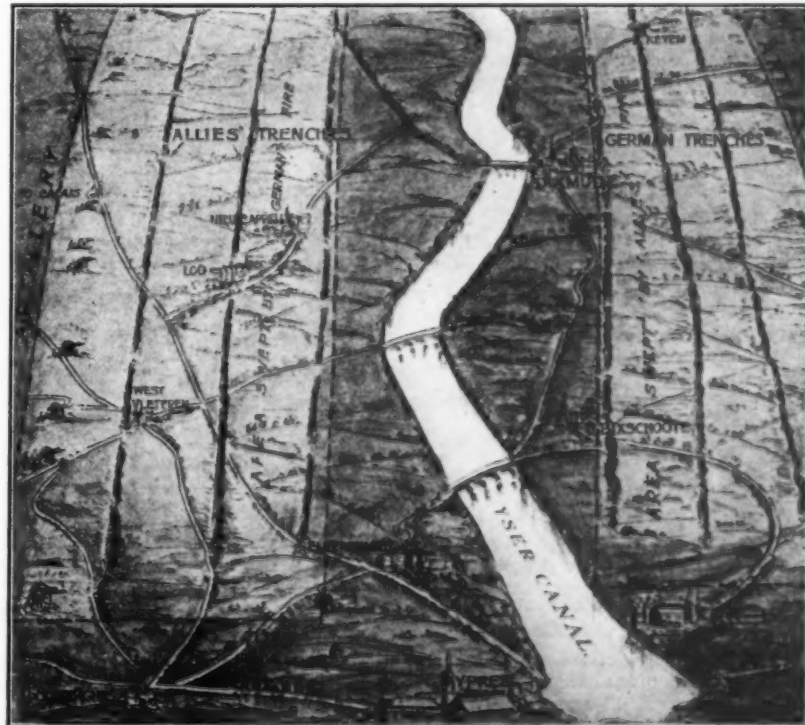
## HOW THE PHILOSOPHY OF REALITY AFFECTS THE FRENCH SCIENCE OF WAR

**R**EALITY has for the past five years been a potent word in France. The intellectual and practical life of the nation has been conditioned by what is a veritable passion for reality. This explains an extreme insistence upon the mathematical in the abstract. Henri Poincaré, greatest of modern mathematicians, seems most responsible for the contemporary attitude of the French to reality. A ruthless analysis of emotion characterizes French psychology. The doctrine of the origin of life, with reference to its chemical nature, has been carried to startling extremes in France.

In no field, however, has the passion for reality among the French attained so logical an extreme as in the science of warfare. The literature of war flourishes on its philosophical side in France as it does nowhere else, not even in Germany. Hence the whole of the French military organization from top to bottom has concerned itself with certain appreciable major problems upon the solution of which it was bent, and has not only neglected but despised all aids to that solution which had not immediate, obvious and demonstrable value. In this circumstance must be found an explanation, moreover, of the most striking fact about war as the French understand it—the elimination of "glory." Glory, as the military experts of France in-

sist again and again, has no "reality." Hence they reject all those incalculable aids to military efficiency upon which men instinctively lay considerable stress and which, tho they are al-

ways, perhaps, less regarded by soldiers than by civilians, are with difficulty removed from an army. Fine uniforms, the artificial attitudes of parade, exact alignments and all that



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE TRENCHES

Here we have illustrated diagrammatically the tactical problem of the situation in the western theater of the war.

goes with such things, they not only discountenance and exclude from their military organization but actually expel with a sort of moral violence. They direct their whole energy to discovering what sort of boot it is in which a man can march best; what sort of saddle it is which saves the horse best from sores; how best the weight of the pack can be distributed and all details of the kind. They do perpetual violence to those appetites of military pride or vision which seem to them divorced from and inimical to "reality." They carry this excess into the political field and think it their business to produce an army so "real" that it is humiliated when it injects itself into the political field. That famed writer upon both military science and philosophy, Hilaire Belloc, from whose article in *The Dublin Review* we extract these particulars, thus enlarges:

"The main problem was how with inferior numbers to meet the assault of superior numbers. In the solution of that problem the French perpetually urged themselves to perfection in fortification and in field artillery, latterly to the increase in the term of military service, to the training of every available man and to an expectation, which I will deal with in a moment at greater length, of initial defeat. . . .

"The contrast here between the French and German, in particular the Prussian temper, with the military advantages as well as disadvantages attaching to the latter, comes out very strongly. Just as the German is attached to a number of invisible and perhaps non-existing things, so he has risked everything in modern war upon a policy that would be a policy of adventure if it were not based upon a conviction of complete superiority. For instance, everything is organized with him for the maximum expense of energy in the first phase of a campaign. You do not do that without risking a corresponding deficit in energy later on if your first stroke fails."

This policy in particular diminishes both in strategic and in tactical value the function of a Reserve. It is obvious that a reserve is a waste if you put forward all your strength to win at first, whether such "winning" be on the battlefield or over the course of a campaign. Not that any army can do without reserves, either in a local field of action or in the general conduct of a campaign, but that the way in which you look at the whole psychology of war makes all the difference to the proportionate amount and still more difference to the active use of your reserve.

"It is evident that if you are starving your reserve because you have staked everything on the first blow, you are starving it morally as well as physically. Not only have you little to bring up in numbers compared with your opponent if you

fail, but you bring it up half-heartedly and without a full dependence upon such a *pis-aller*. One has but to read the German instructions upon this matter to see how true that is. Rules which in every other department are so clear and fundamentally analyzed are here confused, and the Commander is left in a sort of doubt as to whether he should regard the use of his reserve as decisive or as an admission of inferiority."

The attitude taken towards the reserve in the German service is almost contradictory. The scheme of its use involves at once action upon the wings and hesitation upon which wing shall use it. But the wings are the opposite extremities of the line. One can not so pick and choose.

Now the French conception of the reserve is the opposite of all this. It not only explains much of the present campaign but is a test of the whole modern French philosophy of reality. The French strategical conception, and to some extent the French tactical conception as well, presupposes an acquired knowledge of the enemy's plan, which knowledge can only be acquired in practice at some risk of initial reverse. It envisages the possibility and even the probability of such reverse and maintains a large reserve to be directed, when the enemy's plan develops, against whatever point his overexpenditure of energy may have weakened.

For instance, a point of capital importance in the present campaign was the sudden swerve of the German right wing in front of Paris between the night of September 3d and the morning of September 6th last. It was here that the initial energy of the German advance had been most strained, and it was against this that the French had accumulated their great reserve behind and within the fortified zone of Paris. With that reserve they struck in the evening of September 6th and in the three days' battle of Meaux fought immediately afterwards.

Why is this characteristic use of the reserve so illuminative of the modern French philosophical temper in its grasp of or appreciation for reality? Because it is the negation of the only other alternative in war, the policy of adventure based upon a confidence in untried things. This use of a reserve goes with a determination to act only upon certain knowledge. It corresponds to secure investment in finance and to the positive spirit in philosophy.

"I do not say for a moment that this is the rule of victory; it may be, as precisely the same spirit is so often in financial affairs, the mark of overcaution and of consequent defeat. It leans towards materialism, a philosophy fatal to courage, and it leans towards the extinction of en-

thusiasm. It might destroy the cohesion of an army under a strain. But such a spirit, when it succeeds, succeeds in a fashion singularly solid in whatever sphere that spirit manifests itself.

"I might develop this purely military point at greater length. For instance, it is easy to show that from this same strategical conception would proceed an indifference to initial losses, and the acceptance of retirement as being as much a part of one general plan as the subsequent advance. There are many other aspects of the thing, but I hope I have said enough in connection with that point of the Reserve to illustrate what I mean."

If such are the consequences of the modern French temper in the field, what are we to expect of it in the results of the war, whether those results begin to point to victory or to defeat?

"If they tend towards defeat, if, for instance, . . . in spite of the pressure on the German right, the German center makes good and takes the offensive, cutting the French line in two, the temper of which I speak will prolong the process of defeat indefinitely. Under that temper the French mind even in its civilian activities, still more in its military, has so forced itself to avoid illusion that the commonest and perhaps most necessary enthusiasms for a site or for any other symbol of national life will be repressed. It was already evident in the first phase of the war that victory or defeat would not be allowed to depend upon the fate of Paris. But the spirit of which I speak would be seen in much more than that. It would be seen, for instance, in a very pitiless discipline, and I should not be surprised if English opinion were startled and displeased when it hears of what followed the breakdown of the 15th Division in front of Saarlouis: if indeed it is ever allowed to hear of this in the months to come."

Whether upon the whole this straining for reality will or will not strengthen the French in war only the upshot of this campaign can show. But it is certain that nothing has more influenced the French in their preparations for a military struggle.

"It is curious to note the ill ease, the very repugnance, excited in the modern Frenchman by all the parade of an armed force. He regards it (too much) as a sign of weakness, and particularly does he think of his chief rival, the Prussian, as having wasted energy here. The Frenchman has largely abandoned even so valuable a moral asset as the regimental feeling, he has completely lost the regional feeling—we all know that he has long ago cast aside the aid of class feeling—in organizing the discipline of his army; and indeed the whole system of the French service is based upon the notion that authority attaches to things connected only with the service and in no way with the accidents of civilian life. It is the one service in which promotion from the ranks is an every-day and understood matter."

## AN ARTILLERIST'S EXPLANATION OF THE IMPROVIZED SIEGE THAT MAKES BATTLE OBSOLETE

THE present war has already been remarkable for the lessons it has taught artillerymen regarding the use of their arm. Ever since the Boer War, artillerymen the world over have discussed with animation the extent to which heavy ordnance ought to be brought into the field and whether guns or howitzers would prove most adapted for the sort of struggle they foresaw. These questions seem to have been settled by the experience of the last four months. Heavy artillery has been brought into the field by the Germans with a success for which they have to thank the howitzer and not the gun. For this reason, the *London News* has deemed it timely to secure from one of the world's greatest expert artillerymen, Colonel A. M. Murray, of the British Army, a study of the cause of the German successes with special reference to the possibility of the achievement of equally notable results by the allies.

It is first of all necessary, observes Colonel Murray, to differentiate between the gun and the howitzer. The gun is a long-range, high-velocity, man-killing weapon. The higher its velocity, and flatter its trajectory, the longer its range and the greater its man-killing capacity before the enemy can come within striking infantry distance. Range depends upon the weight of the charge and the length of the gun. Big charges require strong chambers to resist their explosive power and long guns in order to allow time for the gas emitted by the charge to have full effect on the projectile before it leaves the muzzle. There are obvious limits to the weight and length of the gun when it is required to maneuver in the field. Designers have always to contend with the natural antagonism between mobility and power, he being the best designer who can get the maximum power out of a gun with a minimum of weight.

The howitzer, as distinct from the gun, is a short-range weapon, designed originally to throw a heavy, high-explosive shell with low velocity and high trajectory, so that it may be fired behind cover from an unseen position at the unseen object. The direction of the target is obtained by aiming-posts, and the elevation by an instrument known as the clinometer, which is attached to the howitzer and is graduated in degrees and minutes corresponding to the range.

"It will at once be seen that the gun and the howitzer are constructed on different principles. Low velocity requires only a small charge and a short barrel. The

following table exemplifies the different characteristics of a field gun and field howitzer:

Nature of Gun or Howitzer.	Calibre (ins.)	Muzzle Velocity (ft. per second)	Weight of Shell (lbs.)	Weight Behind the Team (cwt.)	Extreme Range (yds.)
18-pounder Q.F. Gun	5	1,590	18½	40	7,500
Field Howitzer (Coventry)	4.825	1,000	87½	25	3,400

"The howitzer was originally conceived for bombarding purposes, and for the destruction of material, but quite recently its use has been extended for man-killing purposes; and field howitzers, light and heavy, are now provided with shrapnel as well as high-explosive shells. When not wanted for howitzer purposes they can now be used as guns for fighting in the open. As the howitzer shrapnel shell reaches its target with a low velocity, in order to increase its man-killing effect, the shell has a high driving charge inside it amounting to as much as three-quarters of a pound or more. This driving charge increases the velocity of the bullets when they are released by the bursting of the shell. It is unnecessary to do this with a shrapnel shell fired from a gun, as the remaining velocity of the shell when it reaches its target is sufficient to make the bullets effective. The bursting charge of an 18-pounder shrapnel shell is only three ounces, which is just enough to release the bullets, and no more."

The introduction of quick-firing field guns, magazine rifles and automatic-

firing machine guns has enormously increased the man-killing power of modern armies and compelled troops, even when acting on the offensive, to take refuge behind cover. This is the only way to save themselves from rapid annihilation, so deadly is the modern weapon of war. The consequence is that battles now take the form of improvized sieges rather than of the open battles which characterized war in the past. One side entrenches in order to hold a position while the other side counter-entrenches in order to take it.

This is where the howitzer comes in:

"Entrenchments when scientifically constructed with overhead cover are practically immune against gun-fire, and can only be demolished by howitzers dropping explosive shells at high angles of descent on to the top of them. They can do this from their concealed positions with complete immunity to themselves, except from hostile howitzer fire.

"This was soon apparent when the allies reached the Aisne river after the German retreat from the Marne. By a stroke of good fortune Maubeuge fell on the 7th of September, releasing the German siege howitzers, which were brought down to the Aisne and used with great effect to harass the allied troops while sapping up to the enemy's entrenchments north of the river. On discovering this, Sir John French telegraphed home for four batteries of 6-inch howitzers, which properly belong to the siege train, but were brought



ON "CATERPILLARS"

The gun here shown is used by the Germans in Belgium as a means of forcing both trenches and forts.



into the field to attack the German entrenchments and keep down the fire of the enemy's howitzers. 'These batteries,' wrote the Field Marshal in his despatch of Oct. 8, 'were used with considerable effect on the 24th and following days,' and it was largely owing to their fire that the enemy's howitzers were removed and the position evacuated. Observe that Sir John French did not ask for heavy guns, but for heavy howitzers. We have an excellent heavy shrapnel-throwing gun now at the front in the shape of our 60-pounder 5-inch B.L. gun, which is effective up to 10,400 yards, but the gun is useless for attacking entrenched troops since the projectiles, with their flat trajectory, pass harmlessly at a high velocity over the entrenchments without producing any effect from their shrapnel bullets."

Before the war began it was known that the Germans had six-inch howitzers and 8.2-inch mortars—the mortar is an exaggerated form of howitzer—both of which pieces of ordnance had been seen at maneuvers. Nothing was known then about any heavier pieces than these. In a general way it was understood that Krupp had constructed some 28 centimeter (11-inch) howitzers, for he had already supplied the Japanese with a battery of these pieces which they used at the siege of Port Arthur. It was not known how many of these howitzers were in possession of the Germans. The existence of the 42-centimeter (16.68-inch) howitzers was quite a surprise and many experts were dubious of their reality until official mention was made of them in the Berlin wireless message of November 1st, in which it was stated that these masterpieces of ordnance were manufactured six years ago. Some were used at the sieges of Namur, Liege and Antwerp, and possibly at Maubeuge. It is unlikely that any pieces of such large caliber were brought down into France so far as the Aisne, for in case of retreat they must have fallen into the hands of the allies.

Altho the allies have no howitzers of caliber corresponding to the 11-inch and 16-inch howitzers, they are well supplied, as far as quality goes, with medium howitzers, which until recently were intended for siege use only but which the circumstances of the campaign have brought into the field:

"In addition to our 4.5-inch q.f. field howitzers, of which we may have some 20

batteries at the front, we have an excellent 6-inch heavy howitzer firing a shell of 100-pound weight, and which has an effective range of 6,500 yards. Four batteries of these howitzers were sent out to Sir John French at the end of last September. Then we also have a 9.45-inch heavy howitzer, which throws a shell of 280 pounds weight containing a bursting charge of 53 pounds of lyddite up to a range of 7,650 yards. This howitzer is fired from a steel carriage resting on a steel bed, which is carried with it, the howitzer and its cradle forming one load, the carriage and bed another, each load being about 4 tons in weight. It would be as risky to take these huge pieces into the field as for the Germans to take their 11-inch howitzers.

"The French have no light field howitzer, as their 75 millimeter q.f. field gun is supplied with high-explosive as well as shrapnel shell; but they have a heavy 6.1-inch (Rimailho) quick-firing howitzer which is very highly spoken of, and which fires both high-explosive and shrapnel shell, the weight of the former being 95 pounds, and of the latter 88 pounds. This howitzer is a powerful weapon, and also very mobile, being carried into the field with carriage and mountings complete in two loads, each of 48 hundredweight.

"For the same reason as the French the Russians have no light field howitzer, their field gun, which is perhaps the most powerful of its kind in Europe, having high-explosive as well as shrapnel shell, but it is understood that they have a large number of 15-centimeter (6-inch) heavy howitzers throwing shells of 65 pounds in weight up to an effective range of 3,500 yards."

In the light of these facts it is correct to say that for tactical purposes in the field the allies are as well provided as the Germans with light and heavy artillery. For the attack and defense of fortresses and entrenched positions, on the other hand, the Austro-German forces have in their 11-inch howitzers—assuming them to have a sufficient supply of these pieces—more powerful weapons than are at the disposal of the allies. Owing, however, to the want of mobility of these pieces their use can be neutralized by an active artillery and infantry defense so directed as to prevent them from being brought into action near enough for their fire to be effective. For whatever reason, the defense of Liege, Namur and Antwerp did not take this form, reliance being placed on the

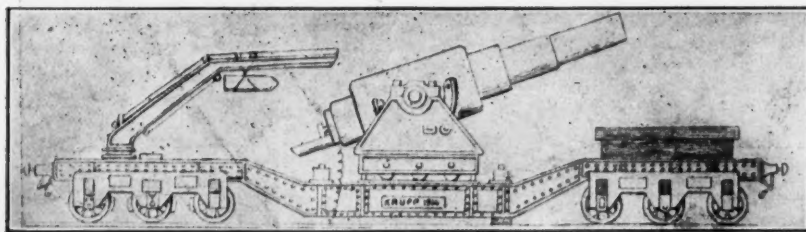
local power of the fortresses to defend themselves against a superior artillery attack. The lesson has been learned and we shall probably witness the application of its teaching in the altered conditions of defense of the fortresses on the eastern frontier of France should they ever be seriously attacked by the Germans.

That the 42-centimeter howitzer exists there is thus little doubt, an opinion shared by that famed artilleryist, Major-General Desmond O'Callaghan, of the British field force. He suspects that the Germans have had no more than two actually in the field. He writes in the *London Times*:

"These weapons require a concrete platform to which the mounting is bolted down, and their transport can be effected only on very first-class roads and over bridges strong enough to bear a weight of 15 tons, or by rail.

"It is the 28 centimeter (11.2-inch) which has wrought all the havoc with General Brialmont's steel cupolas. These pieces weigh only 6.3 tons, their total weight in action, *i. e.*, including carriage, recoil cylinders, etc., being 14.8 tons. The wheels are encircled by linked steel plates, called girdles, which enable the howitzer to travel on good roads and also serve to cushion the shock of discharge, for no platform is needed, the howitzer being fired from its wheels. This is rendered possible by the long recoil permitted by the hydraulic and compressed air cylinders by which it is controlled. A holdfast in front anchors the carriage. A special transporting wagon is provided, adapted for mechanical transport, from which the howitzer is readily shifted to its firing carriage. It is capable of being fired up to 65 degrees of elevation and has a maximum range, at 43 degrees, of 10,900 yards. The shell weighs 760 pounds and carries a burster of 114 pounds, high explosive. It is said that shrapnel do not form part of its equipment, but this is open to doubt."

Newspaper readers are aware of the scare that agitated London recently in consequence of the discovery of concrete foundations in factories. It was affirmed that these factories were owned or controlled by influential Germans. The foundations of the buildings were concrete beds strong enough to hold the heaviest howitzer during a bombardment. One factory site commanded a whole district in London. The Germans would arrive at the capital of the British empire with their howitzers ready for use. An available site would be seized and London would go the way of Antwerp. Major O'Callaghan, whose words are quoted above, investigated a number of these sites after they had been seized by the police only to discover that they were not available for any artillery purpose. The rumor that certain tennis-courts were in reality concrete foundations for howitzers proved likewise baseless.



THE GREAT KRUPP

This new and monstrous piece of ordnance is said to have been offered by the inventor to the British War Office and refused.

## THE EXTINCT APES AS GUIDES TO THE ANTIQUITY OF OUR ANCESTORS

IT IS a matter of common knowledge that altho the great discoveries of the last half century have swept away all the old conceptions of the recent origin of man, those discoveries have not thus far provided anything approaching a definite solution of the problem of the age of mankind. Indeed, the divergence of opinion among scientists is probably greater to-day than it has ever been. In *Science Progress* (London) the distinguished English zoologist, Professor A. G. Thacker, approaches the question from a point of view which appears to have been neglected, altho recent discoveries tend to emphasize its importance. He deals with the antiquity of the stock from which mankind is believed to have arisen.

At the outset he notes that such a phrase as "the antiquity of man" is a highly ambiguous one. It may mean either of two very different things. On the one hand, the expression may refer to the date of the origin of the existing species of man—true man—while on the other hand it may denote the length of time which is supposed to have elapsed since our ancestors ceased to be arboreal and became mainly ground-living creatures, with the consequent transformation of the hinder hands into feet. The foot is the chief peculiarity of the Hominidae or immediate ancestors of man, and hence any ape-like being who possessed feet could lay claim to some kind of humanity.

This distinction is germane to the present subject because, to begin with, the known antiquity of our species is a very different thing from the known antiquity of the four fossil species of the human tribe, and because, in the next place, we must recognize that while the existence of apes in any given period has virtually no bearing upon the antiquity of real man, it has a most important bearing upon the probable date of the appearance of those half-human creatures who were his forerunners.

"We have to suppose that the Hominiidae and the Simiidae have originated from a common ancestor, which closely resembled both families in its anatomy. The much-discussed common ancestor was certainly biologically near both to man and to the chimpanzee, tho not necessarily geologically near. Indeed, the creature in question would probably have been correctly included in the Simiidae—which is not to say, of course, that any known member of the Simiidae, fossil or otherwise, is ancestral to man.

"Now it follows from this that the presence of Simiidae in any period implies the possible existence of primitive Hominiidae slightly later. I say advisedly 'slightly later.' The differences between

the Simiidae and the Hominiidae are altogether trivial, compared with the vast range of mammalian structure. Hence, in terms of geological time, Hominiidae may have appeared very soon after the higher apes, even if the Darwinian theory be true. Whilst if the mutation theory be correct, the interval might be even shorter. For instance, a quarter or a third of the Pliocene would appear to be sufficient interval, whatever be the true theory of evolution.

"As already stated, anthropologists differ very widely on the subject of human antiquity. The more cautious school give true man only a small fraction of the Pleistocene, limit themselves to paleolithic implements (ranging over about the latter two-thirds of the Pleistocene), and the most they will concede is that humanoid beings may possibly have existed as early as the Late Pliocene. The extreme school,

including Keith, Reid, Moir, Rutot, and others, trace *H. sapiens* far back into the Pleistocene, discover Pliocene and Miocene eoliths, and place the origin of the human tribe in the Miocene or even in the Oligocene."

Without discussing the direct evidence from the technical standpoint, Professor Thacker feels bound to state that he agrees with those scientists who are skeptical of eoliths, and he thinks, too, that the alleged proofs of the great antiquity of man proper are well-nigh valueless. He can not, therefore, be accused of prejudice in favor of the extreme views. But when the extreme advocates of the opposing theory set out to ridicule the attempt to find evidence of man-like apes in the miocene geological period (Miocene Homini-



OUR ANCESTORS

This drawing by Miss Alice Woodward was made under the direction of a noted anthropologist at the British Museum, and although a "fancy sketch" is plausible.



dae) on the ground that what is styled the highest mammal could not have existed when proboscideans had primitive teeth, deer only simple antlers and horses three toes, it appears to be time to call a halt in the process of destructive criticism. If we had no more direct clue to the problem, the argument from the general evolution of the Mammalia would be legitimate, altho singularly inconclusive. But since we have fossil apes to guide us, to discuss elephants, deer or horses is illogical and misleading.

Simian relics have been found in various strata from the Oligocene to the Pleistocene, but the relics consist in most cases merely of lower jaws. It is important, therefore, to speak of the Oligocene and Miocene apes with all due caution.

"The lower apes, collectively known as gibbons, probably stand nearer to the common ancestor of the Simiidae and the Hominidae than do the higher apes—the chimpanzee and its kin, which seem to represent a more divergent twig of the

phylogenetic tree. The notoriously gibbonoid characters of the lowest of the known Hominidae, the Javan ape-man, are thus explicable. Perhaps we should call the common ancestor a gibbon if we could meet him in the flesh. We should therefore expect the gibbons to be more ancient than the higher apes, and this is now proved to be the case.

"Nothing is known of the history of the gorilla, or of that rare African ape described by Giraud Elliot as the pseudogorilla, but the remains of a species of chimpanzee and of an orang have been recovered from the Lower Pliocene of India. This fact alone is impressive enough, but the higher apes as a group are much older than the chimpanzee. Several great apes lived in Europe during the Middle and Late Miocene and during the Pliocene. The best-known genus is of course that famous animal *Dryopithecus*, which is known from jaws discovered in the Middle Miocene of France, and from another mandible, or rather one ramus of a mandible, found recently in the Upper Miocene, near Lerida, in Catalonia. . . .

"Perhaps the most striking of all simian fossils is a solitary femur, found in the Lower Pliocene at Eppelsheim, in Hesse-

Darmstadt. This bone, which is wonderfully well preserved, is longer than the corresponding structure of the gorilla, but is much more slender and more man-like in form."

The gibboned group we find are still more ancient. All the living gibbons are usually included in one group, known technically as Hylobates. This genus dates from the Miocene. Very little was known of the extinct gibbons until quite recently. The Hylobates could be traced back along with the greater apes to the middle Miocene period, but no farther. It was clear, however, that the primitive gibbonoid stock must be older than the great apes. It was to be inferred that primitive apes existed at least as far back as the lower Miocene. That such an inference would have been sound is now triumphantly established by the discovery of the two branches of a small ape's jaw in the Oligocene of Fayum, Egypt. The creature differs from the Hylobates in having extremely small canine teeth.

## LOCATING THE SECRET OF THE CONTROL OF HEIGHT IN MAN

WHY should one man attain a full stature, another be short, and yet another attain a medium height? In connection with this query concerning the growth of the human skeleton, it is interesting to see, observes the *London Standard*, what light modern research is able to shed on the cause of the variation. The actual processes that occur when a bone is growing can be very accurately seen and studied by microscopic methods and have been well known to investigators for a considerable time past; but the cause that either greatly or moderately stimulates these processes has been occult to many.

At the present day it is possible to give an answer, a little tentative, perhaps, yet one going a little nearer to the root of things, as to the reason why one man grows but moderately or why another reaches, say, the stature of the giant. A giant, as a rule, is accounted a man who grows to a height of seven feet or over. Cases are known of individuals attaining a height of eight feet. According to some accounts, even nine feet is the height reached, altho there is some little doubt as to the correctness of the measurements in such extreme instances.

For a long time a certain number of glands in the body, known as "ductless," have furnished an attractive yet elusive problem to physiologists. Nor can it be said that their functions are as yet adequately explained. When a

gland, such, for example, as a gland of the stomach, possesses a tube or duct serving to convey the secretion manufactured by the gland to the point where that secretion is needed, it is not so difficult to obtain the secretion, to analyze its properties, and to state the uses of the gland. But when a gland has no duct? Several such exist in the body.

"The theory in vogue is that these glands form 'internal secretions' which mix with the blood or lymph in which the glands are bathed, and that these internal secretions produce the various effects which we now know to result from the activities of the various glands. One such ductless gland, possessing remarkable functions, is a very small structure situated at the base (or beneath) the brain, known as the 'pituitary body.' Roughly speaking, it may be considered as being divided into an anterior and a posterior portion; each exercises a different effect on the processes of the body, and each shows a different structure under the microscope.

"There seems little room for doubt, from the results of experiment and evidences of disease, that the anterior portion of the pituitary body pours an internal secretion into the blood which influences growth in a remarkable manner. For the sake of completeness we may note that the posterior portion subserves entirely different functions. When an extract of this part is prepared—and it is used in modern medicine—and injected into a vein, it causes a great rise to occur in the pressure at which the blood is flowing, dilates the arteries of the kidneys, and stimulates those organs to extreme activity, together with one or two other

physical results which need not detain us here. Thus, at the base of the brain we possess an organ the one part of which is without doubt largely concerned with kidney function and the other largely concerned with the phenomenon of growth."

Small as it is, the presence of the pituitary gland is essential to life. The organ has been removed experimentally and the loss has proved fatal in a few days. The posterior lobe may be removed and, provided the whole or part of the anterior be left, life goes on. But a striking effect is produced when a fraction of the anterior portion is taken away. The body becomes adipose among other things. In addition, when the operation is performed before adolescence a condition of infantilism persists. The injection of an extract made from the anterior lobes of other animals relieves these symptoms and prolongs life where the whole anterior lobe has been removed. The important bearing of these results in dealing with cases of defective growth and infantilism arising in the human species from deficient pituitary secretions may be readily surmized.

We are now in a position to see that the inordinate growth of the bones constituting a man a giant, or the amount of growth determining his height generally—assuming, of course, the absence of any disease affecting the growth of the bones—is in all likelihood due to the greater or the lesser amount of internal secretion produced by the anterior lobe of the pituitary body.



# RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

## ON THE TRAIL OF THE PILGRIM SOUL OF RUSSIA

**B**RITISH searches after an interpretation of the Russian spirit are not to be wondered at now when that spirit, whatever it is, has been drawn into fighting alliance with Great Britain. The Church, it appears, is the mother, not the tool, of the Russian empire. Therefore, Russian religion is very real tho very difficult in some respects for the Englishman to understand. Sir William Robertson Niccoll, a D.D. and an LL.D., tells us all this in a leading editorial in his *British Weekly*, on "The Pilgrim Soul of Russia." It is based chiefly upon Mouravieff's writings and the recent travel sketches by Stephen Graham, and it compels attention.

Russia's religion, says Dr. Niccoll, is the religion of a country which is Eastern as much as Western—both European and Asiatic. "It is colored by circumstances, and especially by the aspects and scenery of the great land. Vastness is the attribute of the North. The immense spaces of Russia, the lengths and breadths of her landscapes, her moors and wildernesses, her vistas and her long, interminable lines, correspond with the fire and mystery of her inner spirit."

The chief figures of the Russian Church have shown a vigorous, ascetic spirit, a simple-minded enthusiasm, a whole-hearted and passionate faith. The hermit spirit arose from the deep individual impulses and cravings of holy minds. "The primitive Russian saint had the power of intensity rather than of grace and finish. His religion was grounded on abstraction and separation from the world. With fixed, rooted, tenacious and single-eyed faith, he longed to look into the mysteries revealed and yet to be revealed, and he cared for nothing else. It is this spirit that rests upon Russia's forests and lakes, her wide plains and her rolling rivers."

The high ambition of these holy men courted desolation, observes Dr. Niccoll. They were at home on the farthest shore of solitude and in the most inaccessible caverns. It is not wonderful that there was a certain wildness and exaggeration in their lives and deaths. Grace assumed in them heraldic and mystical dimensions.

"It is told, for example, of one saintly prelate that his humility was ambitious and gigantic. In his case, meditation led to the most bitter and piercing penitence. When he wished, after a long life of prayer and mortification, to express the depth of his humility, the prostration and horror which his inmost soul felt at the sight of itself, he could not do it by ordinary language or signs. He sought within the lowest depth a lower still, and ended in what may be called a rude barbaric act or a majesty of self-abasement. The dying saint anathematized himself; he forbade his body the rites of Christian burial, and ordered it to be cast out like the carcase of a beast in the desert. His friends dared not trifle with the awful command. For three days his lean body was exposed on the plain to the beasts of prey. But no beast touched the sacred corpse. After the third day his friends came, and his unviolated remains could no longer be excluded from a grave."

Disciples gathered around such spiritual persons, and hermitages swelled into monasteries, which became missionary centers. From time to time great saints appeared. They were called out into the world, for the monasteries became the centers of Russian civilization, order and unity.

"So far from the state founding the church in Russia, the church founded the state. The church was the mother of the empire, and not its tool. The metropolitans and patriarchs were laborious, ardent, enthusiastic rulers and champions of the church. The church was their only care on earth, the only object of their love. There were high saints among them, and there are well-attested incidents of lofty Christian flights and ascents in grace, of humility, rigor, and perpetual devotion. Many of them were called to occupy positions of great splendor and power, but they looked back with longing and fond regret on the contemplative life they had led, and coveted a return to it. Many did return to cells and hermitages and caves, putting on the Schema (the robe of death). The metropolitan Theodosius, in withdrawing from the See, took with him a poor, feeble old man to his cell, and tended him as a servant, washing his sores as a pattern of Christian humility. His successor, Philip, wore heavy irons on his mortified, emaciated body; they were discovered at his death and hung over his tomb. The Russian people attributed to them miraculous powers, as if the intensity of grace had overflowed into the outward world and acted on nature."

Hermit saints, we are told, took

their places in battles, sometimes with the robe of death under their coats of mail, again shaming the Czar, who faltered before the Tartars. The career of a great seventeenth-century prelate in the Russian Church is considered typical:

"This was Nikon, who had for many years prayed and fasted, enduring the severest rigors of monastic life in the depths of the North. Called by stress of circumstances, he often emerged as a courtier and companion for a king. He was a man of native elegance and refinement, an eloquent and impassioned preacher, and a successful administrator. With all their asceticism the Russians have always loved ritual and ceremony. Nikon was no exception. In his cathedral he carried the pomp and beauty of devotion to its greatest height. For two years he was in sole charge of the government of Russia, ruling both church and state. But when his public work was over he fell back in a moment on his hermit life. All through the glittering show of it he had kept up his monastic character and habits. Power, occupation and splendor never impaired his asceticism. In his last days he worked, tho old and emaciated, like a common mason, on building a church."

Russian saints, Dr. Niccoll would have us remember, loved best to dwell in caves which they hollowed out with their own hands; and thus to share the lot of their Master, who descended to the lower parts of the earth. They were of those who confess themselves strangers and pilgrims on the earth and declare plainly that they seek a country.

Turning to the fresh modern witness of Mr. Stephen Graham, Dr. Niccoll finds great vividness and true feeling in his description of a recent pilgrimage to Jerusalem in the company of thousands of Russian peasants, who were urged on to their hard journey by some deep religious force they could not understand. These men had risen above the lowlands and materialities of life. Many of them were called suddenly from a movement in the depths of their spirits. To quote Mr. Graham:

"The incurable drunkard of the village picks himself up out of the mire one afternoon, renouncing drinking, and starts off for Jerusalem. The avaricious old mouzhik, who has been hoarding for half a

century, wakens up one morning, gives all his money to someone, and sets off begging his way to a far-off shrine. The reserved and silent peasant, who has hidden his thoughts from those who loved him all his days, meets an utter stranger one afternoon, and with tears tells the story of his life, and reveals to him the secret of his heart; he also, perchance, starts on a pilgrimage. In Russia, as nowhere else in the world, it is the unexpected and mysterious which happens.

"Why didn't you remain in Russia and put the money in the bank, or buy books and learn what is going on in the world?"

Why do you waste your time making this long journey when you might be earning good money in the fields and the towns? Then a peasant would answer: 'I don't know. You speak too fast. It seems God didn't make man only to work and earn money, like a horse or a cow. And did not God live and die in the land that we are going to?'"

That is the secret, comments Dr. Niccoll. "They believe that Jesus was Very God of Very God. They know full well that Earth 'holds as chief treasure one forsaken grave.' Nietzsche, who was a great student of Russia through the eyes of Dostoevsky, 'that profound man,' noted what he called 'an excess of will in Russia.' There is something volcanic about the Russians, which may be found beneath the surface even of the quietest and stupidest."

And when the Russian pilgrims reach Jerusalem they visit and pray at the sacred shrines, accepting the identifications without question. Pilgrims who die on the journey are accounted most happy.

## PROTESTANTISM FALLING BEHIND THROUGH UNPRODUCTIVE MARRIAGES

**B**ECAUSE of a greater Roman Catholic birth-rate, the United States is becoming a great stronghold of the Roman Catholic Church. For the same reason, that Church has been ascending toward a predominant position in Great Britain and gaining in France and Germany. In Russia, the land of the Eastern Church, the annual excess of births over deaths is much greater than in all the Protestant countries in the world put together. Present-day Protestantism, which in practice stands for a declining birth-rate, is thus being driven back in all the great centers of civilization, according to the conclusion of Dr. Meyrick Booth, a scientific contributor to the *Hibbert Journal*. He has brought together data only recently made available bearing upon the connection between religious belief and the movement of population, which, he points out, is much more intimate than the sociologists of a few decades ago would have been willing to admit.

In England, for example, Mr. Sidney Webb has shown that town-dwelling alone can not be held to account for declining birth-rate, because the fall in many country districts has exceeded that in some of the largest cities. Nor does luxury account for it, since the decline is quite as marked in many poor districts as in well-to-do centers. Compared with rapid decline in England during ten years, the Irish birth-rate rose by 3 per cent. and the Dublin rate by 9 per cent. English towns and boroughs of London, where Jews or Roman Catholics are most numerous, show the smallest decrease in birth-rate. Other figures covering approximately twenty years exhibit a Roman Catholic birth-rate of 6.6 children per marriage, against 3.74 among the Protestant landed families. From the "Catholic Year Book" a birth-rate of 38.6 per 1,000 is contrasted with the general rate of 24.0 for England and Wales. Says Dr. Booth: "It would seem that the English middle-class

birth-rate has fallen to the extent of over 50 per cent. during the last forty years; and we have actual figures showing that the well-to-do artisan birth-rate has declined, in the last thirty years, by 52 per cent.! Seeing that the Protestant churches draw their members mainly from these very classes, we have not far to seek for an explanation of the empty Sunday-schools."

In France, where the general birth-rate is lower than in England, Dr. Booth finds Roman Catholic districts which show a higher rate than the usual English country district. And he quotes the opinion of M. Leroy-Beaulieu "that the Catholic Church tends, by means of its whole atmosphere, to promote a natural increase of population; for, more than other types of Christianity, it condemns egoism, materialism and inordinate ambition for self or family; and, moreover, it works in the same direction through its uncompromizing condemnation of modern Malthusian practices." Dr. Booth says that Germany shows a similar condition, tho the differences there are less marked.

The situation in the United States is attributed to the influx of large masses of European Catholics who cling tenaciously to their religion, and to the much greater prolificity of these stocks as compared with the native population.

"The New England States, the original home of American Puritanism, are now important centers of Catholicism (Massachusetts shows 1,100,000 members of the Roman Catholic Church and 450,000 members of all Protestant Churches combined!). In Illinois there are about a million Roman Catholics, while the strongest Protestant body (the Methodists) cannot show more than 300,000 adherents. In New York state we find 2,300,000 Catholics and about 300,000 Methodists, while no other Protestant body numbers more than 200,000."

From statistics representing the five States of Indiana, Iowa, Maryland,

California and Kentucky, where the proportion of Roman Catholics and the foreign element is comparatively small, Dr. Booth shows that in every one of them the birth-rate is excessively low—lower even than in France—and in three of them, Indiana, Maryland and California, there is an actual excess of deaths over births. On the other hand, the five States of New York, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Michigan, and Connecticut, in which the Roman Catholic and foreign element is well represented, make a very different showing of higher birth-rate (22.0 to 25.0 per 1,000 compared to 13.0 to 16.0 in the first group), and a very marked excess of births over deaths in each State.

Definite statistics for other important States are said to be lacking, but those given indicate a remarkable increase of the foreign and non-Protestant section of the American people as compared with the Anglo-Saxon and Protestant section, an increase which Dr. Booth says must result less in absorption than in a gradual alteration of national character, customs and beliefs.

Numerous other observations are cited by Dr. Booth to bear out the conclusion that the Anglo-Saxon Protestant element, which has all along formed the core of American civilization, is now a diminishing quantity. For instance, the number of children per marriage in Massachusetts in the years 1870, 1880, 1890, was: native stock—2.2, 2.2, and 2.4 respectively; foreign stock—4.4, 5.0, 4.3 respectively. In Boston, 1900, the native birth-rate was 18.2, foreign 31.1; in Providence, the same year, native birth-rate 16.0, foreign 31.1. In Connecticut, 1900, "there were 173,000 married women, of whom 66,000 were foreign-born whites; and in that year these 66,000 gave birth to almost exactly the same number of children as the remaining 107,000—a little over one-third of the married women in the State thus producing half the children."



An investigation by a New York religious paper, *Federation*, graded the different religious bodies in this city with respect to the number of children per marriage in the following order: Jews (highest number), Roman Catholics, Protestant (orthodox), Protestant (liberal), Agnostic. A German sociological review states that 40 per cent. of the upper-class marriages in New York city are childless.

Looking at the situation as a whole, says Dr. Booth, there is good reason to think that the Protestant Anglo-Saxons are not only losing ground relatively, but must, at any rate in the

East and middle East, be suffering an actual decrease on a large scale, since the average fertility of each marriage in this section falls short of the four children requisite for maintenance of the stock.

In Canada, Dr. Booth compares a birth-rate in Roman Catholic Quebec of 37.2 and in Nova Scotia of 25.0 with the mainly Protestant provinces of Ontario, 22.6; Alberta, 23.5; Saskatchewan, 17.7; Manitoba, 15.9 and British Columbia, 14.9.

Dr. Booth, who is himself a Protestant, concludes that "modern Protestantism is now (in practice if not in

theory) virtually identified with a very extreme type of Malthusianism, and that in consequence of this state of affairs it is being driven back in practically all the great centers of civilization, both in the old world and the new, while the cream of its human material is suffering gradual extinction. If Protestant thinkers are alive to the gravity of the situation, is it not time that they should ask themselves very seriously the question: Are we prepared to accept this extreme Malthusianism, this anxious and drastic restriction of the family, as the true ideal of Christian marriage?"

## IS ANY NATION INDISPENSABLE TO THE FUTURE OF CIVILIZATION?

HOW SHALL we appraise the sincere claim of each of the European nations at war that the welfare of future civilization depends upon its continued existence? The view that none of them is indispensable is forcefully expressed by Roland G. Usher, author of "Pan-Germanism" and professor of history at Washington University, St. Louis. He writes in *The New Republic*, a weekly review recently started by a group of editors associated with Herbert Croly. It is noteworthy that this commentator, like hosts of others who consider the war, is found at once to be dealing with religious and ethical values. He says:

"We find it personally a little difficult to concede to any of the nations the gift of prophecy and an ability to read the writing in the stars. Can we be absolutely positive that the future of the human race, let us say, depends upon the ruling of Asia, Africa, or South America by any European nation? In the face of the fact that every religious creed which has shown any strength in history has come out of Asia, can we believe that upon the direction of the occidental nations depends the spiritual progress of the human race? We find in Europe at present two different notions of administration; one called parliamentary government, and the other bureaucratic government. The one works admirably in England, and rather badly elsewhere; the other is astonishingly efficient in Germany, and less conspicuously useful in other countries. Shall we not really need the powers of a seventh son to tell which of these is more essential to the world at large? We find in England a notion of individual liberty which, on the whole, allows the individual to do pretty much anything he wants to until some other individual sues him in court. The government is to arbitrate between the two, but is to direct neither. In Germany the government promulgates sets of rules regarding the conduct of individuals toward each other, and compels individuals to observe them. The citizens of both nations claim that the results are as nearly

ideal as anything is likely to be in this imperfect world."

Looking into the past, it is difficult to concede to any generation the ability to tell in advance what will benefit or will injure civilization. Greek culture was actually spread by the downfall of political Greece, and Professor Usher supposes that scarcely a Roman citizen could have been found in the fourth century, A. D., who would not have bewailed the invasions of the "barbarous" Germans as the death of civilization.

"Indeed, educated men were pretty positive for nearly a thousand years that the Barbarians had destroyed civilization. Of this the Renaissance had no doubt whatever, and named the centuries subsequent to the fall of Rome and previous to their own time as the dark ages, when the light of civilization had been quenched. It is an astonishingly different notion of the Barbarian invasions which we find in the pages of ardent Teutonists like Lamprecht or Chamberlain. They are quite convinced that those centuries saw the dawn of civilization. In 1630 Gustavus Adolphus arrived in Germany for the purpose of saving civilization, which he identified with Protestantism, yet he succeeded (as most authorities are now agreed) in wrecking and desolating Germany, and he was certainly one of the chief authors of her poverty and weakness in the two succeeding centuries. Nor do we see at present eye to eye with the savior of civilization in 1815. Louis XVIII. and the Duke of Wellington now occupy quite unenviable positions as blind reactionaries in the path of progress, while for those masters of foreign politics, George Canning and Metternich, whose policies and speeches impressed their contemporaries as utterances divinely inspired, we have scarcely a respectful word. Yet in 1815 there was probably no individual whom his contemporaries would have considered sane who did not breathe fervent prayers of thanks in the belief that the future of civilization was now assured, having passed into the hands of its saviors."

From history it also appears to Professor Usher that it is almost im-

possible for contemporaries to judge correctly in deciding whether resistance to aggression is really a safeguard for the future or merely an attempt of the obsolete and the outworn to retard progress. There can be absolutely no doubt, he says, "that the monasteries rendered indispensable service to the cause of civilization in the early middle ages, not only by the preservation of art and letters but by the preservation of technical skill in many mechanical trades. But in the sixteenth century the monastic orders had no friends sufficiently ardent and powerful to ward off destruction, and there are not many students to-day who are inclined to question the general gain for civilization by the breaking of their power."

If there is anything in the tenet of the relativity of truth, declares Professor Usher, we have not now and are not likely to have any notion of what is really indispensable to the future of civilization, because we have not and cannot have a definite notion of what the future of civilization is.

"It ought to be sufficient for us to remember that northwestern Europe, which we now look upon as the seat of civilization, was, at the birth of Christ, scarcely known to be upon the globe, and was in all honesty believed by scientists to be the place where the world came to an end and space began. And in the history of the race and of the world two thousand years are but a moment. In reality we are dealing to-day with essentially different notions of civilization, of its object, of the methods necessary to attain it, of the hands which will perform the work. It is the difference of opinion about the future which lies at the root of the present difficulty, and in that opinion we shall find, as in a looking-glass, the images of the nations as they successively step forward. They differ in their national character, their ideas of morality, their ideas of the future, because of their past. Their national aims and ambitions are the result of the history of Europe, the result of their deep hatreds, antagonisms and rival-



ries during the fifteen hundred years since their ancestors poured down from the forests of the North upon the provinces of decadent Rome. From such a long and tangled past have come deep-rooted ideas, intense passions, strong beliefs, determinations to prevail. It is with these we have to deal.

"Somehow, in some way of which we know nothing, the future civilization will emerge, as in the past, from the clash of these ideals and ambitions. The past makes it clear that civilization will be safeguarded, whatever happens. The future no more depends upon a single race or a single nation than a nation depends upon a single individual. When we talk of worlds, of aeons of time, of the human race itself and the future of its civilization, nations, like individuals, become pygmies and almost disappear from sight. We cannot tell in advance what the future is going to be, we cannot tell in advance which of us will render the service which will be seen a thousand years hence to have been important; but surely we can all be pardoned for believing that we have some part to play in it."

Professor Usher concludes that the real problem with which we have to deal is not that of providing for civilization's future, but that of providing for the immediate future of those of us who are now alive.

Viscount James Bryce, long British ambassador to the United States, has contributed to current war literature an ardent plea for the liberty, individuality and integrity of the small nations. Under the title "Neutral Nations and the War," this plea has been issued in pamphlet form by the Macmillan Company. History declares, says Mr. Bryce, that no nation, however great, is entitled to impose its type of civilization on others. "No race, not even the Teutonic or the Anglo-Saxon, is entitled to claim the leadership of humanity. Each people has in its time contributed something that was distinctively its own, and the world is far richer thereby than if any one race, however gifted, had established a permanent ascendancy. The world advances not, as the Bernhardt school suppose, only or even mainly by fighting. It advances mainly by thinking and by a process of reciprocal teaching and learning, by a continuous and unconscious cooperation of all its strongest and finest minds. Each race has something to give, each something to learn; and when their blood is blended the mixed stock may combine the gifts of both."

Mr. Bryce denies that the State is wiser or more righteous than the human beings of whom it consists, and whom it sets up to govern it; he denies that the strong Power is a moral law unto itself as against smaller and weaker States standing in the way. Among considerations which he thinks should appeal to men in all countries are these:

"The small states, whose absorption is now threatened, have been potent and useful—perhaps the most potent and useful—factors in the advance of civilization. It is in them and by them that most of what is most precious in religion, in philosophy, in literature, in science, and in art has been produced.

"The first great thoughts that brought man into a true relation with God came from a tiny people, inhabiting a country smaller than Denmark. The religions of mighty Babylon and populous Egypt have vanished: the religion of Israel remains in its earlier as well as in that latter form which has overspread the world.

"The Greeks were a small people, not united in one great state, but scattered over coasts and among hills in petty city communities, each with its own life, slender in numbers, but eager, versatile, intense. They gave us the richest, the most varied, and the most stimulating of all literatures.

"When poetry and art reappeared, after the long night of the Dark Ages, their most splendid blossoms flowered in the small republics of Italy.

"In modern Europe what do we not owe to little Switzerland, lighting the torch of freedom 600 years ago, and keeping it alight through all the centuries when despotic monarchies held the rest of the European continent; and what to free Holland, with her great men of learning and her painters surpassing those of all other countries save Italy?

"So the small Scandinavian nations have given to the world famous men of science, from Linnæus downward, poets like Tegner and Björnson, dauntless explorers like Fridthiof Nansen. England had, in the age of Shakespeare, Bacon, and Milton, a population little larger than that of Bulgaria to-day. The United States, in the days of Washington and Franklin and Jefferson and Hamilton and Marshall, counted fewer inhabitants than Denmark or Greece.

"In the two most brilliant generations of German literature and thought, the age of Kant and Lessing and Goethe, of Hegel and Schiller and Fichte, there was no real German State at all, but a congeries of principalities and free cities, independent centers of intellectual life, in which letters and science produced a richer crop than the two succeeding generations have raised, just as Britain also, with eight times the population of the year 1600, has had no more Shakespeares or Miltons."

No notion is more palpably contradicted by history, continues Mr. Bryce, than that relied on by the school to which General Bernhardt belongs, that "culture"—literary, scientific, and artistic—flourishes best in great military States.

"The decay of art and literature in the Roman world began just when Rome's military power had made that world one great and ordered State. The opposite view would be much nearer the truth; tho one must admit that no general theory regarding the relations of art and letters to governments and political conditions has ever yet been proved to be sound.

"The world is already too uniform, and is becoming more uniform every day. A few leading languages, a few forms of civilization, a few types of character, are spreading out from the seven or eight greatest States and extinguishing the weaker languages, forms, and types.

"Altho the great States are stronger and more populous, their peoples are not necessarily more gifted, and the extinction of the minor languages and types would be a misfortune for the world's future development."

We may not be able to arrest the forces which seem to be making for such extinction, but we certainly ought not to strengthen them, urges Mr. Bryce. "Rather we ought to maintain and defend the smaller States, and to favor the rise and growth of new peoples. Not merely because they were delivered from the tyranny of Sultans like Abdul Hamid did the intellect of Europe welcome the successively won liberations of Greece, Serbia, Bulgaria and Montenegro; it was also in the hope that those countries would in time develop out of their present crudeness new types of culture, new centers of productive intellectual life."

What many Americans consider one of the most notable reviews of the fundamental issues involved in the great war, by ex-President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard, in the *New York Times*, reaches the conclusion that the desirable outcomes of the war are:

"No world-empire for any race or nation, no more 'subjects,' no executives, either permanent or temporary, with power to throw their fellow-countrymen into war, no secret diplomacy justifying the use for a profit of all the lies, concealments, deceptions, and ambushes which are an inevitable part of war and assuming to commit nations on international questions, and no conscription armies that can be launched in war by executives without consulting independent representative assemblies. There should come out from this supreme convulsion a federated Europe, or a league of the freer nations, which should secure the smaller States against attack, prevent the larger from attempting domination, make sure that treaties and other international contracts shall be public and be respected until modified by mutual consent, and provide a safe basis for the limitations and reduction of armaments on land and sea, no basis to be considered safe which could fail to secure the liberties of each and all the federated States against the attacks of any outsider or faithless member."

No one can see at present, Dr. Eliot admits, how such a consummation is to be brought about, but any one can see that this consummation is the only one which can satisfy lovers of liberty under law, and believers in the progress of mankind through loving service each to all and all to each.

## HOW WAR MADNESS REDUCES THE FREEDOM OF THE WILL

PEOPLE have rushed madly to war, explains Dr. Jacques Loeb, a distinguished biologist of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, quite as moths and crustaceans rush madly to light artificially produced. Among masses of people the introduction of such a phrase as "racial superiority" and "racial antipathy" acts like chemicals among crustaceans in reducing the degrees of freedom of the will to go except in one direction. Such an analogy is interesting, even if not wholly convincing when applied to human conduct, since it is drawn from the so-called theory of animal tropisms (the inherent tendency of a living thing to respond definitely to an external stimulus), developed in Dr. Loeb's "Mechanical Conception of Life," published by the University of Chicago Press. He writes in the *New Review*, an international Socialist publication, primarily for Socialists whose internationalism has gone to pieces in the present European war. He asks, What induces the masses, even the Socialists, to become the dupes of the destructive minority elements, medievalists, armament mongers, industrial exploiters, military caste, vested interests, "rulers" and "statesmen"?

"Organisms differ in their conduct from a steam engine or any other machine by possessing a greater number of degrees of freedom. Under ordinary circumstances a swarm of certain small water crustaceans in a jar shows an apparently absolute freedom (strictly speaking, a limited number of degrees of freedom) in their movements; i. e., nobody would be able to predict the direction in which any of the individuals will move in the next moment. They are as 'free' and incalculable in their movements as human beings. If we put into such a jar, containing a swarm of these crustaceans, a trace of a weak acid, e. g., carbonated water, the picture changes in a few seconds. The whole mass of animals is filled with one will, all rush madly to the side of the dish from where the light comes. If the position of the dish in regard to the window is changed, the masses will rush again to the window-side of the dish. We can now predict precisely how each individual will act, the machine-character of their conduct is obvious. What has the carbonated water done to these animals? Has it destroyed their 'freedom of will'? Not exactly, since they never possessed it, but it has diminished the number of their degrees of freedom, by making their sensitiveness to light so preponderant that all the other agencies which are able to influence their motions are annihilated. All the animals can do now is to rush 'to the front'—from where the light comes."

This theory of animal reaction and

animal will, according to Dr. Loeb, applies generally to the understanding of animal and human conduct. The reactions of the animals toward light are determined by the presence of a definite chemical substance; but so also are the other desires and actions of animals and human beings. It is perfectly mad for the crustaceans to rush to the light, but with carbonated water the water crustacean has no other choice but to rush to the light.

"It is worthy of notice that these cases cannot be interpreted in the terms of the psychologist. We cannot say that it is 'passion' which dominates these animals, because the word 'passion' does not explain why they do not act in the opposite way. We do not know the specific nature of the active chemicals in all cases, but we know the nature of the chemical when we make the little crustaceans light-mad by carbonated water. It is surely not 'passion' which makes the crustaceans go to the light.

"We are still accustomed to speak of 'the blinding effect of passion in humans.' What happens in the case of the 'passion' or supreme 'emotions' of a human seems to be the setting free of definite chemical substances by some agency—e. g., those which cause the complex of reactions called fear. Such substances often annihilate all degrees of freedom of action in the individual except in one direction or way. Humans with such a reduced number of degrees of freedom are 'mad' in the same sense of the word as the crustaceans in the above-mentioned experiment. The blinding effect of 'passion' is only a special case among the many in which the degrees of freedom of individuals are reduced.

"It is well known that we can arouse human beings by certain phrases, and it is possible that in some cases they influence human beings indirectly, inasmuch as the phrases lead to the secretion of certain substances in the body and that these substances arouse those physical alterations which are the symptoms of 'passion.' (But it is not necessary that the influence of phrases should in all cases be explained in this way.) Humans with such a reduced number of degrees of freedom of will can easily be led in that single direction which corresponds to the single degree of freedom left open to them."

So, reasons Dr. Loeb, those who wish to "lead" masses or who wish to utilize them for their purposes, or who desire to make them sacrifice everything for a cause, must do so by first reducing in these beings all degrees of freedom but one, namely, that in which they expect them to act.

"It is possible to restrict the degrees of freedom from without, by the police. This is a clumsy method and it is inefficient, since as long as the internal degrees of freedom are not restricted it is bound

to lead to opposition or even rebellion. The effective method of leadership consists in the reduction of the degrees of freedom of the masses from within.

"All great movements in history have been produced by the discovery of means by which all degrees of freedom but one were suppressed in human beings. The Crusaders furnish an example. They were rendered unfree by having their minds filled with the phrase of the liberation of the tomb of Christ. Church and Court historians have at all times glorified this condition of artificially produced insanity. The unanimity with which the Germans, French, and possibly Russians, rushed to the front has a similar basis."

Dr. Loeb then proceeds to denounce such false-light phrases as "glory," "territorial aggrandizement," "nationalism," "imperialism," and "race superiority," invented and developed to reduce natural degrees of freedom of will to the one mad desire of rushing to the front.

"The English apparently do not lend themselves as yet so easily to a complete annihilation of all degrees of freedom of will, and we actually notice the astonishing spectacle that they do not all rush to the front. But the Kiplings will persevere.

"The attitude of the French and German Socialists has been a surprise to many. Closer analysis will show that we must judge them mildly, in spite of the irreparable harm they have done to the belief that through Socialism humanity will be freed from war. We have pointed out that the phrase used by the German (and in all probability also by the Russian) press is that this is a 'race war'—Teutonism vs. Slavism. The Socialists had learned enough not to be deceived by the clamoring for expansion of trade: they were also probably prepared to resist a desire of the Nationalists for territorial expansion, but they had not yet recognized the danger of the phrase, 'racial superiority'—it is indeed a mere phrase, unsupported by any scientific fact and contradicted by the laws of heredity.

"Talent and, in all appearance, moral qualities run in families and strains, independently of race. The hereditary characters are transmitted as a rule independently of each other, and with a black skin the highest talent and the highest moral powers may be combined, while a complete absence of both may accompany a white skin. As long as the Socialists worship at the shrine of 'racial antipathy' and 'racial superiority,' as many of them actually do, they will continue to be an unreliable factor in the progress of civilization. It is a great pity that the Socialists get their information on heredity—the laws of which have only become clear in the last decade—either from the older scientific literature or from purely literary writers who are also responsible for the ideas of racial superiority which dominate Germany to-day."



Dr. Loeb, after warning us of war danger in the "racial superiority" fetish regarding negroes or Japanese, concludes with an exhortation to the

workingmen, who in a war are the main dupes, to free themselves (by means of other tropisms, shall we say?) from the grip of the phrases

"racial superiority" and "racial anti-pathology," as they have freed themselves from the grip of manufactured imperialistic phrases.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY BELIEF IN LIFE AFTER DEATH

SIR OLIVER LODGE, the physicist who is president of the London Society of Psychological Research, has now declared his conviction "upon scientific evidence" that future existence is real, having himself conversed with friends who had passed away. The scientific evidence, as the *New York World* notes, is not yet proffered to the public, but such an opinion from an eminent man of science who speaks with more than "forty-parson power" will "command an attention which the entire faculty of a theological seminary could not inspire." Sir Oliver, in previous addresses before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, approached this subject by warning scientists that their methods of arriving at truth might not be the only ones. His latest declaration, in the opening address of "science week" at Browning Hall, Walworth, as cabled to American papers, reads:

"The mind works the body and not the body the mind. Once realize that consciousness is something greater and outside of the particular mechanism which it makes use of and you will understand that the survival of existence is the natural, the simplest thing.

"We ourselves are not limited to the few years that we live on this earth. We should go on without it; we should certainly continue to exist; we should certainly survive.

"Why do I say that? I say it on definite scientific grounds. I say it because I know that certain friends of mine still exist, because I have talked to them.

"Communication is possible. One must obey the laws and find out the conditions. I do not say it is easy, but I say it is possible, and I have conversed with them as I could converse with any one in this audience.

"Now being scientific men, they have given proof that it is real, not an impersonation, not something emanating from myself. They have given definite proofs. Some of them are being published. Many are being withheld for a time, but will be published later.

"I tell you that it is so with all the strength and conviction I can muster—that it is so; that we do persist; that people still take an interest in things going on; that they still help us and know more about the things than we do and that they are able from time to time to communicate with us.

"I know that man is surrounded by other intelligences. If you once step beyond man there is no limit until you come

to the Infinite Intelligence Himself. Once having gone beyond man, you go on and must go on until you come to God.

"But it is no strange land to which I am leading you. The cosmos is one. We here on this planet are limited in certain ways and blind to much that is going on, but I tell you that we are surrounded by beings, working with us, cooperating and helping, such as people in visions have had some perception of, and that which religion tells us saints and angels are. That the Master Himself is helping us is, I believe, literally true."

Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian author, inimitably expresses his confident belief in the future life in the closing chapter of his new book, "The Unknown Guest." He gives that title to the mysterious force which has been called the subliminal self, consciousness, superior subconsciousness, or superior psychism. Regarding this unknown guest he asks:

"Does it really exist—this tragic and comical, evasive and unavoidable figure, which we make no claim to portray, but at most to divest of some of its shadows? It were rash to affirm it too loudly; but meanwhile, in the realms where we suppose it to reign, everything happens as tho it did exist. Do away with it, and you are obliged to people the world and to burden your life with a host of hypothetical and imaginary beings—gods, demigods, angels, demons, saints, discarnate spirits, shells, elementals, ethereal entities, interplanetary intelligences, and so on. Accept it, and all these phantoms, without disappearing—for they may very well continue to live in its shadow—become superfluous or accessory."

The great quarrel between the subconscious school and the spiritualists is based, in the main, Maeterlinck thinks, upon a misunderstanding.

"It is quite possible, and even very probable, that the dead are all around us, since it is impossible that the dead do not live. Our subconsciousness must mingle with all that does not die in them; and that which dies in them, or rather disperses and loses all its importance, is but the little consciousness accumulated on this earth and kept up until the last hour by the frail bonds of memory. In all those manifestations of our unknown guest it is our posthumous ego that already lives in us while we are still in the flesh and at moments joins that which does not die in those who have quitted their body. Then does the existence of our unknown guest presume the immortality of a part of our-

selves? Can one possibly doubt it? Have you ever imagined that you would perish entirely? As for me, what I cannot conceive is the manner in which you would picture that total annihilation. But, if you cannot perish entirely, it is no less certain that those who came before you have not perished, either; and hence it is not altogether improbable that we may be able to discover them and communicate with them. In this wider sense, the spiritualistic theory is perfectly admissible; but what is not at all admissible is the narrow and pitiful interpretation which its exponents too often give it."

It is within ourselves, says Maeterlinck, in the silence and the darkness of our being, where it is ever in motion, guiding our destiny, that we should strive to surprise the mystery and discover it.

"I am not speaking only of the dreams, the presentiments, the vague intuitions, the more or less brilliant inspirations which are so many more manifestations, specific, as it were, and analogous with those that have occupied us. There is another, a more secret and much more active existence, which we have scarcely begun to study and which is, if we descend to the bed-rock of truth, our only real existence. From the darkest corners of our ego it directs our veritable life, the one that is not to die, and pays no heed to our thought or to anything emanating from our reason, which believes that it guides our steps. It alone knows the long past that preceded our birth and the endless future that will follow our departure from this earth. It is itself that future and that past, all those from whom we have sprung and all those who will spring from us. It represents in the individual not only the species, but that which preceded it and that which will follow it; and it has neither beginning nor end: that is why nothing touches it, nothing moves it which does not concern that which it represents."

That great figure, that new being, Maeterlinck observes, has been there in our darkness from all time, tho its awkward and extravagant actions, until recently attributed to the gods, to the demons, or to the dead, are only now asking for our serious attention.

"It has been likened to an immense block of which our personality is but a diminutive facet; to an iceberg, of which we see a few glistening prisms that represent our life, while nine-tenths of the enormous mass remain buried in the darkness of the sea. According to Sir Oliver Lodge, it is that part of our being that has not become carnate; according to Gustave



le Bon, it is the 'condensed' soul of our ancestors, which is true, beyond a doubt, but only a part of the truth, for we find in it also the soul of the future and probably of many other forces which are not necessarily human. William James saw in it a diffuse cosmic consciousness and the chance intrusion into our scientifically organized world of remnants and vestiges of the primordial chaos. Here are a num-

ber of images striving to give us an idea of a reality so vast that we are unable to grasp it. It is certain that what we see from our terrestrial life is nothing compared with what we do not see."

Besides, if we think of it, adds Maeterlinck, "it would be monstrous and inexplicable that we should be only what we appear to be—nothing but

ourselves, whole and complete in ourselves, separated, isolated, circumscribed by our body, our mind, our consciousness, our birth and our death. We become possible and probable only on the condition that we project beyond ourselves on every side and that we extend ourselves in every direction throughout time and space."

## HAS WAR KILLED THE "WOMAN'S RIGHTS" MOVEMENT IN EUROPE?

AT the recent National Woman's Suffrage Convention in Chattanooga, Tenn., Miss Christabel Pankhurst, the English militant suffragette, cited the European war as "an instance of the danger and injustice of depriving women of the ballot." Women suffer, in the knowledge that they had no power to avert the war. The inference one is expected to draw is that if women had possessed the right to vote they might have prevented what men, with the right to vote, did not prevent. Moreover, various suffrage advocates predict an advance of the woman's movement as a result of the great war.

A different opinion is expressed at length by Dora Marsden, contributing editor of *The Egoist*, London, who says:

"The War—still the War—has brought the wordy contest about Women's Rights to an abrupt finish, and only a few sympathetic words remain to be spoken over the feminist corpse. Two parties were quarreling about the validity of the one party's claim to 'rights,' and without any warning preliminaries both parties, with the rest of the world, stand spectators at a demonstration in the natural history of 'rights.' . . . In the countries at war the inhabitants are entitled to the rights of the inhabitants of Louvain, or to those of two aviators fighting in the air, *i. e.*, to what they can get. Civil rights, as well as courtesy rights, circumstances have called in, pending a settlement of fundamental rights, the rights which tally with the arbitrament of might when exhaustion compels one body of combatants to ask for terms. Those terms will be the 'absolute right' at the moment of settlement, and will be the foundation and the ultimate authorization of all subsequent civil or permitted courtesy rights, both of which species of right those who control the armed forces of a community can abrogate whenever they see fit. . . .

"The great charters embodying new rights have all been given in response to actual or threatened insurrections in might—*i. e.*, in spirit—of those who desired them, and as such they fall into harmony with the spirit of the absolute rights actually established at the sword's point. Between such rights and the courtesy rights which men have conferred on women there is a swing almost to an opposite; a sweep of difference, bridged to a certain degree by what may be called 'bluffed rights'—rights conferred by astute poli-

ticians with an eye to popular favor in response to agitations too utterly feeble ever to put their issue to the test of any tribunal other than that of words and intrigue. It is a highly pernicious process, because it misleads and subdues spirit, and it is to this increasing vogue of ultra-modern political institutions that the 'Woman's Rights' agitation is largely due."

Reviewing the confusion of two brands of vote-seeking propaganda this writer describes one as the instinct towards the emoluments and confused status which goes with "property," and the other as the instinct towards the self-responsibilities of "freedom" which means "power." The question is, she says, whether women *have* the power, the genuine self-supplying power, and not the bogus counterfeit of conferred power.

"Every form of self-responsible power demands—not last, but first—capable physical self-defence. One might venture to say it would be impossible to find in these islands any 'advanced' woman who has not felt herself made into something of a fool by the unequivocal evidence as to the position of women presented by the war—not merely in the countries actually devastated by the war—but here in England. They find that they may busy themselves with efforts to assist their less 'protected' sisters towards maintenance: they may form an admiring audience: they may have the honor of being allowed to share in their country's defence by dint of knitting socks: or 'serve,' as one ungallant soldier put it, by providing one of the 'horrors of war' as a Red Cross Nurse. In the war-area itself, they form part, along with the rest of the property, of the spoils of the conquered. One cannot easily refrain from the inference that, tho they have weakened the pull of the old-womanly competence, the 'advanced women' have done very little in the way of furnishing the necessary foundations for its successor."

Both the "advanced" women and the "womanly" women, according to Dora Marsden, have sought to advance their status through the obliging acquiescence of their mankind, but have differed only as to the civil means used: "demand" or "courtesy." Whichever path, she says, "one takes in considering this question of womanly complementari-

ness or secondariness, if one so chooses to call it, always the same conclusion is arrived at: an effectual assertion of physical force is the first essential to any successful digression from the normal womanly protected sphere. It is a blunt fact, with a none too attractive sound, and there will be few women who will care to give voice to it: which silence, by the way, is more telling evidence of the amount of distance which the 'movement' has traveled than fifty years of platform oratory."

"Whether the 'revolting' women will ever move on to the point of acquiring the elements of self-defensive and aggressive force depends on the extent to which the ardor of ambition can survive the depressing effects of the present too realistic presentation of their actual position. In any case, the set of circumstance and environment are against it. For it, there is nothing but pride of temper; the same ferment, however, which has been responsible for the rising of every subordinate race and class. If Englishwomen elected to, there exists nothing in themselves to prevent them from being as good a fighting force as the Japanese, for instance: and that would do to be getting along with. What does prevent them is *lack of desire*, and therefore lack of initiative; consequently there is no apparent necessity to make a drive through that heavy inertia which the substantial triumphs of passive womanliness have fostered. They are accustomed to win success almost solely through well-utilized inertia, and the better they succeed as 'females,' the more encouraged they are to remain inert. The spur of necessity, occasionally, will overcome it; but, lacking that, there is nothing to urge them on, and everything to pull them back. Even status—*women's status*—lies that way. Ninety-nine out of every hundred women can better hope to improve their status by looking to their marriage chances than by 'carving a career.' Only a personal pride (out of the ordinary), and intelligence, and the unique something which sets straight for individual power, remains to count on. Their possession is rare enough, and even when possessed are to be exercised only if something quite as vital to women can be fitted in alongside. In exchanging the old competence for the new, no woman can afford to forego that end which was the main objective of the old competence, and which this earlier proved so superlatively successful in attaining."



## LITERATURE · AND · ART



### Disappointing Literature of the Great War.

NOTABLE contributions to the literature of the great war are as yet few, judged according to the standards of good writing. Lecturing a short time ago before the National Home Reading Union in London, Professor Sadler of Leeds University bestowed the prize for literary merit upon some of the British official dispatches, upon Kitchener's letter to the soldiers, upon President Wilson's call to prayer for peace, and upon some of the unsigned newspaper reports. The stars of the literary world were ignored. The war poetry reminds Professor Sadler of cooks doing rhymes by the kitchen fire when they ought to be getting dinner ready. His opinion leads the *New York Nation* to compare the war poems now published to Sir Walter Scott's unfortunate effort concerning Waterloo, apropos of which it was remarked that of all who fell by shell or shot, none fell so flat as Walter Scott. "High-sounding and pretentious"—thus the *Chicago Tribune* characterizes the literature of the war, discovering the real significance and horror of the upheaval in reading, in the obscure "Killed in Action" column of the *London Times*, the death notices of those eighteen and nineteen-year-old English boys who have sacrificed their lives for the Empire.

"Mr. Shaw has stood upon his head, Mr. Arnold Bennett has been sanely sentimental, Mr. Galsworthy has grieved judicially, and Mr. Chesterton has sparkled about its rights, its wrongs, and its hideousness. . . . Mr. Harold Begbie rails in rhythmic futility about the Teuton mad dog; the poetaster, Mr. Watson, bays vacuously to space in irresolute doggerel; Mr. Eden Phillpotts in iron words writes of sacrifice and of valor, and the great Maeterlinck mourns the plight of the king of the Belgians. . . . Mr. Irvin Cobb's discomforts and the agitation of Mr. Arthur Ruhl at Antwerp; the blithe escapades of Mr. Alexander Powell, flitting saucily via taxicab from field marshal to field marshal; Mr. Bennett's tearful enumeration of the dum-dums—all have been vividly related and eagerly assimilated; but here is reams of their graphic narrative in a few lines:

"HARDMAN.—Killed in action, Oct. 25-27, Second Lieut. Frederick McMahon Hardman, Royal fusiliers, aged 20, only son of the late Capt. Hardman, the Royal dragoons (who also died for his country, in the Boer war), and of Mrs. Hardman, Castleton, Sherborne, Dorset, and grandson of the late Gen. Sir Thomas McMahon, Bart., C. B."

### War Stops Literature, says Mr. Howells.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS is uncompromizing in his belief in the baneful effect of war upon all the arts, and upon literature especially. In an interview in the *N. Y. Times* the novelist declares: "War stops literature. It is an upheaval of civilization, a return to barbarism; it means death to all the arts. Even the preparation for war stops literature." He further elucidates this emphatic opinion:

"I have never believed that great events produced great literature. They seldom call forth the great creative powers of man. In poetry, it is not the poems of occasion that endure but the poems that have come into being independently, not as the result of momentous happenings.

"This war does not furnish the poet, the novelist and the dramatist with the material of literature. For instance, the Germans, as every one will admit, have shown extraordinary valor. But we do not think of celebrating that valor in poetry; it does not thrill the modern writers as such valor thrilled the writers of bygone centuries. When we think of the valor of the Germans, our emotion is not admiration but pity.

"And the reason for this is that fighting is no longer our ideal. Fighting was not a great ideal, and therefore it is no longer our ideal. All that old material of literature—the clashing of swords, the thunder of shot and shell, the great clouds of smoke, the blood and fury—all this has gone out from literature. It is an anachronism."

### Sex and May Sinclair's "Three Sisters."

MAY SINCLAIR has just published her greatest novel. "The Three Sisters" (Macmillan) is said to surpass even "The Divine Fire" by the same writer. This new novel is a veritable contribution to the new science of human behavior—especially feminine behavior. We read in the *N. Y. Globe* that "The Three Sisters" contains some of the boldest "sex revelations" to which we have yet been treated, yet the word sex is never mentioned. The Olympian detachment of the author is a unique and distinct achievement for a woman writer. The three sisters in her book live in a bleak parsonage in the north of England. The countryside boasts but one marriageable man. And the three sisters—"nice" girls, says the *Globe*—fight for that lone man "with

all the cunning and ruthlessness of the amorous and murderous spiders described by Fabre." When you read "The Three Sisters" you feel like a spy at a keyhole, according to a writer in the *London Times*, who elucidates the elements of Miss Sinclair's art in the following tribute:

"It is not that Miss Sinclair pursues too far the realistic method or that she fails in reticence; it is simply that the intimate history of the ordinary woman, who loves and marries—or does not marry—surprises, and even in a sense shocks, far more than the most scandalous chronicle of a light-o'-love, or the story of some utterly base or of some rarely noble woman. One realizes from this novel by a woman how much more profoundly sex governs the lives of women than the lives of men, how tragically women are the victims of their very sex. . . . It is notable that the histories of these girls are simply their sex histories, and yet they seem complete; whereas the two chief men, who are also described solely, or almost solely, in their capacity as lovers, are only half realized.

"The plot is not intricate, but it is of the best sort; it is spun by the wonderfully drawn characters and woven into form with an admirable detachment. There is no humor in the book—but then one must laugh altogether at sex or not laugh at all—but it is written in a simple, certain style, which only fails on a few occasions when the author's eagerness to reveal the beauty of the wild, high moor and the sheer hillside betray her into clumsily-phrased fancy. And the ending, cruel and true, courageously avoids the temptation of the weakly cheerful or the sentimental dismal. Miss Sinclair intrudes no personal comments, but leaves the whole story to make its own shrewd comment, and with it she has certainly made surer her own sure position in the world of fiction."

### Fiction Inspired by M. Henri Bergson.

DESMOND MACCARTHY, who, with the aid of Sidney Waterlow, has translated M. Jules Romains's "The Death of a Nobody" (Huebsch), has dedicated his version of the work to Roger Fry, "because you believe that something analogous to Post-Impressionism is possible and desirable in literature." Mr. MacCarthy further declares that there are ideas in this book, ideas derived from those philosophers who are influencing the young generation in France. One of these philosophers is, of course, M. Henri Bergson. It was to be expected. M. Bergson has been held responsible



for cubism, for paroxysm, for vorticism, even for Miss Gertrude Stein's literary chapsuey, and it is, therefore, not in the least surprising that M. Romains should contribute the Bergsonian note to contemporary fiction. The main thing to say about this book, according to the acute "N. P. D." of the *N. Y. Globe*, is, read it. "It is an effort, on the whole successful, to do in prose what painters and poets have not as yet been able to do so successfully in verse and pictures." How new and how unusual "The Death of a Nobody" is, is best indicated by Mr. MacCarthy when he explains the central idea of the novel in his prefatory dedication: "Individuality—character—the very pivot on which the art of the novelist has turned hitherto, is here made of no account. Individuals are as of little importance as wisps of straw riding down a river in flood-time, melting and dissolving as they pass, one straw going this way, one that; congregated together with bubbles and sticks they may make a noticeable patch on the sliding surface for a moment; detaching themselves again and still borne onwards, they are gradually dismembered and scattered and finally—lost? Well, in a sense. Such at least is the story of the death of Jacques Godard, a nobody; and in his lifetime, according to M. Romains, his existence was hardly more compact."

Anatole's Angels and  
James Stephens's.

THE discontented angels depicted by M. Anatole France in "The Revolt of the Angels" (John Lane) are a nuisance, according to the *London Spectator*. The three "buck" angels whom we discover in James Stephens's "The Demi-Gods" (Macmillan), are less sophisticated and vastly more amusing. William Marion Reedy, in the *St. Louis Mirror*, confesses that "The Revolt of the Angels" is the least artistic work that the supreme French ironist has given us. If these angels are introduced to satirize the orthodox Christian view of heaven, as Frank M. Colby points out in the *North American Review*, the effort is probably wasted upon those in whose hands the book is certain to fall. These ideas, Mr. Colby notes, are at the present time so alien to the skeptic that he can find but little pleasure even in their ridicule. It is almost certain that even the most ardent Anatolian who has plunged into "The Revolt of the Angels," with its highly interesting beginning, will be disappointed and fatigued before he closes the book, and must admit the justice of Mr. Colby's questions when he asks: "Is he not at times even for you, good Anatolian, a tiny bit too obvious? It is true that faith is pathetic and that faith is also absurd, and that the contrast between

a pure faith and a knavish morality in the same soul is ridiculous; but when he conveys these simple matters in his crystal style, are they not sometimes a little too palpable?"

Here is Stephens!

THE literary dazzler who wrote "Mary Makebelieve," "The Crock of Gold," and "Here are Ladies" now describes three angels who wander fields and paths in Ireland with the outlaw tinker, Patsy McCann, and his daughter Mary, and the philosophic ass who pulls their cart and listens with wagging ears to the colloquies. This ass is not lacking in personality. Indeed, he is no less engaging than the three angels, who have come to Ireland on some celestial business, or



HE LOOKS BEYOND THE GRAVE

"The Death of Nobody" is a strange bit of fiction inspired by Messieurs Bergson and Durkheim, and written by Jules Romains. The book mostly concerns a funeral. Perhaps that is why Rouveyre has here presented Romains with something of the solemnity of an undertaker.

than Patsy or Mary. Even more than the human and superhuman characters of the story, this anonymous ass conveys the quaint philosophic outlook we have come to associate with the name of James Stephens. Standing unprotected in a drenching rain, he says to himself: "I don't care whether it stops raining or not, for I can't get any wetter than I am, however it goes." Thereupon he engages in meditation:

"The first thing he thought about was carrots.

"He thought of their shape, their color and the way they looked in a bucket. Some would have the thick end stuck up and some would have the other end stuck up and there were always bits of clay sticking to one end or the other. Some would be lying on their sides as tho they had slipped quietly to sleep, and some

would be standing in a slanting way as tho they were leaning their backs against a wall and couldn't make up their minds what to do next. But, however they looked in the bucket, they all tasted alike, and they all tasted well. They are a companionable food; they make a pleasant crunching noise when they are bitten, and so, when one is eating carrots one can listen to the sound of one's eating and make a story from it.

"Thistles have a swishing noise when they are bitten; they have their taste.

"Grass does not make any noise at all; it slips dumbly to the sepulcher, and makes no sign.

"Bread makes no sound when it is eaten by an ass; it has an interesting taste, and it clings about one's teeth for a long time.

"Apples have a good smell and a joyful crunch, but the taste of sugar lasts longer in the mouth, and can be remembered for longer than anything else; it has a short, sharp crunch that is like a curse, and instantly it blesses you with the taste of it.

"Hay can be eaten in great mouthfuls. It has a chip and a crack at the first bite, and then it says no more. It sticks out of one's mouth like whiskers, and you can watch it with your eye while it moves to and fro, according as your mouth moves. It is a friendly food, and very good for the hungry.

"Oats are not a food; they are a great blessing; they are a debauch; they make you proud, so that you want to kick the front out of a cart, and climb a tree, and bite a cow, and chase chickens."

New York's Scylla  
and Charybdis.

THE "Captain of His Soul" (McBride & Nast) is the first novel, but not by any means the first book, from the pen of Henry James Forman, who is managing editor of *Collier's*. The young man who comes fresh from college with vague yet splendid ideals to seek a livelihood in New York City is, as the *N. Y. Times* points out, by no means an unusual figure in contemporary fiction. Yet he is seldom an uninteresting one; and, says the *Times* reviewer, the "general picture of the man and his surroundings has rarely if ever been better drawn than this one of Gilbert Spottswood and the persons and places he learned to know." Mr. Forman writes with entire mastery of his material. The *Boston Transcript* declares the book to be clever and highly polished. It hints that it is almost too highly polished. "It reminds one of a silver-plated automobile; it is wealthy with the modern improvements. It shows a full and rich knowledge of these things and touches them with a sensuous ease of language. So in superficial things the story is profound." While the *Times* commends the well-thought-out philosophy of Mr. Forman's novel, the *Transcript* is not quite satisfied that the hero really becomes 'the captain of his soul.' "For one thing, it doesn't happen so young. For another, it never happens for longer than ten



minutes at a time. No man has a steady job as captain of his soul." The same reviewer, however, commends the book for its shrewd insight into the minor sympathies of life. "These, if Mr. Forman would be content to know it, are not only much the greater part of life, but in their sum more important than cataclysms of the soul. Mr. De Morgan finds it so; likewise Mr. Arnold Bennett."

**The Handbook of  
Rudyard Kipling.**

**I**S Rudyard Kipling suffering the fate of Robert Browning? The N. Y. *Sun* thinks so. Mr. G. Thurston Hopkins has just published a volume of what may be termed Kiplingiana entitled "Rudyard Kipling" (Digby & Long; London). Ralph Durand's "Handbook of the Poetry of Rudyard Kipling" has just been issued from the presses of Messrs. Doubleday and Page. This book was prepared with the aid of Mr. Kipling himself. The *Sun* is of the opinion that "a little faint intelligence" should have been attributed to the readers of Kipling's poetry. The *Sun* thus expresses its disappointment over Mr. Durand's "exsiccation" of Rudyard Kipling:



HE IS NOW "HANDBOOKED"

By the aid of Mr. Durand's handbook, Mr. Rudyard Kipling may now be "translated" into conventional and colorless English. Tho most people prefer Kiplingese, it is a language at times difficult to understand. This impression of Kipling is the caricature of Joseph Simpson, found in a volume of small talk about Britain's greatest literary Imperialist by G. Thurston Hopkins.

"Mr. Kipling is a pantechicon of technicalities, a world jotter, a snapper-up of strange terms of art, the most concrete of artists, a crusher of the marrow in the dry bones of history and speech, the chartered libertine of words. A scientific, analytic, pronouncing dictionary of Kiplingese would be a just honor to one of the most accomplished, original, multifarious and meaty of languages. Aryan and non-Aryan, bond or free, his words are picked from everywhere. It is as if some child genius, roaming over the planet, collecting strange rocks and flowers and thorns, found everything new and wonderful and scattered the whole collection on the dazed heads of commonplace men with their small routine of words without color or edge. A wise old elephant was young Rudyard; an elephant somewhat noticeable among and even annoying to the hens, geese and other tame villatic fowl.

"Henceforth the irregular and wild Indobrit can be hobbled in the library. He can be studied. We can 'look up' his outlandish verbs and nouns and adjectives as if he were T. Livius of Padua, Sallust or Kikero. No longer is he, like 'Cæsar, Cyrus and Nebuchadnezzar, all standing naked in the open air.' We've got him in a dictionary, dried and pressed, with notes and commentary. My Lord the Elephant is hobbled by the ankle chains of 'scholarship,' which the gods call pedantry."

## RUSSIAN HATRED OF WESTERN IDEALS AS REVEALED IN THE LETTERS OF DOSTOEVSKY

**T**HE letters of Fyodor Dostoevsky to his family and friends, which have just been published by the Macmillan Company, reveal the great novelist as an ardent and often bitter champion of Russian culture as opposed to the ideas of Western Europe. He loathed "the faith in Europe and the civilization in which our upper classes are steeped." His spiritual patriotism amounted to nothing less than chauvinism. Out of Russia, he declared, he felt "like a fish out of water." "I lose all my energies, all my faculties," he wrote in one letter home. "Everywhere in foreign lands I feel like a slice cut from the loaf." His hatred of the Germans was only equaled by his disgust for the French. The famous quarrel between himself and Turgenev was brought on by the former's violent antipathy to German culture and to Turgenev's cosmopolitan sympathies. Turgenev, we are told, met Dostoevsky in Baden-Baden and informed the fanatical champion of Russian culture that "we are bound to crawl in the dust before the Germans, that there is but one universal and irrefutable way—that of civilization, and that all attempts to create an independent Russian culture are but folly and pigheadedness."

Dostoevsky bitterly recommended

Turgenev to order a telescope from Paris in order to be able to study the Russian people with greater convenience. "You are always talking of German 'culture,'" he sneered, "but with what has your 'culture' endowed the Germans, and wherein do they surpass us?" Thus the chasm of misunderstanding was widened between the two writers. His personal animosity was so great that he drew a spiteful and cruel caricature of Turgenev in "The Possessed." In a letter to his friend Maikov from Geneva in 1867 is revealed his hatred of Turgenev and of western culture, as typified in the Germans:

"I went about now and found him (Turgenev) at breakfast. I'll tell you frankly I never really liked that man. The worst of it is that since 1862, at Wiesbaden, I've owed him 50 dollars (which even to-day I haven't yet paid back!). I can't stand the aristocratic and pharisaical sort of way he embraces one and offers his cheek to be kissed. He puts on monstrous airs; but my bitterest complaint against him is his book, 'Smoke.' He told me himself that the leading idea, the point at issue in that book, is this: 'If Russia were destroyed by an earthquake and vanished from the globe, it would mean no loss to humanity—it would not even be noticed.' . . . I have noticed this: all those Liberals and Progressives who derive

chiefly from Bielinsky's school, find their pleasure and satisfaction in abusing Russia. . . . And (they) declare in the same breath that *they love Russia*. And yet they hate everything that is native to the soil, they delight in caricaturing it."

His opinion of the Germans, and especially of the Prussians, is still further elucidated and emphasized in a letter from Dresden, at the time of the Prussian invasion of France in 1870:

"Are Russians simpletons that they can believe it is through their schooling that the Prussians have come off conquerors? Such a view is positively sinful: it's a fine schooling whereby children are harassed and tormented, as it were, by Attila's horde, and even worse. . . . I have myself read letters from German soldiers in France to their parents (small business-folk). Good God, the things they have to tell! O, how ill they are, and how hungry! But it would take too long to relate. One more observation, tho, I'll give you: at first, one often heard the people in the streets singing the 'Wacht am Rhein': now, one *never* hears it at all. By far the greatest excitement and pride exists among the professors, doctors, and students; the crowd are but little interested. Indeed, they are very quiet. But the professors are extraordinarily arrogant. I encounter them every evening in the public library. A very influential scholar with

silver-white hair loudly exclaimed, the day before yesterday, 'Paris must be bombarded!' So that's the outcome of all their learning. If not of their learning, then of their stupidity. They may be very scholarly, but they're frightfully limited! As to the populace, everybody can read and write, but everybody is terribly unintelligent, obtuse, stubborn and devoid of any high ideals."

This anti-German contempt was only part of his hatred for all of Western Europe. "France has of late become brutalized and degraded," he wrote elsewhere, and he looked for her reformation through the suffering brought about by the Franco-Prussian war. He protested against Russians having their children brought up by French governesses: "She will infect them with her vulgar, corrupt, ridiculous and imbecile code of manners and her distorted notions about religion and society." Even the marvels of Italian art and climate could not compensate for the advantage of being at home among the Russians. He realized that "everything in our society is still fearfully puerile and crude," but he summed up his attitude toward Western culture by declaring: "If you only knew what a deep-drawn repulsion almost approaching hatred I have con-

ceived for Western Europe during these four years!"

Dostoevsky recovered at an early age from his faith "in all theories and Utopias," and later his anger and scorn knew no bounds when aroused by the humanitarian aspirations of "Socialists and revolutionary gentlemen." Champions of disarmament and world-peace will not be pleased by the letter in which he thus stigmatizes the Peace Congress held in Geneva in 1867:

"They flung down lies from the platform. It is quite indescribable. One can hardly realize, even for oneself, the absurdity, feebleness, futility, disunion, and the depths of essential contradictoriness. And it is this rabble which is stirring up the whole unfortunate working-class. It is too deplorable. That they may attain to peace on earth, they want to root out the Christian faith, annihilate the Great Powers, and cut them up into a lot of small ones, abolish capital, declare that all property is common to all, and so forth."

His aversion to the ideals of Western Europe was based fundamentally upon his belief that "in Western Europe the peoples have lost Christ, and therefore Western Europe is tottering to its fall." He believed that all progress must be inspired by

Christian ideals, and was firm in his contention that Russia is "to reveal to the world her own Russian Christ, whom as yet the peoples know not, and who is rooted in our native orthodox faith." His main idea, from first to last, so we discover in the correspondence, was "veneration and love for the Russian people's God and its faith. . . . This is fellowship with the people and only from the people is anything worth while to be looked for." This expresses the deepest spiritual democracy, but Dostoevsky's intense Slavophilism seemed to circumscribe his sympathies to the Russian people alone.

The London *Spectator* finds the letters a disagreeable surprise. They reveal, it declares, not the vast, morbid, epileptic and mystic personality disclosed in the novels, but a "rather meanly egotistical nature, disagreeable, complaining, fault-finding — apparently without a trace of nobility. More even than in the letters of Beethoven the perpetual topic is money. In fact, altogether the book is of a sort to make one pray that the correspondence of Shakespeare is not lurking in some Jacobean cupboard, ready to spring upon a dismayed and disillusioned world."

## AN ENGLISH CRITIC INDICTS AMERICAN FICTION AS EXAGGERATED AND STEREOTYPED

INVITED by the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* to express himself with complete freedom, Edward Garnett, who has been styled by John Galsworthy the most valuable of British critics, brings two indictments against American fiction for qualities "which are destructive of its appeal to rank as fine art." These qualities are, first, *exaggeration*; secondly, "the presentation and glorification of 'standardized' morals, manners, emotions, and of stereotyped social ambitions and ethical valuations."

Mr. Garnett lists about seventy British writers of "genuine original talent, many of whom are literary craftsmen of high artistic quality." His list is the following:

Joseph Conrad, H. G. Wells, Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Hardy, John Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, George Moore, Hilaire Belloc, Cunninghame Graham, W. H. Hudson, D. H. Lawrence, E. M. Foster, William DeMorgan, Leonard Merrick, Maurice Hewlett, John Masefield, Sir A. Quiller-Couch, Robert Hichens, Stephen Reynolds, A. F. Wedgwood, David W. Bone, Barry Pain, C. E. Montague, Oliver Onions, J. C. Snaith, James Stephens, Frank Harris, Neil Lyons, Perceval Gibbon, Walter De La Mare, Charles Marriott, Ford Hueffer, H. De Vere Stacpoole, Neil Munro, Morley Roberts, Vincent

O'Sullivan, Marmaduke Pickthall, Compton Mackenzie, J. D. Beresford, E. V. Lucas, Frank Swinnerton, W. L. George, Edwin Pugh, Gilbert Cannan, Archibald Marshall, Grant Richards, Algernon Blackwood, Gerald O'Donovan, Shan Bullock, Eden Phillpotts, George Birmingham, Richard Pryce, E. F. Benson, Percy White, Temple Thurston, Sir Conan Doyle, James Prior, Mrs. Mary E. Mann, Miss May Sinclair, Miss Ethel Sidgwick, Mrs. Steel, Mrs. Dudeney, Mrs. Gertrude Bone, Miss Macnaughtan, Miss Violet Hunt, Mrs. Ada Levenson, Mrs. C. Dawson Scott, Miss Amber Reeves, Miss Silber-rad, "Lucas Malet," Mrs. Margaret Woods, and Miss Marjorie Bowen.

In this list, one notes that the names of Barrie, Mrs. Humphrey Ward and George Bernard Shaw are conspicuous for their absence.

The British critic asks for a similar list of honest fictionists from America. He admits that he has not thoroly explored the field of American fiction recently, but he can only discover about twenty writers in America who do not reveal the baneful effects of literary commercialism and the effort to produce a "best seller." Among those whom he thus excepts from his indictment are Booth Tarkington, Robert Herrick, Owen Wister, Miss Dewing, and Neith Boyce. Their work, he de-

clares, contains "criticism of character accompanied by criticism of society." Of the conventional stereotyped American fiction, he finds an example in Jack London's "Burning Daylight":

"The American tendency to exaggeration has in fact annihilated all the finer lines and traits of human personality. And, after all, art is a matter of precise shades and particular lines. . . . Dede Mason is generalized, not individualized. She talks not like any girl in particular but like a syndicate of American women as reported by a news agency. Harnish's courtship and Dede's replies give one the sensation of love-making by human machinery, very smooth-running and effective in working, but without individual power or charm or flavor. . . . May we not draw the conclusion that it is the pressure of standardized ideas in the mental interchange of American society that is so destructive of the finer shades of temperamental valuation?"

In addition to those already excepted from his indictment, Mr. Garnett mentions favorably the following American authors, including several who have died: Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, Miss Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock), Miss Mary Wilkins (now Mrs. Freeman), Miss Grace King, Mrs. Whar-

ton, Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Frank R. Stockton, Joel Chandler Harris, Hamlin Garland, F. Hopkinson Smith, Stephen Crane, Frank Norris, O. Henry.

For the rest, he declares that too often they leave him "with an uneasy idea that the weight and momentum of American civilization are rolling out the paste of human nature very flat, and are stamping it with machine-made patterns of too common an order." He

concludes his sweeping challenge in this fashion:

"Whereas the limited horizon of modern English fiction, its lack of national breadth, its tameness and lack of sympathy with the democracy, are due to its restricted middle-class outlook, the American novel fails by virtue of its idealistic bias and psychological timidity. The novelist should put human nature under the lens and scrutinize its motives and conduct with the most searching and exacting interest. His esthetic pleasure in

the rich spectacle of life should be backed by a remorseless instinct for telling the truth. But it is impossible to combine these qualities with the commercial, ethical, and sentimental ideals that seem to make up American 'optimism.' 'America is strong in the uplift,' said a publisher of 'Sunshine-Makers' and 'Best Sellers' to the present writer, who, rejoicing at these synonymous terms, wandered back to the shelf of his prized American classics, Walt Whitman and Poe, Mr. W. D. Howells, Thoreau, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, O. Henry, and Stephen Crane."

## THE GREATEST ART COLLECTION EVER GIVEN TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC

THE opening to the American public, at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, of the Benjamin Altman collection of art treasures consummates the greatest art bequest, with the exception of that of Sir Richard Wallace's heirs to the City of London, ever made to a public art museum in any country. So declares the *American Art News*. "It will excite interest even in battle-raked Europe." Concentrating into comparatively small space works so precious as to make any gal-

lery famous forever, it can be compared only, so Royal Cortissoz notes in the *New York Tribune*, to the Rothschild room in the Louvre or to the Poldi-Pezzoli house at Milan. Nothing hitherto made public to art-loving Americans, Mr. Cortissoz adds, "has quite disclosed the dazzling brilliance of this collection." The magnitude of the gift is estimated by Professor Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. (writing in *The Nation*), in this manner:

"Through the acquisition of the Altman pictures the Metropolitan has more than doubled its resources, if the reckoning be made by great pictures. For the first time it approximates the richness of the famous European galleries. It now has to be reckoned with, if not like Paris, Florence, Madrid, London, Berlin, or even Venice and Milan, at least like Kassel or Budapest. This may seem a modest claim, but, without Mr. Altman's generosity, in the present condition of the picture market, it would have taken a generation for the Metropolitan Museum to reach such a position."

We read that the great Altman collection was made by the great New York merchant with the conscious

ambition of leaving to America a group of masterpieces of the first order. A knowledge of this fact, the *New York Evening Post* points out, will throw light on the character of the collection. It is neither strictly personal nor strictly expertized, "but something of a subtle blend of both."

"Mr. Altman did not alone seek what was established in accordance with the world's most solid judgment, but also a standard of quality which should meet the demand of his own esthetic insight. He did not belong to that rare class of amateurs who express themselves as definitely through what they collect as an artist does through that which he produces. In the back of his head he had another almost detached view of his collection. It was to be a gift, the finest possible gift of its kind that he could make to his city."

"He came to be known as a man intent upon quality. One famous portrait hung in his gallery a year before he finally returned it, satisfied, apparently, that whatever others might think it was not in his eyes a necessary addition. It is hardly ten years since he first began to acquire the fifty-one paintings that now occupy two of the five galleries containing his collection. Had he lived ten years longer, he would, no doubt, have sifted it and, precious tho it is, have improved it."

"As a collector of paintings, Mr. Altman took the safe course, considering that he wished to leave a collection that would stand the test of time. He chose the giants, Rembrandt and Hals, Velasquez, Titian, Botticelli, and Mantegna, Holbein and Memling, and other men firmly accepted by the generations that have followed them. As far as humanly possible, he made sure of his collection. 'Authorities' have written and written again about every picture; but never mind, let us who go to see these works of art for the joy of it, leave behind the weighty and oftentimes leaden Bode, the subtle Berenson, the scholarly Horne and studious Bushell, and go in, fresh from the sunlight, with eyes and mind open to receive and to enjoy."

Of the fifty great paintings; Professor Mather—not the most enthusiastic reviewer of the collection—declares about



THE SPIRIT OF FRANZ HALS

This example of the virile art of the great Dutch master is one of the paintings in the Altman Collection which has now put the Metropolitan Museum of New York in the same class with many of the great European galleries.



one-third to be masterpieces. "Surely," he adds however, "few collectors can claim a better ratio of hits, few museums even."

The thirteen Rembrandts of the Altman collection have aroused the keenest interest. They are all characteristic in one way or another, writes Mr. Cortissoz, even tho they are not of equal interest. There is great educational value, he continues, in having so good a presentation of the master's different "manners." Several of them are veritable classics.

"At their head we would place the magnificent 'Old Woman Cutting Her Nails,' the nearest thing to a Greek monument that Rembrandt ever produced. It would be puerile to note with any disparagement the small, repulsive nature of the subject. The important thing is the manner in which the artist transcends his material. He uses form just for the sake of form, uses it as it was used in the frieze of the Parthenon and in the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. It does not matter that he has no traffic with the ideas of antiquity, or with those which Michael Angelo let loose in his vast cosmos. It is enough that he paints his obscure old woman in a grandiose manner, gives us in that simple figure a kind of massy pile, as impressive as some Egyptian statue."

This picture and another earlier portrait of an old woman by Rembrandt are, according to Professor Mather, "very great masterpieces" and the veritable jewels of the Altman collection. He compares the two:

"They are masterpieces, respectively, of analytical and synthetic painting. In the earlier portrait all the surfaces are minutely charted and reproduced. Except for the subordination of the costume, the method is minutely topographical. It is amazing that the initial sympathy and curiosity could be maintained through so laborious a process. But that is the magic of all primitive artists, and Rembrandt in this work is a primitive."

"Nothing but relief in his subject-matter will carry an artist safely through these cumulative labors, and Rembrandt plainly did believe in this fine old dame, self-controlled, wistfully, bravely facing the ordeal of decline. The thing is perfect in character and faultless in painting, in spite of over-cleaning, lovely in its contrast of live blacks with creamy whites. It makes some of the later Rembrandts on the walls, with all their *maitrise* and emphasized pathos, look just a little theatrical and slovenly. But the later method finds its brilliant warrant in spectral vision, called The Old Woman Cutting Her Nails. It might equally as well have been named, as Dr. Valentiner genially hints, The Cumæan Sibyl. How what Maes would have prudently treated on small scale as a genre subject Rembrandt boldly treats at full scale and with heroic effect, is one of the mysteries. To solve it would be to lay bare the harassed, heroic soul of Rembrandt himself, yet the symbols of what makes an epic figure of



PORTRAIT OR ALLEGORY?

The alchemy of Rembrandt's brush, critics tell us, converted this poorly clad old woman of the people unconcernedly trimming her finger-nails, into nothing less than a Cumæan Sibyl. But he has shielded his art behind "an appearance of simplicity" and a sort of roughness or bluntness which repels those who are attracted by superficiality in art.

this old woman engrossed in a sordid necessary task are plain enough on the canvas."

The old woman trimming her nails, Wilhelm R. Valentiner points out in *Art in America*, is one of the greatest paintings in existence, yet he admits that this supreme message of art left by Rembrandt will be discovered only by the *cognoscenti*: "the higher the flight of his imagination the closer he keeps to earth, choosing themes which are not effective in themselves by reason of any literary quality but which, intrinsically prosaic and unbeautiful, demand for their illumination high poetic power."

Professor Mather thus indicates the other masterpieces of the Altman collection:

"The two Altman Holbeins are invaluable accessions, for the Museum contained only one early and not very representative example. The Altman Ruysdael is incomparable, so is the early Velasquez, Christ at Emmaus. The Francia portrait of A Gonzaga Boy is the freshest and most joyous thing imaginable. Antonello da Messina's

portrait of a youth is of amazing saliency and vivacity. The late Botticelli, The Last Communion of St. Jerome, is as poignant as anything that has come from the master's late and tragic years. The Giorgione portrait is full of fire and restrained pathos, and of utmost delicacy as painting. The Mantegna is instinct with religious austerity, and has tones as of old jade and sardonox. Thus we have perhaps eight or nine pictures of highest merit in their class, as the unchallengeable benefit of the gift. The Marquand gift had about four of this merit. Extending the view from pure quality to historical importance, such accessions as the Gerard David miniature, Christ Taking Leave of His Mother, the Dürer Virgin with St. Anne, the fantastic Van Orley, the four panels rather hopelessly ascribed to Memling, the Vermeer, and Rembrandt's Bathsheba, The Man with the Magnifying Glass, and The Auctioneer, are pictures both delightful and important."

But these pictures are but a part of the great collection. Objects of art from Europe and Asia, selected with rare judgment, are scarcely of secondary importance, and have received unqualified praise.

## GREECE'S LITERARY REVOLUTION—A WAR BETWEEN FRENCH AND GERMAN SCHOLARSHIP

NOWHERE may we observe the conflicting cultural and literary ideals of French and German scholarship more strikingly than in the recent literary revolution in Greece. So we are informed by the leading periodicals and *littérateurs* of Athens. For the past fifteen years Greek letters have been in a turmoil. The German spirit, represented by Greek writers and educators imbued with the spirit of Berlin, Munich and other German universities, have been defending the traditional *katharevousa* (the purist and literary language, with a tendency towards ancient Greek). Arrayed against them are the philological and literary innovators who are exponents of French democracy in letters, and who, under the leadership of Psichari, Palamas and Palli, have almost succeeded in converting the Greek to a literature wrought out of the living language, "the language of the peasant mother to her children."

This conflict commenced about twenty years ago when Professor John Psichari, of the *Ecole des Hautes Etudes*, Paris, and the son-in-law of Ernest Renan, visited all the provinces and villages in Greece, and subsequently published a book entitled "My Travels," written in the vernacular. It was received with wild enthusiasm by young Greece. But the academicians, headed by Mistriotis, who was president of the University of Athens, condemned the book bitterly because of the alleged vulgarity of the vernacular employed.

Kostas Palamas, admitted to be the greatest of living Greek poets, was secretary of the university at that time. Fuel was added to the conflagration when openly he announced his allegiance to the Psichari ideal. He used all his influence to establish the first organ of the new literature, a weekly entitled *Noumas*. But the climax of the conflict arrived when Palli translated the Bible into the most vulgar and colloquial of Greek vernacular. Aroused by Mistriotis against the new movement, students of the University of Athens accused the translator of being in the employ of agents of the hated Panславic movement. The whole matter is reviewed most interestingly by Palamas in a recent volume of philological and critical studies of modern Greek literature subsequent to 1880. This book of Palamas' is, according to the magazine *Panathenaia*, absolutely essential to an adequate comprehension of the struggle of Greek culture.

"This book reveals Palamas as the first and most energetic worker in the literary revolution. He conceived it; he created it; and he directed it. He is an

artist and a teacher, a fighter for ideals and for our living language. He it is who has brought into prominence the poetry of Kalvou. He has called attention to the poems of Markora; he has revealed the national strength in the work of Dionysios Solomos. Openly he defines his position between Psichari and Palli. He proves that the new poets and storytellers are laying the foundation of a national art. Only secondary to his great poetic talent, the critical essays of Palamas are proving to be of the greatest inspiration for the younger generation. He himself modestly indicts his own



A LITERARY WARRIOR

John Psichari is the leader of Greece's literary revolutionists. He is also the son-in-law of Ernest Renan, and a prominent figure in the intellectual world of Paris.

work as stamped with the spirit of the past, but his critics believe that he is overmodest. While we must respect his own opinion, no one can avoid the fact that this book is filled with the seeds of revolutionary spirit."

In the same magazine we learn that the modernist or French spirit in language (*dimotiki*) has practically conquered the field, the classicists retaining the *katharevousa* only for public and legal documents, and those in a most modernized form. The crux of the problem is at present that of education and of the language to be taught in the schools. The *New Hellas* recalls the gravity of the situation to the Minister of Education, and warns him against ignoring the new spirit, "as he is responsible for the entire educational progress of the Greek youth, and thus has no right to leave them in darkness." In this fashion is expressed the reaction of Greek opinion against the aristocratic and somewhat academic language championed by exponents of

the Teutonic school of philologists, notably Karl Krumbacher and Paul Marc.

Artistic results of the impetus imparted to Greek literature by Palamas and Psichari are evidenced in the works of Angelos Tanagras, which include "The Great Heart," and "The Sponge Fishers of the Aegean," novels that picture—with a detailed realism which to some critics recalls the art of Zola—the adventurous life of the fisherfolk of the Aegean. Other striking products of the same school are the popular Carpathian songs collected by Michailidis and published in Constantinople; the short stories of Gregori Xenepoulos, which *Noumas* considers veritable masterpieces of modern Greek literature; and Psichari's books—"Apples and Oranges" and "Agni"—works which in directness and simplicity have created a new era in Greek prose, perhaps revolutionized it completely, as Demetrios Asteriotis declares.

Michailidis asserts that John Psichari has proved that the Greek people wish to express themselves by picturing their own national life, "and I hope that very soon the Government will attempt to educate the people through the modern language (*dimotiki*), by lectures in the living language and expositions representative of the people themselves."

Feeling in both factions is warm. In the sixth volume of his letters, published recently, Professor Mistriotis is acid in his denunciations of the democratic vulgarities, the Gallicized Philhellenes. "Extremists" and "renegades of their native land" are among his epithets. He himself is an unfortunate figure for ridicule in the comic papers and in the annual revues of the *Panathenaia* and *Cinematographos* music halls. Meanwhile the Gallicized Philhellenes, who speak the French of Paris, who hobnob with Psichari and even the great Clemenceau, and deify their countryman Jean Moréas, who became a great French poet, have not been averse to describing the idea of a resurrected Byzantine empire, and the proposed assimilation by Greece of diverse and antagonistic races, as the product of imperialistic, autocratic and undemocratic German scholarship. The persistence of the *katharevousa* and the defence of it is a by-product of this German scholarship, they claim.

This literary battle has not been without actual bloodshed and rioting in the streets of Athens and in the Aryan Fields outside the city, notable on March 11, 1911, when the present Premier Venezelos opposed the efforts of Mistriotis and his followers to introduce the purified language into the Greek constitution.



## VOICES OF THE LIVING POETS

THE anthology which William Stanley Braithwaite makes each year of the best magazine verse by American poets is becoming a sort of American institution. This year his selections are made from twenty-one magazines and three newspapers. Out of 647 poems published in 11 magazines, he finds, according to his statement in the *Boston Transcript*, 157 "poems of distinction." *The Century* leads in the number of such poems (26), but *The Bellman* leads in the ratio of such poems (24 out of 42). From these 157 poems of distinction Mr. Braithwaite selects what he considers the 30 best poems of the year. There are two each from Witter Bynner, Olive Tilford Dargan, Percy Mackaye (counting six war sonnets as one poem), James Oppenheim, E. Sutton, and Louis Untermeyer, and one each from Walter Conrad Arensburg, Amelia Josephine Burr, Eloise Briton, Laura Campbell, Bliss Carman, John Erskine, Mahlon Leonard Fisher, Jessie Wallace Hughan, Joyce Kilmer, Vachel Lindsay, Don Marquis, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Edwin Davies Schoonmaker, Thomas Walsh, Margeret Widdemer and Charlotte Wilson. Fifteen of the 26 are men, 11 are women. To these 30 "best" poems, Mr. Braithwaite adds 52 others which are included in his anthology for the year 1914.

To the poems elicited by the war which we have already reprinted we care to add this month but one. We find it printed (without credit to any other journal) in the *Pueblo, Colo., Chieftain*:

## THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

BY BLANCHE WEITBREE.

THE little peaceful people were working in the sun,  
For summer time was waning and the harvest had begun;

The crops were full and golden, the arching sky was clear;  
The little peaceful people found life and living dear.

The little friendly people went out to cut their grain,  
And, singing, in the evening sought their cottages again;

Another good day ended, another sun was red;  
The little friendly people kissed and laughed and went to bed.

The little quiet people rose up before the day,  
A-whispering together while yet the dawn was gray;

The little anxious people met together in the street,  
For they heard a sound of cannon, and the ring of tramping feet.

The little valiant people, they buckled on their swords,  
To meet unflinching, breast to breast, the foe's advancing hordes;

Unnumbered hordes descending like dead leaves before a blast.  
The little dauntless people rose up and held them fast.

The little angry people saw the city gates give way;  
Spent and panting in their anguish they had not strength to pray.

Their swords were growing heavy, for the day was almost done;  
The little tired people fell sadly, one by one.

The little conquered people lie asleep in ravaged lands,  
But a dreadful power is vested in shattered, pulseless hands,

For Justice over Belgium is keeping watch and ward,  
And the little murdered people wait the vengeance of the Lord!

The revolt against the pretty-pretty has taken us a long way from pleasant subjects in all branches of art. The poets have shared in this revolt as well as the painters and sculptors and dramatists. The following poem, taken from the *Forum*, has a message as terrible as that found in the play "Damaged Goods," and the message is delivered with equal directness and sincerity:

## THE WAX MUSEUM FOR MEN

BY SCUDDER MIDDLETON.

BOLDLY it stands beneath the tallest towers  
Upon a street of granite and of glass;

The ever changing crowds that come and pass  
Are mirrored in its windows day and night.

There is no mark above the doors to tell  
What lies beyond the thresholds wide and dim.

Only a glittering sign with letters grim  
Spelling the words: "For Men. Come In and See."

But I have entered through its calling doors  
And know the hideous secret kept apart

Here in the city's vast, prodigious heart—  
Hidden away to shame the truthful sun.  
Behind its quiet walls my eyes have seen  
A refutation of all reaching towers,  
All pageantries that streak the glamorous hours

And go to shuddering music down the street!

For there, disgraced, the lovely Body lies—  
Man's shining Body bleeding, wrecked, forlorn,  
Its sacred Temples trampled down and torn,  
And all the marvel and the magic gone!  
There in the silence of a little room  
Are mocked the songs and all the dreams that rise  
Around the Paradise of human eyes—  
The hymn to Beauty in the face of Helen,  
The voice of fair Iseult along the sea,  
And my own Love's sweet lips come home to me—  
Damned there in cold unanswerable wax!  
There the eternal pilgrimage of Love—  
Man ever wandering to a woman's breast—  
Becomes a worthless and a wanton quest:  
The tramp of harlots through the streets of Time!

We have a fear that this department is not very Christmasy in its tone this month. But, then, it is not a very Christmasy Christmas that the world is having this year, and one cannot blame the poets for reflecting the prevailing temper of the world. The poem which we reprint below from *The Bellman* is very sad but very beautiful in its sadness. Even as we read the proof the news comes of the gifted author's sudden death.

## THE OLD DREAMER.

BY MADISON CAWEIN.

COME, let's climb into our attic,  
In our house that's old and gray!  
Heart, you're poor and I'm rheumatic,  
And—it's close of day.

Lay aside your rags and tatters,  
Shirts and shoes, so soiled with clay!  
They're no use now. Nothing matters—  
It is close of day.

Let's to bed. It's cold. No fire,  
And no lamp to make a ray.  
Where's our servant, Young Desire?—  
Gone at close of day!

Oft she served us with fine glances,  
Helped us out at work and play:  
She is gone now. Better chances.  
And—it's close of day.

Where is Hope, who flaunted scarlet?  
Hope, who led us oft astray:  
Has she proved herself a harlot  
At the close of day?

What's become of Dream and Vision?—  
Friends we thought were here to stay:  
Has Life clapped the two in prison  
At the close of day?

They are gone; and how we miss them!  
They who made our garret gay:  
How we used to hug and kiss them!—  
But—'tis close of day.

Where's friend Love now?—Who sup-  
poses?—

Has he flung himself away?  
Left us for a wreath of roses  
At the close of day?

And where's Song, the soul-elected?—  
Has he quit us too for aye?

Was it poverty he suspected  
Near the close of day?

How our attic rang their laughter!  
How it echoed laugh and lay!  
None can take their place hereafter!—  
It is close of day.

We have done the best we could do:  
Come, let's kneel a while and pray.  
Now no matter what we would do,  
It is close of day.

Let's to bed then! It's December:  
Long enough since it was May!  
Let's forget it;—and remember  
Now 'tis close of day.

"One Woman to Another, and Other Poems" is the title of a volume by Corinne Roosevelt Robinson (she is a sister of T. R.) that comes from Scribner's. Mrs. Robinson's poems are for the most part drawn from the wells of life, the product of a keen intelligence brooding over the real experiences of wifehood and motherhood. If they do not throb with passion they glow at times with rich and deep emotion. Here is a fair sample of her quality:

#### SOLUTION.

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON.

I ASKED you if you loved me as of  
old,  
And in your eyes I read a ques-  
tioning,  
As tho you feared your ardor had  
grown cold,  
And Love no more were such a won-  
drous thing;  
But even as I searched that look, my own  
Reached to the vision you have never  
known.

And so, through all your doubt, my see-  
ing soul  
Smiled, for it knew you could not fathom  
love,  
For none have scaled the heights nor  
dreamed the whole,  
Till Death's blank silence comes the test  
to prove—  
Had I not met its echoless despair,  
How could I know that your deep love  
was there?

But I have walked with that grim com-  
rade, Pain,  
And yearned with baffled longing for a  
word  
That lips, once joyous, may not speak  
again  
To happy ears that knew not what they  
heard—  
I, who have anguished through the endless  
night,  
Can measure all your love for me aright!

And so I know if I should pass away,  
The question in your eyes would pass with  
me;

If I should die before another day,  
Your heart would bleed for mine as  
poignantly

As tho we had been severed in the  
Spring

Of our great passion's pregnant blos-  
soming.

Death shall interpret what Life may not  
see,

And eyes that bless our own with love  
and laughter

Are only fully prized when mystery  
Curtains the present from the dim here-  
after.

What fruitless, fond assurance you would  
give,

If I were dead, and words could make  
me live!

The following poem is the song of the slain hosts of the King of the Bargod, as it was dreamed by their conqueror Gwri (pronounced "gooree," tho it should be "gory" from his exploits). It is found on page 275 of a book yclept "The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed" (pronounce it "dove-ed") written by Cenydd (don't try to pronounce it) Morus and printed by the Aryan Theosophical Press at Point Loma, Cal. The book is similar in origin and theme to Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," but of finer chastity. It is just printed for the first time, but the subject matter is very ancient. One of the finest features is the poetry, of which this is the best specimen:

#### SONG OF THE SLAIN HOSTS OF THE KING OF BARGOD.

THO we were slain full many a time,  
Full many a time have we risen  
again;  
He that would hearken the ages'  
rhyme  
Must meet us here by the border main,  
Must bare his breast to the spears sublime  
Till the mortal life in his life be slain.

And some shall fail for a thousand years,  
And some shall win in a night and day;  
And the eyes of some shall be blind with  
tears,  
And the hearts of some shall be always  
gay;  
But come they singing, or dumb'd with  
fears,  
They shall win, ere they wend their on-  
ward way.

And he that comes and is slain on the  
shore,  
Shall he meet no more with the Guard-  
ian Clan?

Hath he come to the peace at the end of  
war,  
The peace that was ere the worlds  
began?

Nay,—age on age shall the combat roar,  
Till that which was man is more than  
man.

For we that bide by the brink of time,  
That have fallen so oft, and arisen  
again,

Should we leave unhedged with our  
spears sublime

The world's far edge—should we rest,  
being slain,

The ages were reft of their rhythm and  
rhyme,

And the star in the heart of the world  
would wane.

There is a book of poems called "North of Boston" which has been making something of a stir in England. It is published in London (David Nutt), but is by an American writer almost entirely unknown on this side. Of him and his work, Ford Madox Hueffer says in the London *Outlook*: "Mr. Frost's achievement is much finer, much more near the ground, and much more national, in the true sense, than anything that Whitman gave to the world." Another writer, in *The New Weekly*, says of his new book: "Few that read it through will have been as much astonished by any American since Whitman."

Robert Frost has struck a distinctly new note, and when a writer does that he is likely to suffer in two ways: first, from a lack of recognition, and, second, from exaggerated praise. When we find a neglected genius, the joy of discovery is pretty certain to add to our announcement an emphasis which is not altogether deserved. "North of Boston" is a unique and interesting piece of work; but we are not prepared to call it epoch-making. It is very simple narrative verse, for the most part unrhymed, dealing with rural scenes and characters in a most convincing way. Most of the poems are too long to reprint here. We must content ourselves with one of the shortest, but one which is included by *The English Review* in the list of what it calls "masterpieces of deep and mysterious tenderness":

#### THE WOOD-PILE.

BY ROBERT FROST.

OUT walking in the frozen swamp  
one gray day

I paused and said, "I will turn  
back from here.

No, I will go on farther—and we shall  
see."

The hard snow held me, save where now  
and then

One foot went down. The view was  
all in lines

Straight up and down of tall slim trees  
Too much alike to mark or name a  
place by

So as to say for certain I was here  
Or somewhere else: I was just far from  
home.

A small bird flew before me. He was  
careful

To put a tree between us when he lighted,  
And say no word to tell me who he was.



Who was so foolish as to think what he thought.

He thought that I was after him for a feather—

The white one in his tail; like one who takes

Everything said as personal to himself.

One flight out sideways would have undeceived him.

And then there was a pile of wood for which

I forgot him and let his little fear

Carry him off the way I might have gone, Without so much as wishing him good-night.

He went behind it to make his last stand. It was a cord of maple, cut and split And piled—and measured, four by four by eight.

And not another like it could I see.

No runner tracks in this year's snow looped near it.

And it was older sure than this year's cutting,

Or even last year's or the year's before. The wood was gray and the bark warping off it

And the pile somewhat sunken. Clematis Had wound strings round and round it like a bundle.

What held it tho on one side was a tree Still growing, and on one a stake and prop,

These latter about to fall. I thought that only

Someone who lived in turning to fresh tasks

Could so forget his handiwork on which He spent himself, the labor of his ax,

And leave it there far from a useful fire-place

To warm the frozen swamp as best it could

With the slow smokeless burning of decay.

## A MOTOR RIDE IN THE ZONE OF BATTLE ON THE AISNE

Battles used to be named after definite localities—a city, a village, a plain. In the present war the battlefront is so enormous and includes so many localities that the battles have been for the most part named after rivers—the battle of the Marne, the battle of the Meuse, the battle of the Aisne. Somewhere on the last-named river, with its 175 miles of flow, the scenes described below, by a special correspondent of the *N. Y. Times*, were observed in an incautious ride between the two armies. The narrative—which we condense somewhat—was sent from Paris, October 20.

JUST outside the town the sentry advised us to right about face and travel the other direction. But he only advised us. Our credentials appeared in order, and he did not feel that he could issue a command on the subject. So we entered the town—one of the most beautiful and historic towns in Northern France. I do not mention its name because the military censor might not like it.

We turned into the main street and rattled over its cobblestones. We met no one. Crossing an open square we saw that over half the trees were down. Up a side street a house had fallen forward from its foundations and settled in a crumbled heap in the center of the road. The sun, which had been shining brightly, went behind a cloud. We stopped for a moment. We could hear the wind sighing in the tops of the remaining trees. Some one asked, "Is this Sunday?" and was answered, "No, it's Friday. Why?" He replied: "Because it is so still. Did you ever see a place where people live that is so completely silent?"

We drove on. A block along the main street a soldier in the French uniform, of the line lounged in a doorway. His long blue overcoat flapped desolately over his baggy red trousers. His rifle leaned in the corner. We asked if any hotel remained open. He replied: "I don't know. Have you a cigaret?" I drew out a box and he ran to the car, seizing it as a hungry animal snatches food. He settled back into his doorway, smiling; then said in French argot, which, translated into American, best reads: "Do you guys know you ain't safe here?" We smiled and waited explanation. But he merely shrugged his shoulders. We started the car.

MORE French soldiers lounged in doorways. Once we saw the white and frightened face of a woman peering at us from a window. She was entirely incurious. Her gaze was dispassionate. She appeared to have not the slightest interest either in us or our big car, which surely was a rare sight in the streets of that town on that day. But the fright-upon her face was stamped. Several villagers stood at the next corner. They exhibited interest. We again asked

about a hotel, and one pointed to a building we had just passed. We pointed out that its door and windows were barred, but he thought they might open up.

We asked then when the firing on the town had ceased. The man laughed. Anything so normal as a laugh seemed out of place in that ghastly silence. It grated. Then he laughed again. It seemed that after all one might observe the function of laughing even during war. Besides he walked about and waved his arms and smoked with pleasure a cigaret that we gave him. It was all very natural. And he informed us that the German gunners were probably at lunch. We asked the position of the French batteries, and as he pointed vaguely toward the south we realized that we were then in an advance position on the firing line—that the force of soldiers was only an outpost. The same man told us that the town had been under fire for eight days, that the French had shifted the position of their heavy guns, and that the Germans were now trying to locate them.

We returned to the hotel, stabled our automobile, and ordered luncheon, which the landlord informed us would be ready in half an hour. So we continued the exploration of the town on foot. . . . We left the market building and stood in the center of the square, looking down the six streets that emptied into it. They were narrow, winding streets, and we could not see far. But in all we could see the ruin—the crumbled masonry and walls blackened by fire.

We looked at our watches and hurried toward the hotel. Entering the street, about half a block distant, we stopped to look down a side alley. As we looked we heard what seemed to be a shrill whistle, pitched high, and very prolonged. It seemed like the shriek of a suddenly rising wind; but it was followed by a dull boom and the crash of falling masonry. We looked behind us and saw clouds of smoke and dust rising a short distance beyond the market place. We ran toward the hotel. At the entrance we again heard the high-pitched, screaming whistle, ending in a crash much more acute. "That struck nearer," one of us observed. But we did not wait to see. As we entered the hall, the landlord re-

marked, "Ça commence encore." We filed into the dining-room in time to see him carefully place the soup upon the table. . . .

THE car whizzed down the straight country road. We were trying to make night quarters thirty kilometers away. The dusk was already upon us—and the rain. Every night for a week the rain had come at dusk. We were well behind the battle lines, but the Germans had held that countryside only a few days before. Many of them still lurked in the dense woods. At dusk their fashion was to shoot at passing motorists. If they killed the occupants, they secured clothes and credentials, and attempted cutting through to their lines. The rain increased, and so did the cold. Our French driver struggled into an ulster, and we crouched low in the body of the limousine, watching the dancing shadows thrown by our powerful headlights' fifty yards in front of the car. Suddenly came a sharp cry. The chauffeur crashed on the brakes and the car slid to a standstill.

I knew that cry from many a novel I had read, but I had never heard it before. It was the famous "Qui vive?" or "Who goes there?" of the French Army. We all sat silent in the car. We saw no one. The rain poured down. The cry was repeated. A soldier stepped into the road and stood in the light of our lamps about thirty feet away. His rifle was half thrown across his arm and half aimed toward us. He was a tall, handsome chap, wearing a long coat, buttoned back at the bottom away from his muddy boots. His cap was jammed carelessly over one eye. He bent forward and peered at us under our lights, which half blinded him.

THEN we saw two dusky shadows at either side of the car. We caught the steel flash of bayonets turned toward us. The chauffeur saw them, too, for he cried out, nervously, "Non, non!" The fellow in the road interrupted, and in the dramatic language of France his "Avancez—donnez le mot de la nuit," sounded far more impressive than the English equivalent about advancing to give the countersign. It was so laconic,

too. There was no rising or falling of tone. He stated the case quite simply, and with an air of having done it many times during his period on watch. Then he bent lower and peered more intently under the lights, brushing one arm across his face, as tho the pelting rain also interfered with his business of seeing in the night.

The chauffeur again took up the conversation, stating that we carried the signed pass of General —. If we had mentioned the Mayor of Chicago we would not have made less impression. The ghostly sentries at the sides of the car did not budge. The patrol in the center of the road in the same monotone announced that one of us would descend. One would be sufficient. The others might keep the shelter of the car. But he would see these credentials from General —. If to him they did not appear in order our fate was a matter within his discretion. As he read the pass he sheltered it from the rain under the cape of his coat. The guards at the sides of the car remained as tho built in position. Then the leader handed back the paper and brought his hand to salute. The others immediately broke their pose,

moved into the light, and likewise saluted. The tension relieved, we all felt friendly. As we started forward I held a newspaper out of the window and three hands grasped it simultaneously. We had hundreds of newspapers, for some one told us how welcome they would be at the front.

AT AN intersection of roads a couple of miles further on the rain was pelting down so fiercely that we did not clearly hear the "qui vive." The chauffeur desperately called out not to shoot as a file of soldiers suddenly swung across the road with rifles leveled. On their leader we then tried an experiment, which we afterward followed religiously. We handed over a newspaper with our pass. To our surprise he turned first to the Government war communiqué printed on the first page and read it through, grunting his satisfaction meanwhile, before he condescended to even glance at the document which held our fate and on which the rain was making great inky smears. Then he saluted and we drove on rapidly, everybody smiling.

We passed no more patrols, but finally when our lights picked out the first signs

of the next village they also brought into bold relief a huge pile of masonry completely filling the road. We stopped as suddenly as tho another soldier with a rifle barred our way. We wondered what it could mean, for we were sure this village had not been in the battle — had not suffered the devastation of batteries.

A villager then loomed out of the dark at the side of the car and informed us that the road was barred because the bridge just beyond had been blown up, and that we could not pass over the pontoon until morning. The inn, he told us, had never been closed nor was its stock of tobacco yet exhausted. He offered to conduct us, and when the innkeeper, a very fat innkeeper, looked over our credentials from General — he insisted that, altho the place was full, certain guests should double up in order to make room for us.

He then called his wife, his daughter, his father, and his father's wife that they might be permitted the honor of shaking us by the hand as he held aloft the candle, the flame of which flickered down the ancient stone corridor that led to our rooms.

## THE BOMBARDMENT

This impressionistic sketch, or series of sketches, of modern war is not given a location by the author. It might be in any of a score of towns in Belgium or France. The writer, Amy Lowell, contributes the sketch to *Poetry*, from which we reprint it.

SLOWLY, without force, the rain drops into the city. It stops a moment on the carved head of Saint John, then slides on again, slipping and trickling over his stone cloak. It splashes from the lead conduit of a gargoyle, and falls from it in turmoil on the stones in the Cathedral square.

Where are the people, and why does the fretted steeple sweep about in the sky? Boom! The sound swings against the rain. Boom, again! After it, only water rushing in the gutters, and the turmoil from the spout of the gargoyle. Silence. Ripples and mutters. Boom!

The room is damp, but warm. Little flashes swarm about from the firelight. The lustres of the chandelier are bright, and clusters of rubies leap in the Bohemian glasses on the étagère.

Her hands are restless, but the white masses of her hair are quite still. Boom! Will it never cease to torture, this iteration!

Boom! The vibration shatters a glass on the étagère. It lies there formless and glowing, with all its crimson gleams shot out of pattern, spilled, flowing red, blood-red.

A thin bell-note pricks through the silence. A door creaks. The old lady speaks: "Victor, clear away that broken glass."

"Alas! Madame, the Bohemian glass!" "Yes, Victor, one hundred years ago my father brought it—"

Boom! The room shakes, the servitor quakes. Another goblet shivers and breaks! Boom!

It rustles at the window-pane,—the smooth, streaming rain, and he is shut within its clash and murmur. Inside is his candle, his table, his ink, his pen, and his dreams.

He is thinking, and the walls are pierced with beams of sunshine, slipping through young green. A fountain tosses itself up at the blue sky, and through the spattered water in the basin he can

see copper carp, lazily floating among cold leaves. A wind-harp in a cedar-tree grieves and whispers, and words blow into his brain, bubbled, iridescent, shooting up like flowers of fire, higher and higher.

Boom! The flame-flowers snap on their slender stems. The fountain rears up in long broken spears of disheveled water and flattens into the earth.

Boom! And there is only the room, the table, the candle, and the sliding rain.

Again, Boom!—Boom!—Boom! He stuffs his fingers into his ears. He sees corpses, and cries out in fright. Boom! It is night, and they are shelling the city! Boom! Boom!

A child wakes and is afraid, and weeps in the darkness. What has made the bed shake?

"Mother, where are you? I am awake." "Hush, my darling, I am here." "But, mother, something so queer happened, the room shook."

Boom! "Oh! What is it? What is the matter?" Boom! "Where is father? I am so afraid." Boom!

The child sobs and shrieks. The house trembles and creaks. Boom!

Retorts, globes, tubes, and phials lie shattered. All his trials oozing across the floor. The life that was his choosing, lonely, urgent, goaded by a hope, all gone. A weary man in a ruined laboratory, that was his story.

Boom! Gloom and ignorance, and the jig of drunken brutes. Diseases like snakes crawling over the earth, leaving trails of slime. Wails from people burying their dead.

Through the window he can see the rocking steeple. A ball of fire falls on the lead of the roof, and the sky tears apart on a spike of flame. Up the spire, behind the lacings of stone, zig-zagging in and out of the carved tracings, squirms the fire.

It spouts like yellow wheat from the

gargoyles, coils round the head of Saint John, and aureoles him in light.

It leaps into the night and hisses against the rain.

The Cathedral is a burning stain on the white, wet night.

Boom! The Cathedral is a torch, and the houses next to it begin to scorch.

Boom! The Bohemian glass on the étagère is no longer there.

Boom! A stalk of flame sways against the red damask curtains.

The old lady cannot walk.

She watches the creeping stalk and counts.

Boom!—Boom!—Boom!

The poet rushes into the street, and the rain wraps him in a sheet of silver. But it is threaded with gold and powdered with scarlet beads.

The city burns.

Quivering, spearing, thrusting, lapping, streaming, run the flames. Over roofs, and walls, and shops, and stalls.

Smearing its gold on the sky, the fire dances, lances itself through the doors, and lisps and chuckles along the floors.

The child wakes again and screams at the yellow-petaled flower flickering at the window.

The little red lips of flame creep along the ceiling beams.

The old man sits among his broken experiments and looks at the burning Cathedral.

Now the streets are swarming with people. They seek shelter, and crowd into the cellars.

They shout and call, and over all, slowly and without force, the rain drops into the city.

Boom! And the steeple crashes down among the people.

Boom! Boom, again! The water rushes along the gutters.

The fire roars and mutters.

Boom!



# THE BUSINESS WORLD

## THE FORWARD LOOK

**F**OR years and years it has been preached and written unto people that on the first day of January they should sit down and look back over the past year. As a matter of fact they should sit up and take notice. If I were a preacher or a moralist or a dealer in good advice, I would tell people to throw their 1914 calendar into the waste basket and devote their attention to the twelve pages of 1915.

You can draw just as many moral lessons from the future as from the past. The constructive business builder looks ahead. The man with the back-up memory sees only the bumps which

have been in his path. The man with the forward look remembers the bumps, but is watching the road ahead so as to avoid the rough places. Looking backward may be all right when you are far enough ahead of the times and people to retire. Looking sideways only causes bewilderment; half the time you will look on the wrong side. Looking forward keeps your perspective perfect.

The late Omar Khayyam observed at one time that when the moving finger has written, neither piety nor wit nor an act of Congress can call it back or revise the records—or words to that effect. So don't worry

about the things which have been; conserve your energy for the things to come. Remember that poor old Job sat among the ashes and longed for the past until he became aggravated at Bildad, and began looking forward.

The greatest religion man will ever know is built on the forward look. Prophecy took hold upon the hearts of men and they keep the prophecies in their lives and the histories in their libraries. Things, times and people advance so rapidly that you not only have to look forward but you must keep moving with them if you want to be with them. "Eyes front," then—and a Happy New Year to you.

## THE GREATEST PROBLEM IN BUSINESS

**W**HAT is your greatest problem in business?" was asked of John H. Patterson, president of The National Cash Register Company. And the answer was: "Men! It is comparatively easy to develop plans and methods; we can buy raw material and machinery; we can build factories; but without men of the right sort, all of these other things are of no avail. The bed-rock basis of all business is men."

Hugh Chalmers, president of the Chalmers Motor Company, says there are five "M's" in the word business—money—materials—machinery—merchandise—and men. "All but one are given quantities with which a definite result can be accomplished. Man is the big, uncertain quantity—the hardest to get, to understand, and to hold."

At the head of every conspicuously successful business institution will be found a man who has fully grasped the vital importance of the human element in business. In most cases this fact alone will account for the success of the business. I have interviewed hundreds of executives, from the presidents of the largest industries which employ thousands, to the managers of little two-by-four shops, and I have always asked the same question: "What is your greatest problem in business?" In nine cases out of ten, the answer might be summed up in a single word, "Men."

Oftentimes the manager of a business, especially if it is a small business, pays too much attention to the things which he makes, and not enough atten-

tion to the people who make them, the people who sell them, and the people who use them. "It's not things that make life—it's people," says Walter H. Cottingham, president of the Sherwin-Williams Company. "It's not things which makes business, it's people—people with red blood in their veins, men and women with hearts and feelings, aims and ambitions—men and women susceptible to encouragement and sympathy, training and discipline."

Many a business is held back and prevented from taking full advantage of its opportunities simply through the inability to obtain the right kind of men. A notable example of this kind is the case of Sears, Roebuck & Company in its early days. The late Mr. Sears, contrary to the general rule, never experienced any difficulty in selling. Such a volume of sales did he pile up that he was hard put to find enough goods with which to fill orders. He solved this difficulty by reorganizing existing factories, and by building new ones. Then came the man problem. He simply could not find enough correspondents to care for existing business.

Such difficulty did Mr. Sears experience in this connection that he ran standing advertisements in the principal newspapers throughout the country calling for men. These advertisements read to the effect that, "If you are a correspondent, or think you can be developed into one, don't wait to write us a letter, but get on the train and come straight to us. We will hire you at once at a fair salary and advance you rapidly." Mr. Sears claimed that the

growth of his business in the early days was greatly handicapped by his inability to obtain the right kind of men fast enough to keep pace with its development. And this despite the fact that he was known as one of the most liberal and fair-minded employers.

Now the problem does not end with getting the right kind of men. Men are to a business what raw material is to a manufactured product—simply a bundle of possibilities. And just as a product can be rendered useless through mishandling the raw material, so can men be rendered useless to their employers through mishandling. Many an employer loses thousands of dollars through letting the right man go at the wrong time.

Man may be said to be a reasoning, but at times hardly a reasonable, animal; and nothing brings this fact into clearer perspective than the complex attitude of some executives towards their employees. They "hire and fire" promiscuously, allowing whim and caprice to overrule their better judgment. With the advent of accurate systems of cost keeping, many employers found out to their surprise that it cost a considerable sum of money to mold even an office boy into satisfactory shape. One of the largest automobile concerns states that it costs on an average of two hundred dollars to hire and "break in" each one of its general run of employees. And this figure is, of course, considerably increased when applied to executives.

Getting the right men is simply the first step. Having secured them, the

next problem is to get them to work honestly and efficiently and then we must hold them. Too frequent changes are costly in actual money as well as in lost opportunities. Here, then, is the problem of man-handling. A well-known executive gives it as his opinion that the way to get the utmost out of men and to maintain harmonious conditions is to direct them without their knowing it.

The work of a machine can be gauged exactly for a given time; the work of a man depends upon his willingness and capabilities. While it is no doubt true that some employees may be put in the balance and found wanting, and still others tried and found not at all, a careful analysis would show that the trouble in most instances was due, in a large measure, to poor management.

In the past, many firms sought to handle men by sternness—by making them rigidly toe the line at all points. Then came the realization that fear paralyzes effort. It forces on a man a defensive instead of an aggressive state of mind. And in consequence he will lack the swing and dash that characterize the successful business man.

As a general proposition, the greater a man's ability and the higher his mental development, the less he will stand for control by gang-boss methods. Supervision all men must have—even the president of a firm is supervised by his board of directors. But there's a great difference between supervision and bossing. Bossing rubs a high-strung man the wrong way; intelligent supervision puts him on his mettle and brings out the best that is in him. The problem is to get the drive into an organization without any of the harshness usually associated with the term, and to operate high-pressure methods with a human touch.

An executive of the General Electric Company told me that the "secret" of his success was his method of getting his men interested in their work; and, as he expressed it: "Get them interested in their work and they will not seize upon a half-holiday like a hungry dog a bone; they will not care so much whether the Bostons or the Philadelphians won yesterday, they will not worry about what their neighbors think about them, they will not care a rap whether it is Friday or Monday; you will find them with their shoulder against the wheel, doing the best for themselves and for you."

"In dealing with all our men," says W. K. Page, an executive of the Addressograph Company, "we proceed on a basis that each man wants to make good. Take salesmen, for example. A salesman may fall down for any one of a dozen reasons. Conditions in his territory may be bad; no matter how hard and intelligently he may work, it

may be impossible for him to produce a satisfactory volume of business. Or, on the other hand, his personal habits or his selling methods may be at fault.

"Before taking any man to task we first try to discover the real reason for his non-success. Then we talk or write to him in a friendly way—take him into our confidence. We impress on him that we want him to make good, and that we are willing to do all we can to help him. We never attempt to force a man—we aim to lead. Nor do we ever criticize without offering constructive advice.

"No two men can be handled alike, however. Some men yield at once to friendly treatment; others have to be given a mental jolt. Here is a typical case of how the latter method was applied successfully: A salesman in one of our branch offices, whom I will call Smith, lagged behind in his sales. He failed to respond to friendly encouragement. He seemed to have lost his grip. We decided he needed a good hard jolt. So we transferred him from the selling to collecting department. Now this hurt his pride, as it was designed to do. No man who considers himself a salesman can maintain his self-respect under such conditions.

"But even tho we took him off our sales force, we impressed on him that we still considered him a good salesman and wanted him to stay with us, but on his repeated low monthly showing he naturally could not expect us to allow him to continue as salesman. A month passed, and then Smith asked to be reinstated on our sales force. We had been waiting for this, and immediately granted his request. Within a month of his being reinstated his sales amounted to more than seven times his previous highest monthly record. And he has been a consistent big producer ever since.

"Different tactics were required in dealing with another of our salesmen, whom we'll call Jones. This man held one of the highest sales records of our company. Then his sales dropped off. Heart-to-heart talks proved of no avail. Overconfidence was Jones' trouble, with possibly a touch of conceit. He took the attitude that he had made a permanent reputation with the company and did not need to work hard any more.

"Iron-hand methods, tactfully applied, were called for in this case. So we 'read the riot act' to Jones and told him that while we wanted him to continue with us, we would not further tolerate his half-hearted efforts. We replaced his existing contract with one that hedged him in with severe restrictions. We placed him on a basis where he had to work—and work hard—in order to make even a fair showing.

"It took just six weeks to bring

Jones to his senses. Then substantial orders began to come in from him. He was a good fighter and reconciled himself to his fate. He set to work to show us that he could still break sales records despite the handicaps we had placed on him—and he did. At the end of three months, Jones had learned his lesson thoroughly and was willing to admit that possibly he had been wrong.

"Then we placed him back on his old basis, took off the curb, and let him alone pretty much as in his old days. That was about a year ago. Ever since Jones learned his lesson, he has made even bigger sales records than before. And, furthermore, he is grateful to us for having forced him to get a new grip on himself."

There is a trite saying that a little authority causes some men to really grow, while others simply swell. Not long ago I came in close contact with an actual case of this kind. A young man who had made reasonable showing with a small manufacturing concern secured a similar position with a larger concern. In his new position there were opportunities which did not exist in the smaller place, and at first he tried to make the most of them. By applying some of the methods used by the smaller concern, methods which were in no way unusual, he improved the records of the department of which he had taken charge.

The management complimented him upon his work, increased his salary check and gave him wider latitude. Immediately his ego, which had thus far in a measure been hidden, bloomed in all its offensiveness. He hadn't the mental capacity to do creative work, and so he resorted to petty schoolboy methods. He discovered (?) that all the other heads of departments were grossly inefficient, and took particular pains to bring all errors to the attention of the management. It was only a short time before he had won the enmity of his associates. Errors he himself made aplenty, and it was amusing the way he would cover them up; but his associates didn't "tattle," as they preferred the more gentlemanly method of letting him "hang himself"—which he did in time.

A fine-appearing young man recently applied for a position with a firm that you'd recognize almost as quickly as your own name. He successfully passed the tests to which this house subjects all applicants for positions, and was hired subject to his references proving satisfactory.

Then one by one replies to requests for references from his past employers began to drift in. Some were severely plain statements of his periods of employment, obviously designed to avoid touching on any of his characteristics; others openly stated that while the young man was a fine fellow person-



ally, he was unmanageable. One former employer took the trouble to write a pen-and-ink letter saying that the young man was as "unmanageable as an unbroken broncho and altogether an impossible sort of individual."

Now the manager who had just hired the "unmanageable" young man was a human sort of individual. His analytical power was above the average, even for a successful manager; he had made a close study of human nature, and took considerable pride in his methods of handling men. He resolved to "manage" the "unmanageable."

A few months later this manager met the man who had warned him against hiring the young man. "How long did young Blank last with you?" queried the man who had written the letter. "He's still with us, is doing well, and is easily one of the brightest young men in our organization," was the response. "He has the ability, and it will not be long before he will be holding one of the most responsible positions with our company. All he needed was an opportunity to do things. I gave it to him, and he has made good."

The writer was present at this meeting, and, scenting information, asked

for the details. The manager was quite willing to discuss the case, as he had found it a very interesting one. "Young Blank is one of the most promising young fellows in our organization. Rather high-strung, it is true, but that is because he is a bundle of nervous energy; when given an opportunity to do things, without being hedged in with red tape and conventional system, his ability enabled him to show results."

"When I read his references, I suspected the trouble—he'd been bossed too much. Some men, like some horses, won't stand restraint. Put a heavy curb on them, boss them around at every turn, and they kick and prance and are generally unmanageable. But let them alone—give them some free rein—and they do their work, do it well, and need little if any supervision."

All problems in business simmer down to the human unit and the development of this unit. Henry R. Towne, president of the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company, says: "For many years we have been devoting our time to increasing the efficiency of our machines, but now we must concentrate our efforts to increasing the efficiency of the human unit."

A business is simply an inanimate machine, made up of a large number of parts. Its power must come from men. And just as it is the problem of the engineer to use the steam at his command with the least possible waste and to the greatest advantage, so is it the problem of the executive to handle the human power in a way that will produce the best results.

The problem of man-handling is the problem of human nature. It can not be reduced to exact rules, and a large part of the waste in business to-day is caused by the inelastic system and cut-and-dried regulation with which some executives have curbed the activities of their men. Temperaments differ radically, and these temperaments in turn are modified by conditions. It is all a question of first accurately diagnosing the trouble and then applying the remedy best suited to overcome it. But whatever the method used, all masters in the art of handling men are agreed that it should be builded on sympathy and the ability to get the other man's view-point.

*There are plenty of fellows who can "Do it now," if some one will just tell them what to do and how to do it.*

## ENJOYING THE GAME; OR, THE MAN WHO DOES NOT RETIRE

**H**E HAS been a pretty successful business man. He has made some money—put aside enough to live on at ease the rest of his life. A friend of mine showed me a letter from him the other day, and in it appeared the following paragraph: "It may surprise you to know that I am going to give up business—let someone else take my place. I am fifty years old; I think I have worked long enough to deserve a rest. I have bought a little piece of land out in California. I shall move out there, build a bungalow, play golf and enjoy life."

"Do you know," said my friend, who is also a successful business man in every sense of the word, "that paragraph somehow seems to tell the story of a misspent life. By that I don't mean anything disparaging to the man's mode of living. He's a fine gentleman. But somehow I can't imagine any real virile man, who has the right outlook on life, wanting for a minute to give up active life to spend the rest of his days playing golf. I don't mean that a man should tie himself down to business and never get out into the open to enjoy life. But why give up active life entirely?"

"Personally," he continued, "I like golf and motoring and hunting, and such like outdoor recreations. And I indulge myself in them too. If I want

to take a few days off from my business to shoot ducks, I do so. But then I come back to my business and mingle in the active life around me. I enjoy life, but I don't separate myself entirely from the business of the world. In fact, I can't imagine anything that would depress me more than to leave all real work behind me and settle down to a life of mere lazy physical enjoyment.

"How long would it be, do you suppose, were I to do such a thing, before I should be absolutely out of touch with everything alive and active in life? My business friends would become a thing of the past—big men who give me inspiration and impetus. I would find myself living in yesterday, instead of to-day; I would eat my heart out, through longing to do something and be someone, instead of doing nothing and being no one, as far as progress is concerned.

"Yesterday I was down-town and passed James J. Hill walking up the street, talking business to two of his lieutenants. How happy would he be with a bungalow and eternal golf or any other amusement? He gets a lot of pleasure out of life. He goes to Labrador on a fishing trip, or to Glacier National Park for an outing. He plays while he plays. And then back he comes and gets into the midst of things again, where there's life and

action and work. And it's the same with all your really successful men, isn't it?"

"I say that the man has acquired a wrong perspective on life and living, who, after years of life and work in business and affairs, feels that he should give these things up and devote the remainder of his life to doing nothing. All those years he has entertained a wrong view of business. He has failed to get from it what he should get. He has confused it only with busy-ness. In my estimation that man alone gets the full out of life who enjoys work and enjoys play up to the very last moment, but who never becomes the slave of either.

"The energetic man must have more of an outlet for his spirits than can ever be found in aimless pleasure-seeking or recreating. He would die a-moping with such an existence. Some of them have tried it, and been forced to get back in harness to keep themselves alive. Temperate use of muscular and mental vitality is the best elixir of life any man can take. And eking out your days in a bungalow, with golf on the side, isn't that sort of a tonic?"

(We are indebted to Edwin N. Ferdon, of the Brown & Bigelow corporation, for this report of an interview with his friend. This is only one man's view-point on the subject. Of course there are two sides to every question. Will you tell us yours?)

## YOUR BUSINESS FITS YOU

**I**N NINETY-NINE cases out of every hundred, the business in which a man finds himself is the best business in the world—for him. This is true all along the line, from the President of the United States down. If the man succeeds in being elected President he fits the job. We may say that he doesn't, and growl and grumble and shake our fists at him; but when time has mellowed our political prejudices, we admit his high qualities of statesmanship and his earnest and whole-hearted devotion to the public good.

The same is true of the manufacturer, the jobber, the retailer, the superintendent of the factory, or the office-boy. Every man fits his job, for if he doesn't fit the job he speedily finds his level and gets into one that he will fit. Eventually he fits—if it's only in the warm corner of a park bench.

As a general thing, in so large a percentage of cases that the exceptions may well be ignored, every man fits the thing he is doing; which means that he couldn't do anything better, and

would be no more successful if he shifted to something else.

Success comes not because of the nature of the business in which a man is engaged but of the nature of his efforts to make it succeed. A successful man is generally a happy man, but he was happy before he was successful. He was happy in his work because he found ways in which to make it interesting and enjoyable. Hence he worked hard, had a good time while he worked, and eventually found himself in the front rank where hard and happy workers always arrive.

Your business fits you. There isn't much room for doubt that it fits you better than anything else would. You may say that it is the most difficult, disagreeable, unprofitable and altogether hopeless occupation that any intelligent human ever engaged in. But the fact that thousands of other men in practically every business known to mankind are saying the same thing proves that you are wrong. Anything that is worth doing at all can be done in a way to make it enjoyable and successful.

Even if a man makes only wooden toothpicks, he can study out ways to pack them better, to make them more shapely and smooth, to render them aromatic, or to invent machinery that will produce them more cheaply. And every man has it within his power to experience the rare joy of contriving means to elbow competition out of desirable territory and hunch it along by easy stages until he can chase it over the horizon, so that it may be seen no more by men in that region.

There is one thing, tho, that you may as well understand now as at some other time—better now, because some other time may be too late. You will never be the real big thing in your line; you will never have as much fun as you might have; you will never make the money you are entitled to; and you will always be number two, if not number twenty-three, unless you play the game fair and square.

[This is not a preachment, nor is it intended to be. It is simply the homely philosophy of an advertizing man, a man who has been through the mill, beginning as a printer's devil. And his name—it doesn't really matter—but it is Theodore J. Goe.]

*Facts are stubborn things, but don't dodge 'em. One statement proved is worth more than a hundred assertions.*

*Figure your business down to a basis of dollars and cents—and don't forget the cents.*

*There's mighty little competition in this world for the man who puts his job before every other consideration in life.*

A MERCHANT'S LETTERS TO HIS SALESMEN  
BEHIND THE COUNTER

**F**ROM time to time many magazine articles and books have been published, purporting to be letters from business men to their sons, from wives to their husbands, from managers to their employees, et cetera. Some of these have been very clever creations, and were well worth reading; others have been poorly veiled preachments, of little or no merit.

In the present instance, we are giving a series of paragraphs taken from actual letters. These letters are written weekly by F. B. Silverwood, of Los Angeles, Cal., to the salesmen in his various stores. "Daddy" Silverwood, as he is familiarly called, both by his friends and employees, is acknowledged even by his competitors as one of the most successful merchants on the Pacific Coast.

Every thoughtful merchant realizes that the customer's impression of his store depends mainly on his salesmen. His success is in direct ratio to the efficiency, enthusiasm and cooperation with which the man behind the counter reflects his policy, ideals and aims. How Silverwood secures from his salesmen the team work necessary to attain the fullest measure of success, is illustrated in this series of letters.

"Los Angeles, Sept. 7th.

"Dear Sir:—Did it ever occur to you what a very important part you play in the upbuilding or tearing down of this business?—that every customer you wait upon you do so as my personal representative?—that no matter how many years of hard work and careful thought I have put into the upbuilding of this business; no matter how fair and square I want to be with each customer, and no matter how kind and attentive, some thoughtless word or act of yours may drive away a prospective or a regular customer and he will say, 'I'll never trade with that man Silverwood again. He has a smart clerk in there who insulted me'; or, 'One of his clerks thought I was not

dressed well enough'; or, 'His men are too hungry for business and just because I told him that I was only looking he ignored me and passed me up like a white chip.'

"I want it to be known broadcast that every Silverwood salesman is, first of all, a gentleman; a gentleman is always gentle. I want the man in overalls to receive the same polite attention as the man in the silk hat and frock coat. I want the looker to be accorded the same attention as the buyer; a looker to-day is a buyer to-morrow. What is needed most in business to-day is more kindness. I want you to do unto others as tho you were the others. I want you to love your work and cultivate a happy disposition;

happiness is a habit and I want every Silverwood employee to get the habit."

"Los Angeles, Sept. 14th.

"Dear Sir:—Never mind telling me the nice things the customer said about you or me, our merchandise, store policy or store service; tell me the disagreeable things. If you can please the unreasonable man and the chronic kicker, the others will be satisfactorily cared for. I believe we have the best-lighted, best-ventilated, best-kept stores in America. I believe we have the best windows and the best displays. I know we feature only the best makes of merchandise and price them lower than they are usually sold.

"Now the only branch of our business



that gives me a heartache occasionally is the selling end. Imagine how you would feel if a friend said to you, 'Silverwood, you have nice stores and carry good goods, but somehow your clerks don't take enough pains. I always get the wrong size or the wrong sleeve-length and I'm really out of patience about it, so I thought I'd be frank with you and tell you why I am not patronizing you.'

"It is just as easy to be careful as to be careless. Little extra attentions cost nothing and gain everything. Get the habit of using your tape measure and measure the underwear, shirt sleeves, etc., before you send them out. It only takes a minute, makes a good impression on the customer and catches any mistake the maker might have made. Make it a daily duty to say to yourself, 'No customers I wait upon to-day will have occasion to complain about me.' Then work a follow-up system on yourself."

"Los Angeles, Sept. 21st.

"Dear Sir:—Did you ever walk up to a cigar counter, ask for some special cigar, and after the clerk had served you he said, 'We are having a great sale on a new cigar, let me show it to you.' He already knew the color you preferred so he showed you your color and then told you what an excellent piece of goods it was—'sweet as a nut,' etc.—and the first thing you knew you were digging for the money and saying, 'I'll try a couple.' You were not offended; you were pleased, and you liked the chap for his cleverness.

"Now, why not try that system yourself in your own department? You'll be surprised at the results. A near-wooden man can give a man two, size fifteen, Belmont collars for his quarter; but it takes a real man to sell a necktie to go with them if the customer only intended to buy the collars. But it's just as easy for you to do it as it is for the cigar man to land you for those extra cigars. Those are the things which put the 'baking powder' under your salary.

"If you will sell every customer you wait upon a dollar more than he intended to purchase, you'd soon be earning ten dollars a week more than your present salary—and, if you handle the man right, he'll come back and look for you just as you do for that particular cigar clerk.

"When you sell a necktie to a man, why can't you boost the hat department—get him over there to try on some new things. He'll either buy or come back, because he can't resist our styles or prices. And when you sell a hat to a man, work some scheme to get him over among the briefs, hosiery or neckwear. If he's a young man, get one of the clothing men to have him try on a few of the new models in college clothing. I believe hundreds of men drop in to buy a hat, who afterwards see a tie or shirt in the window farther up the street and go in and buy it. That's your fault."

"Los Angeles, Sept. 28th.

"Dear Sir:—Neither you nor I can be a success without harmony; one employee with a 'grouch' can spread more dissatisfaction than a small boy with the measles can distribute the infection in a crowded schoolroom. It's the insidious cankers of

## NABISCO Sugar Wafers

—entrancing sweets which are always and everywhere popular. Wafer confections centered with delicately flavored cream. The perfect accompaniment for every dessert. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.



## ANOLA

—a new conception in chocolate-flavored sweets. Exquisite wafers of crisped baking with chocolate-flavored cream nestling between. Anola has achieved a new delight which only taste can tell—a flavor which gives immediate pleasure. In ten-cent tins.



NATIONAL  
BISCUIT  
COMPANY



## Current Opinion Scholarship Fund FOR COLLEGE AND HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENTS

In this Land of Opportunity no boy or girl need forego the advantages of a college education because of lack of funds.

During the past six years the Current Opinion Scholarship Fund has enabled over 1,000 ambitious, energetic, high-school and college students to meet their college expenses.

What others have accomplished YOU can accomplish.

Write TODAY for "The Open Door to a College Education."

CURRENT OPINION SCHOLARSHIP FUND

134-140 W. 29th Street,

Dept. F. J.

NEW YORK CITY

# Burpee's



## Annual

The Leading American Seed Catalog for 1915 is a bright book of 182 pages, with hundreds of illustrations and carefully written descriptions of Vegetables and Flowers. It tells the Plain Truth, and is a safe guide to success in the garden. It is mailed free to everyone who wants to plant

## Burpee-Quality Seeds that Grow

Our reputation for efficient service is built about the Burpee Idea of Quality First, and to "give rather than to get all that is possible." Hence, we have not advanced prices because of the shortage caused by the war and we deliver seeds free by parcels post. We trust that you will read our **Silent Salesman**. A post card will bring it. Write today, and kindly mention *Current Opinion*.

**W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.**  
Burpee Buildings Philadelphia

# P&O

The Best Regular Services to EGYPT, INDIA, CHINA, PHILIPPINES, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND. Round World Trips and Winter Tours in India. PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL S. N. CO. Full information from

CUNARD LINE, 21-24 State Street, N. Y.

## Taylor's "Stahot" Water Bottle and SYRINGE

Each "Stahot" is equal to 10 of other kind. FRANKLIN TAYLOR COMPANY, Dept. A, Janesville, Wis. 6 Months' Trial Guaranteed 5 Years Price \$3 postpaid Write Today.

## DINGEE ROSES

Sturdy as Oaks  
Dingee roses are always grown on their own roots—and are absolutely the best for the amateur planter. Send today for our "New Guide to Rose Culture" for 1915—it's free. It isn't a catalog—it's an educational work on rose growing. Profusely illustrated. Describes over 1000 varieties of roses and other flowers, and tells how to grow them. Safe delivery guaranteed. Established 1850. 70 greenhouses.  
THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Box 178 West Grove, Pa.

ill feeling that eat into the heart of an organization. If any two of you feel that you cannot agree, I desire your resignation, for I am the only one who will suffer. I have known men so contemptibly mean that they gloated every time another salesman took a swap.

"Several times recently I have received letters from customers informing me that certain salesmen promised to deliver their suit on a certain day and it was not delivered until the following day or later. I will not tolerate this kind of service. If you sell a suit, shirt, or any other article that has to be altered before being delivered, ascertain just when it will be finished; if the tailors are particularly busy, use your best efforts to obtain more time, but when you have set the time, *deliver the goods at that time*. Make a note of the transaction and if you see that the tailors are going to disappoint you, refer the matter to the manager at once so that the work can be done outside if necessary, for you must keep every promise you make.

"I know of nothing that injures the reputation of a house more than to have it said, 'Their goods are all right, but they never deliver the package when promised.' Again I wish to remind you of that one word—*think*—the lack of observance to which separates so many indifferent men from good jobs. 'I didn't think it was loaded,' or 'I didn't think it mattered,' have filled more graves and almshouses than any two expressions ever coined.

"Be a rooter—the rooter inspires better ball than a hooter. A smile costs no more than a sneer. A pat on the back requires less energy than a kick in the same spot. You may say to yourself, 'Merit has no show nowadays,' but try it and see. Leaders are ordinary persons with extraordinary determination. The difference between you and your superiors is 'application'—they strive for what you wish for."

"Los Angeles, Oct. 5th.

"Dear Sir:—Did you ever figure out how much capital your efficiency represents?—I mean the capital you have tied up in your body; your brains and your soul. If you earn one hundred dollars a month, you are worth just twenty thousand dollars, for one hundred dollars is just six per cent. on the amount of your worth.

"I am going to give you a simple receipt that will increase your capital quicker than any other remedy ever discovered: '*Deliver the goods*.' Kind words are easily coined and gold pieces or cashiers' checks can never take their place. There is no excuse for failure. If you make good and become the most popular salesman in the establishment, that is all the explanation that is necessary. But be humble—lofty airs only become those who have the right to use them, and such never do.

"Successful salesmanship is no more an accident than the ball player's batting average is a streak of luck. It is putting the right hits in the right place and keeping the good work up—it's head work. To-day business is a race—it is a struggle for supremacy from start to finish. The

Most painters are anxious to do good work. Most painters know the good that

# zinc

does in paint. You are the deciding factor. Do you want the best paint on your house—or don't you?

Our booklet, "*Your Move*," tells why.

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For big contract jobs, consult our Research Bureau

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When notifying *Current Opinion* of a change in address, subscribers should give both the old and the new address. This notice should reach us about two weeks before the change is to take effect.

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Difficult and rejected cases specially solicited. No misleading inducements made to secure business. Over 30 years' active practice. Experienced, personal, conscientious service. Write for terms—Book free. Address, **E. G. SIGGERS**, Patent Lawyer, Suite 20, N. U. Building, Washington, D. C.

# WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

Over 10,000 kinds and sizes made

There are

Several Million Persons

in the United States who are continually using

## WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

This is due to

Economy of Cost and Perfect Results

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Send for illustrated literature telling about Whiting-Adams Brushes

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BOSTON, U. S. A.

Brush Manufacturers for Over One Hundred Years and the Largest in the World



field is crowded with trained competitors, eager and alert to outdo each other at every turn. Every season we keep crowding more value into every piece of merchandise so that we can hitch a bigger load to the customer's dollar than he can possibly get elsewhere.

"Now it is up to you boys behind the counters. You've simply got to develop more energy and perseverance. I know you must feel right down in your heart that you are giving every man you wait upon better values than he ever received anywhere. If so, tell him; if not, tell me. If you don't believe in me and in my merchandise, walk up like a man and tell me so and resign. If you do, then don't be too shy or modest to let your enthusiasm soak into the mind of every customer you wait upon.

"All advancement must be inspired by confidence, not only in the man you are working for, but in yourself. Successful business men to-day choose men for what they are—not for what they claim to be."

"Los Angeles, Oct. 12th.

"Dear Sir:—If you have decided to make merchandising your life work, then get in and be the best salesman in the establishment. If you are only holding your job until you get into something else which you hope will be more to your liking, hand in your resignation and stand aside, for you are only blocking the path of some other fellow who is determined to win.

"Did it ever occur to you that you are only working your earning capacity at about forty per cent. of what it could be? You don't realize your capability—you don't realize what the word 'opportunity' means; that is what the trouble is.

"You are working for a concern that not only pays you twice a year your portion of the net earnings of the business but carefully tabulates your sales each day and increases your drawing account as your sales increase. You have nothing to worry about. Your pay envelope is ready for you every Saturday night, whether business is dull or not. You are a hundred per cent. better off than in a small business for yourself.

"The janitors keep the store clean; the window trimmer displays your goods; the ad writer features them in the paper; the 'old man' pays the bills. Any one of these jobs is harder than yours. All you have to do is sell goods and keep your stock in order. Now, for Heaven's sake, get in and drill. You'll be surprised at what a little extra effort will accomplish. You'll be proud of yourself and we'll be proud of you."

"Los Angeles, Oct. 19th.

"Dear Sir:—If you can make one new customer every day and hold him, you'll soon be the most popular salesman in the store—your sales' and your drawing account will increase so fast that you'll commence to wonder why you did not make your personality and other God-given qualities pay interest long ago.

"When a man comes in and asks for 'a shirt like the one in the window' or 'one of your blue serge suits' and you serve



## Managing the Business of 8,500,000 Telephones

Imagine a manufacturing business having millions of customers scattered over the country, with millions of accounts on its books, most of them less than \$30 a year, and including a multitude of 5-cent charges.

Consider it as having shops and offices in thousands of cities, and reaching with its output 70,000 places, more than there are post offices in the United States. Think of the task of patrolling 16,000,000 miles of connecting highways constantly in use.

This gives you a faint idea of the business of managing the Bell System.

Not all the 8,500,000 telephones are in use at once, but the management must have facilities always adequate to any demands for instant, direct communication.

In so vast an undertaking, every branch of the organization must work in harmony, guided by one policy. The entire plant must be managed in the light of accumulated experience, and with the most careful business judgment.

The aim of the Bell System is to make the telephone of the utmost usefulness. This requires an army of loyal men and women, inspired by a leadership having a high sense of its obligations to the public.

Animated by the spirit of service, and unhampered by red tape, the 150,000 Bell employees have the courage to do the right thing at the right time upon their own initiative. They work together intelligently as a business democracy to give the public good service.

### AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

#### FOR PERSONS ADDICTED TO DRUGS OR DRINK

The drink or drug habit is a disease. Treatment demands the attention of experienced specialists. The Keeley remedies have cured half a million in the last thirty-five years. Administered only in authorized Keeley Institutes.

## The Keeley Treatment

FOR INFORMATION WRITE TO FOLLOWING KEELEY INSTITUTES:

Los Angeles, Cal., Marsh-Strong Bldg.	Hot Springs, Ark.	Crab Orchard, Ky.	Seattle, Wash.
San Francisco, Cal., Douglas Bldg.	Jacksonville, Fla.	Portland, Maine	Waukesha, Wis.
Philadelphia, Pa., 312 N. Broad St.	Atlanta, Ga.	Columbus, Ohio	Winnipeg, Man.
Pittsburgh, Pa., 4246 Fifth Ave.	Dwight, Ill.	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Guatemala City, Guat.
Omaha, Neb., Cor. 25th & Cass Sts.	Marion, Ind.	Dallas, Tex.	Mexico City, Mexico
Grand Rapids, Mich., 733-35 Ottawa Ave., N.W.	Plainfield, Ind.	Salt Lake City, Utah	London, England

### "Poor glasses merely make eyestrain worse

(A)

A prescription from the best eye specialist in the world would do you more harm than good unless accurately filled with flawless lenses properly adjusted in a correctly designed mounting. All our lenses and mountings are made by the American Optical Company, because we know that their standards of quality and accuracy are as high as our own."

Ask your oculist, optometrist or optician—he knows.

**AMERICAN OPTICAL CO.**  
Southbridge, Mass.  
Largest Manufacturers  
of Spectacles, Eyeglasses  
and Lenses in the World



**SAFETY FIRST INVESTMENT GOLDEN KANSAS**  
Is most prosperous — has greatest wealth per capita — of any state in the entire Union.  
**OUR GILT EDGE 6% MORTGAGES ON CENTRAL KANSAS FARMS**  
tested 20 years. \$20,000,000 loaned, without a dollar lost. Large amount or small. We collect interest, pay taxes—look after everything—guard your interests. Get Booklet "A" and latest list. THE FARM MORTGAGE CO., Dept. 6, Topeka, Kan.

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**MORTGAGES**

**6% WITH ABSOLUTE SAFETY AND UNSHRINKABLE VALUE**

**\$100, \$500, \$1,000 DENOMINATIONS**  
Bonds mature in 1 to 5 years. Secured by high-grade Chicago apartments and land, having income 3 to 4 times total interest. Security 2 for 1. Debt reduced semi-annually by serial prepayments.  
Chicago Title & Trust Co. acts as trustee, guarantees title and first lien, and certifies each bond. Interest promptly paid twice a year. Our book of valuable information sent free on request. Ask for No. B43.

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**7% Your Money Will Earn 7% & 8%**  
Invested in First Mortgages on Oklahoma City improved real estate. We have never had a loss. Interest paid promptly. Value of property three times amount of loan. Write for free booklet describing our business and list of loans. We have loans of \$150.00 to \$10,000.00.  
**AURELIUS-SWANSON CO.**  
37 State National Bank Building, Oklahoma City, Okla.

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Write for our big Introductory Offer on the latest scientific hearing instrument, the perfected 1914 Model

#### New 8-Tone Mears Ear Phone

EIGHT times as efficient, EIGHT times as powerful, EIGHT times as convenient, EIGHT times as helpful as our former One-Tone model, and with double the efficiency of our well known 4-Tone. Eight different sound adjustments, instantly changed by a touch of the finger.

**Free Trial** Sold only direct from our New York office on trial at our expense. Test it for 15 days. It costs nothing if you do not want to keep it. Easy monthly payments if you wish, at the lowest net laboratory price direct to you. Send for this offer and the Mears Booklet—FREE.  
Mears Ear Phone Co., Dept. 1911, 45 West 34th Street, New York.

him but sell him nothing else, you are not a salesman; you are an order-taker; any nineteen-year-old, ten-dollar-a-week boy can give a man what he asks for. That is not salesmanship.

"Introducing new things in a nice way pleases a customer. How easy it is to say, 'Here are some half-tones with ties to match, at the same price, they would look fine with that suit, as the collars blend so nicely. And we can put a band on your hat of the same shade.'

"The three words 'I never thought,' or 'I didn't think,' is the difference between the 'is-er' and the 'was-er'; it is the difference between success and failure, not only in salesmanship but of those higher up and lower down in the establishment. Just think of the sales you might have made last season, if you had been 'on the job.'"

"Los Angeles, Oct. 26th.

"Dear Sir:—If your heart is in your work you won't have to proclaim your progress; you'll be so conspicuous I'll discover it long before you do—if you outgrow your job I'll make a bigger one for you. Don't think because you don't see me every hour or every day that I'm not keeping a line on you; your daily record passes under my eyes constantly. You don't have to tell me what a wonder you are—show me. Don't get to thinking I can't get on without you—make me think I can't. Build up a personal following; make every merchant in town anxious to secure your services; have it said that you're the best hat, clothing, shirt or underwear salesman in the West.

"There is not a concern on earth that is more willing to pay you all you can earn than the one you are working for; but no one comes nearer knowing what you earn than the same concern.

"An easily satisfied boss makes mediocre men. I will never be satisfied until every man, woman and boy in my employ registers one hundred per cent. net. The growth of an employee or a business is the inevitable result of right thought and right work done in the right direction. While you may think and the world may think that we have built a great business, I want to say to you in all candor that we have not even gotten fairly started yet. Our future growth is going to be accomplished in the most simple way, but the only true way; that is, by giving the public value—more value for their money than they can possibly get elsewhere—far better service and more polite attention than others think of giving.

"It sounds easy and if you will do your part it will be easy. The reason we price every article in every department to sell at such very close prices is because we want to sell a man everything he wears. I don't want a man to say, 'I buy my hats and neckties from you; my shirts from Jones; my underwear from Brown.' I want him to see for himself that it is to his advantage to do all his trading with us and I appoint you a committee of one to bring it about."

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them—read them over a second time—or simply said to yourself, 'bull,' and have thrown them aside? I have in my possession a number of weekly letters found among the waste papers.

"If we do no more than keep up the percentage of growth we have made during our past seventeen years in business, I can see at least ten important positions to be filled within a few years. Are you fitting yourself to be capable of filling one and deserving of it? I am a great believer in loyalty—in being loyal to those who are loyal to you. And I have noticed with a great deal of regret, that some of our comparatively new men take far more interest, try a lot harder and watch the clock less than some of our old men.

"The letters I have written and those to follow are to help you to help yourself. I don't want to part with old employees. I have fought your battles and kept your job for you when your manager thought some of you should go. I have been accused of having too much sentiment and have been told that some men were too indifferent and never would amount to anything—that all some of you were sticking around for was to get your pay envelope and do as little as possible to earn its contents. But I still believed you had it in you, hence these letters.

"I will be frank with you. I'm keeping close tab on all of you; I am writing to men and women you wait upon; I'm trying to find out for myself whether or not you are entitled to the position you are holding, and I'm either going to make you a better man for yourself, for your family and for the firm, or I am going to replace you.

"It is only fair for me to tell you in this connection that I have noted a marked improvement in some of you and I have not given up hope of the rest. Just suppose, for example, something should happen to either Mr. Nagel, Mr. Rebarb or Mr. Shaw—would you be capable of filling any one of these positions or would I be compelled to go outside and employ strangers? *Think it over.*"

*Poverty may pinch—but may be it's only to keep you awake.*

## MIXING HEART WITH BRAINS

IT IS a pretty good scheme to mix a little heart with your brains. Once there was a man all brain and no heart. He never let up on anybody or anything. He claimed he could buy loyalty. One day his foot slipped. Before his back hit the sidewalk a dozen men jumped on him and none of his purchased loyalty interfered.

We know another man who is not particularly intelligent or forceful, but he knew all about it when his cashier's wife almost died with her first baby, and he personally arranged for night instruction for his office boy. People who talk with him do not see how such a "weak sister" holds a big business together. The competitor who tries to hire his help away from him has an inkling.



## Fateful Forty-five!

Success usually begins at the age of forty-five—jobs are apt to end there.

The ordinary business virtues will carry a man over the early stages of a career. Loyalty, diligence and intelligence win promotion up to thirty—but not at forty-five. At that age, a man must have everything or he has nothing. The ladder of promotion is really a moving stairway—when you get to the top you get off.

Almost any young man can hold a job—but is he good enough for the next one? Will the next job be the top of the moving stairway?

Is he acquiring a grasp of the fundamental principles of business? Will he at forty or forty-five, be ready to take hold of bigger work and become a leader—or will he get off?

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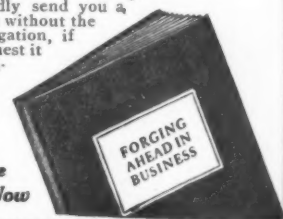


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## COLLATE YOUR DATA

**T**HE surest way to discover how little you really know about a given subject is to sit down and write an essay about it.

When you have tabulated all the facts which you remember, you will probably find that you haven't one-sixteenth part of the information that you ought to have about the matter. You will find yourself in the fix of the schoolboy who was told to write an essay upon Snakes in Ireland. He wrote: "There are no snakes in Ireland," and then he quit; which was the proper thing to do since he had exhausted the subject.

There are a good many reasons why the average man should put more things into writing. Every day there comes to every one of us dozens of ideas and inspirations that we cannot afford to let slip. But most of them do vanish forever in spite of our efforts to fix them in memory. The human brain is not a perfect mechanism. Every new idea that we lay hold of and keep seems to misplace an older idea. Yet the old one may be the more valuable of the two.

If more men were to form the habit of keeping a little pad and pencil handy at all times, and would make note of the ideas and suggestions which come into their minds, they would be much richer and wiser than they are. No doubt you have sometimes marveled at the versatility of some prominent business executive, and you have been amazed that a human mind could think of the innumerable ideas that he injects into his business. If you knew his secret, you would find that every impression, every suggestion, every idea that comes to him, no matter where he is, goes onto a scrap of paper and is filed for future reference.

While it is important that you form this habit of putting your ideas and suggestions in writing so that they will not slip, it is equally important that you collate this data and file it in some way, so that it will be "on tap" when you want it. My friend, E. St. Elmo Lewis, vice-president and general manager of the Art Metal Company, a man who is recognized as one of the most constructive thinkers in the business world, says: "A little thinking every day, about each of many subjects, in the course of a year produces a largeness of information, suggestion, ideas and memory. But a man should not attempt to carry all this material around in his head—not if he has a man's sized job."

"I was not naturally orderly, and so I devised a plan for filing the data which it is necessary for me to have at hand all the time. For some years I

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have always had my work-desk top covered with glass. Under that is my schedule of activities; simply a sheet of paper with numbers opposite certain subjects in which I am interested, such as: 'Salesmanship,' 'Advertizing,' 'Commercial Organization,' 'Printing Displays,' and some forty others.

"My secretary uses a vertical file in which are envelopes filed numerically, corresponding to the numbers opposite each subject on my list. When I see or write an article, receive a booklet, write or receive a letter, or hear a speech, which I wish to save for some purpose of my plan, I mark it with the number in blue pencil, and it is filed in the subject envelope, where it is ready when I want it."

*Don't turn down a suggestion because you happen to dislike the man who advances it. Better frankly consider the suggestion on its own merits.*

### "GOOD-WILL"

**T**HIS intangible thing which we call "Good-Will" is one of the greatest assets any business man can possess; and yet how few of us fully realize that every action, every business transaction, either adds to or detracts from its value.

I have said intangible thing, and yet is it intangible? When Philander C. Knox was Secretary of State he said something like this: "Good-Will is property capable of being appraised, bought and sold. In many cases it is the main ingredient of value. It represents all of the strength, industry, tact and judgment that makes success. In estimating the worth of a business it is not infrequently reckoned more valuable than the buildings and the machinery that make up the physical plant."

Every day we come in contact with men who are dissipating this wonderful asset. Knowingly or unwittingly they make claims, either about themselves or the goods which they sell, which are not in accordance with the facts. If the truth is known to us at the time, this man's "good-will" depreciates in value immediately; if the facts are unknown to us at the time, but we discover later that the goods were not as represented, or we find that the claims he has made about himself were not correct, his "good-will" loses its market value as far as we are concerned.

Your reputation as a man, and the merit of your goods, are estimated and weighed by the public at large. So your "good-will," while yours by right of creation, is, nevertheless, in the keeping of those who know you and those whom you serve. Ill health may curtail your efforts, it may even cut you down; fire, panic, tornado, or



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Here's the real truth the European War has forced home on us—that **America must become more self-sustaining.** She must make her products instead of buying them. She must build up American industry instead of drawing her materials from abroad. She must make American business safer—more stable. The only way she can do it is by using products that are made in America of American material. That's why so many far-sighted business men have been insisting upon

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While war has curtailed the importation of rags, and many makers of bond paper are shifting about for new sources of supply, the manufacture of Construction Bond has gone right ahead without changes in formula or finish. That's why the quality and uniformity of Construction Bond is being maintained in spite of the war. That's why it offers even better comparative value now than ever before.

Construction Bond has long been known as the standard of value in business correspondence paper. It is a substantial and impressive paper, sold only in large quantities direct to the most capable and responsible printers and lithographers in the 190 principle cities of the United States—not through jobbers. Obviously, by eliminating the jobber and buying in large quantities, those concerns who handle Construction Bond are able to give you better value in impressive business stationery.

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floods may put your business out of existence, but it cannot destroy your "good-will." "Good-Will" is the cyclone-proof cellar which will protect you when everything goes dead wrong.

## WILL-POWER DEVELOPED BY LITTLE THINGS

**T**HE stuff men are made of is shown up more quickly in forced self-denial of the little things of life than in anything else. It will dishearten and crush the weak ones and develop and strengthen the ones who possess backbone. Self-denial is a thing that may be forced on any man and every one should train himself to be able to meet it.

When Emerson said, "Train thyself in the little things and thence proceed to greater," he did not set any limit on how small the things should be. It is the little things that reveal character most faithfully.

A well-known Chicago business man used to carry a prune in his pocket constantly when he was a young man. He did it because he was excessively fond of prunes and wanted to see if he could have one with him all the time and resist the temptation to eat it. Not that the prune would have done him any harm, but he simply wanted to settle once and for all which was the stronger—his will or his appetite.

Most men laugh when they hear this story. But if you meet this man you'll find a man of calm, steady, confident strength. Maybe the prune incident did not create his will-power, but it proved to him that he had it and furthermore taught him how to use it. Try yourself on any of your little habits. For instance, in eating. We all eat too much at times or eat many things that we know will harm us. Make a list of these things and try to resist. You will give in eight times out of ten, because you are weak.

Of course you will deny this indignantly, declaring the things are not of enough importance. If your will-power cannot conquer the unimportant thing, how about the really big things? Training the will-power is exactly the same as training the muscles. Very few men can stand stiff-legged and reach down and put the palms of their hands on the floor. Try it yourself. Then keep on trying, as little as ten times each morning, and in a week it will be easy for you. But if you stop for a week you will have to begin all over again.

In the same way the will must be kept in constant training. The big things don't come every day, so you will have to utilize the little, every-day things. The man with a trained will-power is much stronger and more efficient in the big crisis than the self-indulgent man.



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